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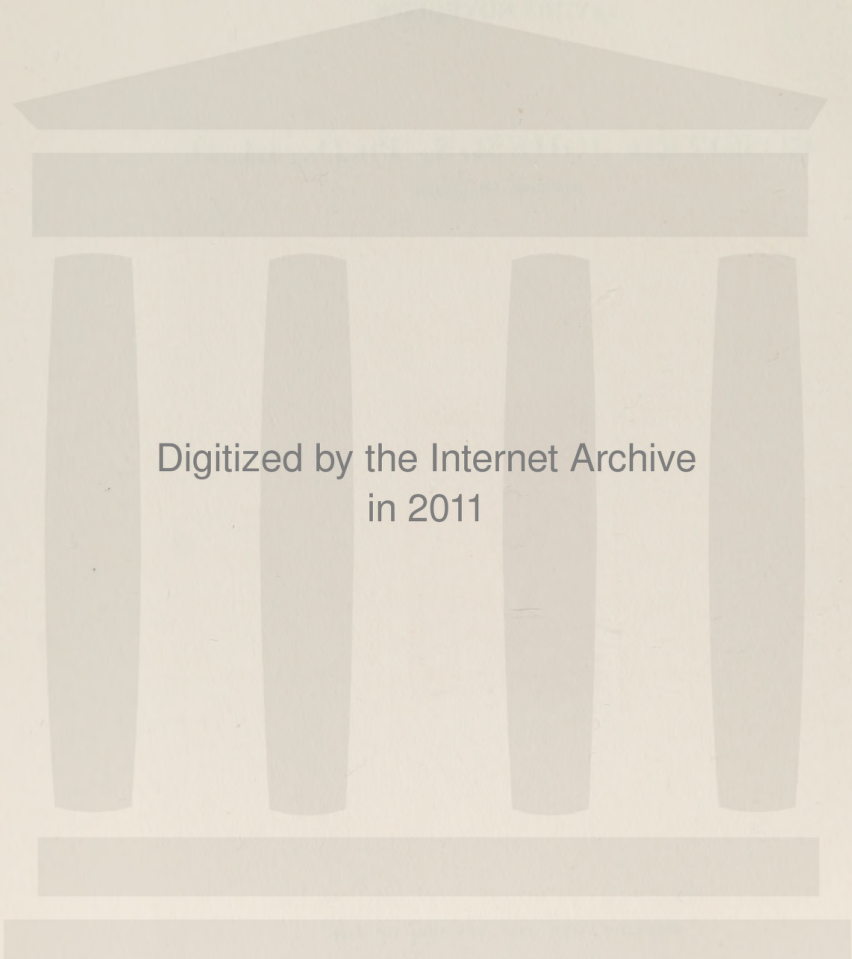

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AUTHORS DIGEST

VOLUME IV

EDWARD BULWER-LYTTON

TO

JULES CLARETIE

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CONTENTS

EDWARD GEORGE EARLE BULWER-LYTTON
(*Continued from Volume III.*)

PAGE

Rienzi: The Last of the Tribunes 1
Ernest Maltravers 13
Alice: or, The Mysteries 26
Leila: or, The Siege of Granada 40
Night and Morning 51
Zanoni 61
The Last of the Barons 73
Harold, the Last of the Saxon Kings 84
The Caxtons 95
My Novel 106
What Will He Do with It? 122
A Strange Story 134
Kenelm Chillingly 144
Lucretia 155
The Coming Race 163
The Parisians 171
Pausanias, the Spartan 179

FRANCES HODGSON BURNETT

That Lass o' Lowrie's 185
Little Lord Fauntleroy 195
A Lady of Quality 205

FRANCES BURNEY

Evelina 211

ENRICO ANNIBALE BUTTI

Enchantment 221

EDWIN LASSETTER BYNNER

PAGE

Agnes Surriage 231

GEORGE WASHINGTON CABLE

The Grandissimes 241

THOMAS HENRY HALL CAINE

The Deemster 252

ADA CAMBRIDGE

The Three Miss Kings 263

LUIS DE CAMOËNS

The Lusiad 273

CESARE CANTÙ

Margherita Pusterla 278

GIULIO CARCANO

Damiano 291

WILLIAM CARLETON

Willy Reilly 301

MARY HARTWELL CATHERWOOD

Lazarre 308

MIGUEL DE CERVANTES SAAVEDRA

Don Quixote 320

ROBERT WILLIAM CHAMBERS

Ashes of Empire 334

ADELBERT VON CHAMISSO

PAGE

Peter Schlemihl 346

ELIZABETH RUNDLE CHARLES

The Schönberg-Cotta Family 360

FRANÇOIS DE CHATEAUBRIAND

Atala 372
René 378

VICTOR CHERBULIEZ

Samuel Brohl and Company 381

MARY CHOLMONDELEY

Red Pottage 389

WINSTON CHURCHILL

Richard Carvel 400

THE CID

Compiled from Early Spanish Ballads 413

ARSÈNE ARNAUD JULES CLARETIE

Prince Zilah 424

ILLUSTRATIONS

"Father Aubrey and I hollowed out in the earth the resting-place of Atala." (*Atala*, p. 376) . . . . *Frontispiece*

Photogravure from a famous painting by Gustave Courtois in the gallery of the Luxembourg.

PAGE

He dropped on his knees and said: "Noble kinsman, in thy service let me live and die!" (*The Last of the Barons*) 78

From an original painting by S. A. Moss.

Portrait of Cervantes, engraved by D. F. Selma, after the only authentic portrait, painted by D. I. Ferro, in the National Library at Madrid 320

The whirling sail broke the lance, and sent horse and rider rolling on the plain. (*Don Quixote*) 322

Photogravure after the painting by Carlos Vasquez.

EDWARD GEORGE EARLE BULWER-LYTTON

(England, 1803–1873)

RIENZI: THE LAST OF THE TRIBUNES (1835)

In the preface to the first edition of *Rienzi* Bulwer says: "I began this tale two years ago at Rome. On removing to Naples, I threw it aside for *The Last Days of Pompeii,* which required more than *Rienzi* the advantage of residence within reach of the scenes described. The fate of the Roman Tribune continued, however, to haunt and impress me, and, some time after *Pompeii* was published, I renewed my earlier undertaking. I regarded the completion of these volumes, indeed, as a kind of duty; for having had occasion to read the original authorities from which modern historians have drawn their accounts of the life of Rienzi, I was led to believe that a very remarkable man had been superficially judged, and a very important period crudely examined."

N the earlier half of the fourteenth century, near Rome, an innocent youth was taken for one of the Orsini, a noble family then at deadly feud with the house of Colonna, and was killed by one of the horsemen of the latter. The boy proved to be the younger brother of Cola di Rienzi, who demanded justice of Stephen Colonna. The chief compassionately promised to make amends, but justice could not be rendered for what had been a grievous error. This tragic event made a new being of the youth Cola, who from that moment focused all his faculties upon achieving revenge.

Years passed, and in 1347 Italy was in a serious condition. In Rome the popes struggled in vain against the nobles, who, deprived of papal check, had except for the awful feuds among themselves unlimited power. The strongest barons were the Orsini and the Colonna. They all oppressed the people, who were further impoverished by bands of robbers who, secretly protected by the barons, infested the public ways. More

formidable robbers were the freebooters. The fiercest of these was Walter de Montreal, who harbored the wild ambition that Rome might become again the prize of the boldest warrior.

Time had deepened the solemn qualities in the character of Cola di Rienzi. For the past six years he had grown steadily in popular favor, and had now begun to appeal openly to the people. He had no desire to be a demagogue; his one end was the restoration of Rome, which could be brought about only by the universal movement of the people. He asked for equal laws and peace alike for the noblemen and the plebeians. One of his first steps was to set up a picture before the market-place, symbolizing the disasters that threatened Rome. This picture stirred the people to great excitement.

About this time, Walter de Montreal was attracted one night by a light in an uninhabited part of the Aventine. Looking through a rent in the wall, he saw a hundred cloaked men gathered around one who was concluding an address:

"Yes," said this man, "in the Church of the Lateran I will make the last appeal to the people. Supported by the Vicar of the Pope, it will be seen that Religion and Liberty—the heroes and the martyrs—are united in one cause. By this crucifix I pledge my faith to the regeneration of Rome! And you, when the solitary trump is heard, *you* swear to rally round the standard of the Republic, and resist the arms of the oppressor."

"Death to the tyranny! Life to the Republic!" was the muffled shout as Montreal slipped away.

A few days later a singular scene was enacted at the Church of St. John of Lateran. Gathered there were the officers of the Church, the Bishop of Orvieto, the marked personages of Rome, and a throng of the people. In the rear of the church a purple curtain was drawn, from behind which at the auspicious moment Rienzi appeared, gorgeously robed. Ascending a scaffold he addressed the assembly in eloquent words that thrilled all hearts. He implored them to awaken, to banish all the violence, fraud, and disorder—"Let the Pilgrims of the world behold the resurrection of Rome!" In his courage lay Rienzi's safety. The dissensions of the nobles among one another were most favorable to him: he had attacked a body

the members of which had no union. The people were already gaping, with sparkling eyes. The speeches that followed did not serve to placate them. The popular discontent had arrived at a point where the people longed less for reform than for change.

As Rienzi left the church he met Montreal, who told him that he had witnessed at the Aventine the administration of the oath of brotherhood to the conspirators; but, to prove his wish to be Rienzi's friend, he had not betrayed his secret. Whatever distaste Rienzi felt for Montreal, he masked it skilfully, and invited him to his home. The sagacity of the latter had perceived that the nobles did not possess the requisite power to further his ends, so he turned to Rienzi, little caring which party was uppermost so that his own objects were attained. He wished to learn just what strength Rienzi possessed. But Rienzi matched his craftiness, and enticed him to reveal all his secret projects. Then, with a clever stroke, feigning readiness to form an alliance with him, he bade him collect as many armed mercenaries as possible in the recesses of the mountains, so that the nobles would be left at the critical moment defenceless, their warriors having become allies of the people.

On the 10th of May the sound of a single trumpet was heard. Instantly the streets became thronged. A solitary horseman cried aloud:

"Friends and Romans! to-morrow at dawn of day, let each man find himself unarmed before the Church of Saint Angelo. Cola di Rienzi convenes the Romans to provide for the good State of Rome."

A mighty shout broke forth. This was the beginning of the revolution! That night thirty masses were held at the Church of St. Angelo to consecrate the enterprise of liberty. The following morning Rienzi, side by side with the Bishop of Orvieto, followed by a hundred men-at-arms, marched through the city. At the Capitol he addressed the populace, whom he had suddenly elevated to a people. Forcibly he depicted the misery of the citizens, declaring that he would devote his life to his country; and he solemnly appealed to the people to assist him, and to sanction an established code of laws. He

then ordered the outline of the constitution to be read. Rapturous shouts followed. At once Cecco del Vecchio—the lower order of mechanics looked to him as their head—said:

"Who can execute a law so well as the man who designs it? Romans! I suggest that Cola di Rienzi be entrusted by the people with the authority, by whatsoever name he pleases, of carrying the new constitution into effect."

"Long life to Rienzi! None but the law-maker shall be the governor!"

The voice of the people had invested him with the supreme power. He had created a commonwealth and might become, if he desired it, a despot!

The news was brought to Stephen Colonna, who at once convened his troops for departure. Montreal, equally dismayed, believed Rienzi had played him false. Arriving at Rome, Stephen found the gates barred and the walls manned. His captain was told that, by the orders of the Lord Bishop of Orvieto and of Cola di Rienzi, joint protectors of the Buono Stato, no armed person was to be admitted. The incensed barons held a council. Stephen knew that a disunion would be fatal: he proposed that they should fortify themselves at Palestrina, while a selected chief should enter Rome alone to ascertain how matters stood. Adrian di Castello, a distant kinsman of the Colonna, came to the support of Stephen, and undertook the dangerous mission. At the gates he learned that a special mention had been made to give him the honors due a citizen and a friend. Soon the approach of Rienzi was announced. An enthusiastic scene followed. "Long live Rienzi! Deliverer and King of Rome!" cried the people. He had bade them call him "Deliverer of Rome," for Rome needed a liberator, not a usurper. They begged him to accept the title of Dictator or of Consul. Finally he said that they should call him "Tribune," in memory of those former officers whom the people elected from among themselves to protect their rights and freedom. He then strengthened the cause of the revolution by adding that equal honors should be extended to Raimond, "the first vicar of a pope that was also the liberator of a state." Also he declared that the moment had come for those hitherto neutral to declare themselves friends or foes.

The popular favor was so great that no one liked to seem to shrink. One by one they were entrapped, and finally, to complete the triumph, Adrian di Castello, the best and the bravest of the barons, confessed Rienzi's authority and subscribed to his laws.

It was not long before the forest roads were safe for travel; the Savelli, the Orsini, and the Frangipani had all signified their submission. Three days after his ascension to power, the Tribune had won the hand of Nina, daughter of the Baron di Raselli; and it was rumored that his house was to be allied to that of the Colonna through the marriage of his sister, the Signora Irene, and the Baron Adrian. Louis, King of Hungary, also made an alliance with the Tribune. Hearing these tidings, Montreal, who knew he had been duped by a wilier intriguer than himself, decided that at present it was unwise to wage war against the King's ally.

In Rome at this time dwelt a youth, Angelo Villani, who had been brought up by an old woman named Ursula. His parents' names were unknown to him. He attracted the attention of the Tribune's bride, who asked him to be her page. The lad, desirous of serving the Tribune, won his old nurse's permission to accept the offer. The Lady Nina, always proud and ambitious, had realized her dreams of glory and splendor. No words could describe the luxury of her apartments, which seemed most appropriate to her beauty. But her haughtiness did not please other proud ladies of Rome.

Rienzi, withstanding the sincere pleadings of Stephen Colonna, sentenced and hanged a certain Martino di Porto for wrecking and pillaging a vessel. This courageous act dismayed the nobles, but cheered the people, who were impatient for such evidences of the new régime. Rienzi foresaw the storm the nobles would arouse. Half his power lay with the barons, and to be strong abroad he must appear strong at home. If his power seemed unsteady, he would fail in his vast design to unite Italy in freedom by forming one great federative league of all its states, each to be governed by its own laws but united for mutual protection.

The hour seemed ripe for the grand stroke, which was defiance to all foreign interference. How could they be called

free when at that very moment there were two pretenders to the throne of Rome—a Bohemian and a Bavarian? The barons were revolving projects for their restoration; among which was one to make Montreal their Podestà. Rienzi's next step was to claim from the people the honor of having conferred on him the order of knighthood. According to custom, he had to pass the night watching his armor. Certain elaborate ceremonies having been concluded, his arms were placed in a part of the church where his state bed was prepared. The attendant barons and chamberlains withdrew to a small chapel, and Rienzi was left alone. At daylight he was about to push away a flickering light, when the curtain moved. A dark figure came between him and the light and a stroke was aimed where his breast should have been. As the assassin stooped, groping, Rienzi foiled him. The man begged to be spared, saying he would save Rienzi by revealing that which were worth his life. Rienzi saw the wisdom of this and listened to him.

That morning a great multitude swept to the Chapel of Boniface VIII. The Tribune, in state, delivered the famous citation declaring that every city, state, and people of Italy was henceforth free. He challenged the Northern powers to prove their claim before the Day of Pentecost. The ambassadors of the free states approved; those of the party of the Emperor were terrified; the barons were mute; while the mass of citizens, caught by words that opened such an emancipation to Italy, gave reverence to the Tribune as to a god.

Nine of the loftiest lords of Rome—the assassin had confessed them his instigators—had been bidden to sup with Rienzi. At the feast, Savelli, charged as the chief traitor, suddenly attempted to stab Rienzi, but a hidden corselet protected the Tribune. The accomplices were then summoned. Astonished, the barons confessed to their crime, and Rienzi told them they must die. All that night the conspirators were locked in the banquet-hall. In the morning the cry came from the Capitol—'Death to the conspirators!" But the Tribune was capable of the loftiest kind of revenge. The barons were marshaled before him, fearing to hear their fate, but were bewildered to learn that if they would respect the laws and revere the freedom

of their city, they were pardoned. Rienzi had made a fatal error. The barons were enraged at the disgrace of pardon and were a second time forsworn, leaving home at dead of night. The people bitterly upbraided Rienzi, and messengers were sent demanding the return of the barons, but a haughty refusal was the only reply. Meantime, the insurgents were warring throughout the country, and a neighboring fortress was burned. The hour for action had arrived. Heading his vast, miscellaneous army, Rienzi had the city gates thrown open to meet the insurgent patricians. "At eve the battle ceased. Of the barons who had been the main object of the Tribune's assault, the pride and boast was broken." Returning triumphant, Rienzi reined his steed by the body of Gianni Colonna, "whose spear had dismissed his brother's gentle spirit." "Child," said he to the page Angelo, "blessed art thou who hast no blood of kindred to revenge! To him who hath, sooner comes the hour, and an awful hour it is!"

Lamentation succeeded the joy in Rome. The slaughter had been terrible, and the people were becoming traitors. At the same time Rienzi was proclaimed a rebel and a heretic by the Pope's legate, who took counsel with the barons, and the message was brought to Rienzi that unless he resigned his Tribuneship the Church would inflict upon him the awful curse of excommunication. The thought of this curse froze the life of the city. On the third day one hundred and fifty mercenaries entered the city, seized the fortress of the Colonna, and proclaimed, in the name of the Cardinal legate, a reward of ten thousand florins tor the head of Rienzi. The bell of the Capitol tolled and the awed people gathered unarmed. Rienzi stood among them bareheaded. With burning eloquence, he brought them to shame, and then with a small body of retainers he passed safely to the stronghold of St. Angelo.

The barons returned, having become invading, implacable foes, creating havoc and bloodshed among the people. They planned to overwhelm Rienzi at St. Angelo. Through this tumultuous scene, the legate and his train went to the Hall of the Capitol to receive the allegiance of the citizens. As they reached its stairs they saw a large placard, whose menacing words ran:

"Tremble! Rienzi shall return!" Simultaneously the news was brought that the Tribune, with his wife and one page, had escaped in disguise.

Five years later a lady of matchless beauty and high reputation came to Avignon. She declared herself a widow. Her name was Cesarini. Among those who sought her smiles was the warlike, all-powerful Giles, Cardinal d'Albornoz.

After Rienzi had fallen from power he attended the Jubilee disguised; then he obtained an audience with the Emperor Charles, seeking protection and demanding justice. The Emperor received him graciously, but did nothing to protect him. Rienzi then traveled to Avignon, and redemanded an audience from the Cardinal, that he might refute the charges of heresy made against him. The Pope finally put him in prison, and that prison lay without the walls of the Signora Cesarini's dwelling, within whose household was a page who deeply reverenced Rienzi. The Cardinal d'Albornoz told the Signora that he was her slave and that all his power was at her command. She then besought him to restore Rienzi to suffering Rome, intimating that if he did so she would yield to his ardent wishes. Deeply enamored of her beauty and spirit, and seeing the advantages of having Rienzi become the magnet of his camp, the Cardinal decided to obtain his release.

Conditions at Rome were appalling; the people were wearied of the continued crime and bloodshed, and in open rebellion they shouted day and night for Rienzi the Tribune. The Pope, knowing this, and frightened by the schemes of Montreal, and of one John di Veco, agreed that Rienzi should be brought to trial. The Cardinal at once despatched the news to the Signora, suggesting at the same time that she might like to be the sender of the news to Rienzi. The Signora was deeply agitated by the Cardinal's letter. She summoned her faithful Angelo, and bade him bring her one of his page's suits, which she donned, making him swear to tell no one about her rash undertaking.

Rienzi in his cell was absorbed in reading, when his door creaked. Amazed at the intrusion at that hour, he looked up and beheld a cloaked and plumed figure. "Speak," he said

finally. "Am I sure it is a living man? Angels have entered the prison-house before!"

The stranger without answering sank at his feet. The disguise fell back, and the face of a woman looked at him through burning tears. Rienzi gazed motionless. At last he murmured:

"Powers and Saints of Heaven! do ye tempt me further? Is it—no, no—yet speak!"

"Beloved—adored! do you not know me?"

"It is—it is!" cried Rienzi, "it is my Nina—my wife!"

Rienzi thought that Nina had been allowed to come to bid him a last farewell, but when he learned the true reason of her visit he fell on his knees in a fervent and unselfish thanksgiving. On the following evening he was acquitted of the charge of heresy. The next day he was admitted to the Pope's presence, and that evening he was proclaimed a senator of Rome.

Alone, Nina awaited the result of the trial. Angelo brought her the glad news of Rienzi's release, but the shock of even the happy certainty made her ill. A little later the Cardinal d'Albornoz was admitted to the presence of the supposed Signora Cesarini; he was encouraged by the lady's reception of him, and hastened to urge his suit for her favors. Nina then told him that she who addressed him was the wife of Rienzi. With a withering smile, the Cardinal replied that he had fulfilled his part of the contract, and that now he claimed hers. He reminded her that the dungeon-door might open twice. But in words that filled him with amazement and admiration, Nina pleaded for Rienzi, and declared that if new wrong came to him she would not live to see it, saying: "This hand shall be my executioner." Deeply moved at last, the Cardinal admitted his defeat.

His old power over the people had not forsaken Rienzi, and his presence swelled the Cardinal d'Albornoz's camp with recruits, who, weary of the quarrels of the nobles, and nerved by the thought of Rienzi as their ruler, overcame the tyrants one by one. D'Albornoz praised the senator-tribune, but said nothing about restoring him to Rome. Rienzi, weary of the suspense, finally left the camp, went to Florence, and made preparations to enter Rome. Meantime Montreal,

biding his time, by the strategy of sharing plunder, was annexing more and more lances to his army. Rienzi had also played into his hands by enlisting the support of Montreal's brothers.

Finally a day came when, "robed in scarlet that literally blazed with gold, his proud head bared in the sun, and bending to the saddle-bow, Rienzi passed slowly through the throng," making his triumphant reëntry into Rome. Nina, her former pride and ostentation forgotten by the people, accompanied him with the pomp of a queen. Their triumph, however, was not secure. The brothers of Montreal were conniving with the barons, and d'Albornoz had gone over to the Orsini and the Colonna. True, the people were enthusiastic, but not one would have made a sacrifice for him. The page Angelo was in truth his one friend. Nevertheless, despite all that menaced him, Rienzi besieged Palestrina. On the fourth day of this siege he learned that Pandulfo di Guido had deserted his forces and had harangued the people against him; also that Montreal was in Rome. Every hour bred new treason. It was necessary to send a trusted spy to learn the secret movements of Montreal—Angelo was chosen. He won the favor of Montreal, and became one of his secretaries. Montreal had warmed to the youth, for something about his face reminded him of the baby son who had been stolen from him in infancy, and who shortly afterward died.

The news reported by Angelo brought Rienzi to Rome. On the night of his arrival in the city Montreal gave a banquet to Pandulfo di Guido and the principal citizens, whom he had found false to Rienzi. In the midst of this treacherous feasting, the great bell of the Capitol sounded, and suddenly three taps were heard at the door of the banquet-hall. At the command "Enter!" the door opened slowly, and three by three marched in the Senator's guards. Then Rienzi appeared. Folding his arms, he surveyed each guest, then his eye rested on Montreal. At the nobleman's greeting him, Rienzi made a sign to the guards, who seized Montreal. Then he raised his hand toward Pandulfo di Guido, who was seized next. Turning as he reached the door, he said almost in a whisper: "Walter de Montreal! you heard the death-knell!"

Shortly after Angelo, the faithful page, had gone to bed that

night, happy over his service to Rome and to Rienzi, he was awakened to learn that his old nurse, Sister Ursula at the convent, was dying and had begged to see him. He hastened to her, and the aged nun confessed to him that her daughter had been his mother, seduced by the wicked Walter de Montreal, and that he himself was the child of her dishonor. Frantic at this revelation, Angelo rushed from the convent. The death-knell sounded loud and louder; every stroke seemed a curse from God. Finally he reached the scaffold, but horror struck him dumb. "He beheld the gleaming ax, he saw the bended neck. Ere another breath passed his lips, a ghastly and trunkless face was raised on high." With the face of a demon, Angelo looked at Rienzi, sitting, according to custom, in solemn state, as the Senator of Rome, and muttered, recalling Rienzi's own words: "Blessed art thou who hast no blood of kindred to avenge."

Rienzi, though feebly supported, continued to prosper. Angelo was his most honored attendant, and was so zealous that his health seemed to suffer. To Rienzi's fond chiding, he would smile strangely and say: "Senator, I have a great trust to fulfil." The captain of the guard became ill, and at Angelo's request Rienzi gave him the important post. It was Rienzi's wish to organize a legion in each quarter of Rome, which should constitute the only soldiery the people needed. To do this the Romans must be taxed. A proclamation was issued to this effect, which caused an instant revolt among the people.

Early on the 8th of October, the news was brought to Rienzi that the gates of the city had been flung wide open, that the guard was gone, the enemy entering the city, and that the people had risen in arms against him. Rienzi found even his night-guard gone, and Angelo's room was untenanted. Almost unmanned, he bade Nina farewell, commanding her to make her escape, but Nina refused to leave him. Then, promising to follow her, he slipped away to his room, fastened the coverlid of his bed to the casement, and dropped to the balcony, saying: "I will not die like a rat! the whole crowd shall at least see and hear me."

Then he went into the armory and arrayed himself in mail,

leaving only his head uncovered. By this time the mob, led by Angelo, had surrounded the palace. Suddenly Rienzi appeared on the balcony, and at sight of him shame and awe seized the crowd. He tried to speak, but at once rose a roar: "Down with the tryant!—down with him who taxed the people!" and stones and arrows were hurled at him.

Disheartened, Rienzi went into the hall, his heart hardened against the people. He threw aside his glittering arms and mail, and found a menial's coarse working-garb, which he hastily donned, taking a mass of drapery on his head, as if trying to steal it. The people had set fire to the palace, and the proud Capitol of the Cæsars was already tottering to its fall. Now was his chance. He slipped out of the palace and had reached the last gate safely, when a soldier seized him.

"Beware lest the Senator escape disguised!" cried Angelo. The load from his head was torn off—Rienzi stood revealed!

"I am the Senator," he cried; "who dares touch the Representative of the people?" The multitude bore down upon him.

"Die, tyrant!" cried Cecco del Vecchio, plunging his dagger in the Senator's breast.

"Die, executioner of Montreal," muttered Angelo, stabbing him, "thus the trust is fulfilled!" Then, as he saw Cecco shouting in drunken joy, he said scornfully: "Fool, miserable fool! *thou* and *these* at least had no blood of kindred to avenge!"

A wild cry was heard overhead. At the window of what had been her bridal chamber stood Nina, who had returned in despair to the palace to find Rienzi. And at that instant that whole wing of the Capitol crashed into smouldering ruins.

ERNEST MALTRAVERS (1837)

In this story Alice Darvil is said to have been suggested by Byron's Haidee, and Lumley Ferrers, the villain, is also a Byronic creation. The story is continued in *Alice; or, The Mysteries*, which follows this.

IN a miserable hovel, about four miles from a manufacturing town in England, were seated two persons—a man of about fifty, in squalid and wretched garb, and a girl, of about fifteen years, with auburn hair, pure and delicate complexion, and faultless features, but of a painfully vacant expression. The man was counting a few coins on the table.

"There must be some mistake here, Alice," he muttered. "I had two pounds on Monday—you must have stolen some—curse you!"

"I did not steal any, father," she said quietly. "I should have liked to take some, only I knew you would beat me if I did."

"What do you want money for?"

"To get food when I'm hungered. Why don't you let me go and work with the other girls at the factory? I should make money there for you and me both."

The man smiled with a revolting leer. "Child," said he, "you are a sad fool. No, I think, as you are so pretty, you might get more money another way."

He was interrupted by a loud knock at the door.

"What can that be—the hour is late, nearly eleven. Ask who knocks, Alice."

In response to her query, a clear and courteous voice replied: "Seeing a light at your window, I venture to ask if anyone within will conduct me to ——. I will pay the service handsomely."

"Open the door, Alley," said her father.

A young man in the bloom of youth, of perhaps eighteen years, entered. He was travel-stained and plainly clad, and carried a knapsack on his shoulder, but no one would mistake him for other than a gentleman.

After some parleying, during which the cottager found out that he was alone and a stranger in those parts, it was suggested that he remain all night. The stranger hesitated, but when he caught sight of Alice standing, eager-eyed and open-mouthed, gazing at him, he cried gaily: "So be it, my host. Give me a cup of beer and a crust of bread. As for bed, this chair will do vastly well."

The host bade Alice spread the table, but all she could produce were some crusts of bread, some cold potatoes, and some tolerably strong beer. The young man made a wry face at these Socratic preparations, but drew his chair to the board and ate, while Alice, seated in the corner, gazed on his handsome face with a half smile upon her rosy lips.

"If you would like to rest now," said the host, "you can have my bed, sir—I can sleep here."

"By no means," said the stranger; "just put a few more coals on the fire, and leave me to make myself comfortable."

When his host was gone, he said to Alice, "Sweetheart, I should sleep well if I could get one kiss from those coral lips."

Alice hid her face with her hands.

"Do I vex you?"

"Oh, no, sir."

The young man arose and approached her. Alice drew away her hands from her face, and asked, "Have you much money about you?"

"The mercenary baggage!" he thought, and then replied, "Why, pretty one? Do you sell your kisses so high?"

Alice frowned. "If you have money," she said in a whisper, "don't tell father, and don't go to sleep if you can help it. I'm afraid—hush—he comes!"

The young man returned to his seat with an altered manner. The wind howled and the rain beat without, and he did not know the way across that desolate moor; and he was without a weapon save his stick.

"You will sleep sound to-night," said his host, as he replen-

ished the fire. "Come, Alice, let us leave the gentleman. Good-night, sir."

The guest heard them going up the creaking stair and then all was still, save suppressed voices. Thoroughly alarmed by what Alice had said, he stole to the front door and softly slipped the bolt, but the door was locked and the key gone. Soon after this he heard a slight tap at the window, and a voice called: "Darvil?" Then the steps passed around the house.

"Caught like a rat in a cage," he thought. "Well, I'll die biting."

He seized the heavy poker from the fire and stationed himself beside the inner door, ready to strike whoever came out. He heard the bolt gently withdrawn, and was relieved to see, as the door opened, only Alice. She came in with bare feet, her face pale, her finger on her lips.

"They are in the shed behind," she whispered. "They mean to murder you; get you gone—quick!"

She unlocked the door, and the traveler, throwing his knapsack over his shoulder, stepped out into the darkness and rain.

"Depend on my gratitude," he said. "Seek me at the best inn to morrow. Which way now?"

"Keep to the right."

When day dawned he struck the main road and found he was a mile from the town. He pressed on rapidly and came upon a girl walking as if weary with pain and languor. She gave a low cry as he was about to pass her, and he recognized in her his preserver of the night before.

"I was coming to seek you, sir," said the girl faintly. "I too have escaped, and I now have no home."

"Poor child! Did they ill-use you for releasing me?"

"Father knocked me down, and then he and Jack Walters ran after you. He beat me again when he came back and said —but it don't matter. I will never go back. What shall I do?"

The traveler's pity was deeply moved. "My good girl," said he earnestly, "you have saved my life, and I am not ungrateful. Here" (and he placed some gold in her hand), "get yourself a lodging, food, and rest. Meet me here again this evening, where we can talk unobserved. But you seem

tired, you walk with pain. Perhaps you had rather rest another day."

"Oh! no, no! it will do me good to see you again, sir."

The young man's eyes met hers, and hers were not withdrawn; their soft blue was suffused with tears—they penetrated his soul.

Ernest Maltravers was a wild, enthusiastic, odd being—full of strange romance and metaphysical speculations, picked up at a German university. Whatever was strange and eccentric had an irresistible charm for him, and when he found that Alice Darvil was alone in the world with no relative but her brutal father, that she could not even read or write, and that her mind was almost a blank, without knowledge even of a Supreme Being, he determined to take her under his protection. He would himself educate this charming girl, he would write fair and heavenly characters upon this blank page.

Though not an elder son, Maltravers was the heir of affluent fortunes, so there was nothing to prevent the indulgence of his caprice. He hired a pretty cottage, with verandas and monthly roses, a conservatory and a lawn, and hired an old woman to cook and do the work. Alice was but a nominal servant. He thought it prudent to conceal his name, so he adopted the common name of Butler.

Maltravers found Alice a very docile pupil, and she learned rapidly to read and to write under his own instruction and that of a neighboring writing-master. One day he heard her humming one of his own songs which he had set to music, for he had all the passion of a German for song and music, and discovered that she had musical talent. He soon taught her to play the piano by ear, and was amazed at her rapid progress. As she played, he could not but notice that her hands, always delicate in shape, had lost the color and roughness of labor. He now directed the old servant to provide Alice with clothing more suitable for the drawing-room; and the woman had the good sense to have her redundant tresses properly arranged. With her quick and retentive memory Alice learned to correct her offenses against grammar and accent, and when the natural grace and delicacy of her form were enhanced by suitable adornment, Maltravers became no longer sensible of the difference in

their rank. But at the same time he became convinced that to live thus was imprudent, to say nothing of the injury to Alice's character, and he told her one evening that he proposed to place her in some respectable family where she could finish her education and prepare herself to become a teacher of others. "With your beauty and natural talents," he said, "you have only to act prudently to secure at last a worthy husband and a happy home."

"I will go away, when and where you wish," she murmured with tearful eyes. "You are ashamed of poor Alice; it has been very silly in me to be so happy. I will go to-morrow."

She started for the door—gasped for breath—tottered—and fell insensible.

Maltravers raised her in his arms. "Alice, beloved Alice—forgive me; we will never part." He kissed her again and again, until her eyes slowly opened. "Alice, dear Alice," he whispered, "I love thee!"

In the following spring Maltravers heard, through a newspaper, of his father's serious illness. "God forgive me! My father is dying! Compose yourself, Alice. You will hear from me in a day or two." He kissed her; but the kiss was cold and forced. The post-chaise bore him away, and Alice often remembered that his last embrace had been without love.

Three weeks later Maltravers returned to find the cottage closed. From the gardener he learned that the house had been robbed—the old woman found gagged and tied to her bed-post—Alice gone. Suspicion fell upon a man of infamous character, John Walters, who, together with a man who had seen better days, one Luke Darvil, had disappeared. Maltravers sought a magistrate, who concurred with him that Alice had been discovered and removed by her father. He lavished gold on the search, but in vain. He lingered months in the neighborhood, hoping for news of her, but none came, and at last, with a crushed and desponding spirit, he gave up the search.

Maltravers's guardian, the Honorable Frederick Cleveland, a bachelor living at Temple Court, near Richmond, loved the young man like a father. When Maltravers came to him, enfeebled by his sorrow, both in body and mind, he gathered from him the story of his love, and, as a man of the world,

rejoiced that it was no worse. While Ernest was there, a young man of twenty-six, Lumley Ferrers, visited Temple Grove. Ferrers had no profession and a fortune of only eight hundred a year, but he had an acute mind, great power of sarcasm, and was prone to schemes and plots. Maltravers was not attracted by him, but Ferrers, who had a way of making all things subservient to himself, resolved that Ernest should be his traveling companion on the Continent. Cleveland, who feared a relapse in Maltravers, gave his consent, and the two set out on their journey.

Meanwhile, Alice Darvil, carried off by her father and Walters, was taken to the sea-coast and aboard a cutter, and finally landed on the coast of Ireland. Three months later, in Cork, she succeeded in escaping from her father, while he was in a fit of intoxication, crept into the shed of a farmhouse in the outskirts, and for the first time for weeks slept the calm sleep of security and hope.

Two years from the night she was torn away from the cottage, while Maltravers was wandering amid the ruins of Egypt, Alice Darvil, with Maltravers's infant in her arms, reappeared at her old home. But Dale Cottage had become Hobb's Lodge, and none of the new family occupying it had ever heard of Mr. Butler. The old servant was dead, and the gardener had gone to a distant country, and so died her last gleam of hope. Fearful of her father's return there to seek her, she determined to go into a neighboring county. So she wearily renewed her wanderings and after a week's travel arrived near a small village, where she was met by a lady who looked kindly at her.

"My poor girl, where are you going?"

"Where God pleases, madam," said Alice.

"Is that your child?—you are almost a child yourself."

"Yes, madam, it is my all."

"Are you married?" asked the lady.

"Married!—Oh, no, madam," replied Alice innocently, for she knew not she had done wrong in loving Maltravers.

After some further questioning, the lady said, "Follow me, and think you have found a friend."

The lady turned down a green lane to a park lodge, where she consigned Alice to the care of a comely and pleasant-eyed

woman, saying, "I shall send down proper clothing for her to-morrow, and I shall then have thought what will be best for her future welfare."

When Mrs. Leslie became acquainted with Alice's musical acquirement, she saw in it the source of her future independence. A town about thirty miles distant from her home was a musical centre, with a circle of wealthy and intelligent persons. Here Mrs. Leslie found Alice a home in the house of a former music-master and his wife, where she received the best of instruction; and in six months, such was her aptitude, she was settled in a home of her own and earning a competence.

Mrs. Leslie saw that unless Alice's misfortune was concealed, all the virtues and talents in the world could not enable her to retrace the one false step. She sought the advice of a wealthy banker who had once represented the town in Parliament, and who bore the reputation of a saintly and strictly moral man. This gentleman, a widower of past fifty, was of humble origin and fortunes, but was a shrewd man of the world and something of a hypocrite, though he was careful that no one should find it out. To him Mrs. Leslie propounded the question whether, under the circumstances, it would be a culpable disguise of truth to represent Alice as a married woman separated from her husband, and to give her the name of her seducer?

The result was, after the banker had had a private interview with Alice, and been greatly struck by her uncommon beauty, that he commended Mrs. Leslie for her discretion, and promised to look after and be a guide to the poor young thing. It was more difficult to persuade Alice to assume the name of Mrs. Butler, but the banker finally convinced her that it was necessary for her own and her child's welfare.

The banker kept his word, and shortly afterward, when Luke Darvil again found his daughter, and Alice ran screaming from him, he bought off the scoundrel by a payment of ten guineas and a promise of as many more each quarter. But the avengers were even then on Darvil's traces, and he was shot to death the next day by the officers of the law. He was known then as Peter Watts.

Meanwhile Maltravers had returned to England, become a

successful author, and the fashion almost before he was conscious of it. One day an Italian gentleman, Castruccio Cesarini, for whom he had promised to see to the publication of a volume of poems, called on him and somewhat insolently demanded a reckoning. "Your books sell some thousands, I am told; mine fell still-born, no pains were taken with it."

"Cesarini, this is folly," said Maltravers, who assured him he was not responsible for the failure of his book. A reconciliation took place, sincere on the part of Maltravers, hollow on the part of Cesarini; for the disappointed author could not forgive the successful one. Cesarini, who had good letters of introduction, threw himself into the fashionable world, and soon became a lion of society. Jealous of Maltravers, and eaten up by vanity, he lived extravagantly and was soon on the highroad to destruction.

Lumley Ferrers, with whom Maltravers had had some misunderstanding, returned from the Continent about two years later than his companion. He found that his rich uncle, Mr. Templeton, a retired banker, had married a widow with one child, a daughter, and was living at Fulham. Mr. Templeton was ambitious and wished to obtain a barony, and Ferrers determined to make this desire a stepping-stone for himself.

A few evenings later, he visited the mansion of the Earl of Saxingham, a relative of his, whose daughter, Lady Florence Lascelles, was supposed to be the richest heiress in England. Her father was anxious to have her marry the Duke of ——, but she, an aristocrat of intellect rather than of birth, preferred the conversation of Cesarini to the platitudes of the Duke. Cesarini's vain heart was touched by her condescension, and visions of love, rank, and wealth danced before his eyes. She had a soul, she could disdain rank and revere genius. He would win her and thus revenge himself on Maltravers and all others who had slighted his genius.

When Lumley Ferrers saw his fair cousin in conversation with the Italian, he gazed on her long and earnestly, and ambitious hopes rose within him. He went and greeted her, coolly took Cesarini's seat when the latter rose, and amused her with eloquent lips and sparkling eyes, his cold heart planning every word and glance. But Florence Lascelles, when she re-

tired to her chamber, forgot all three, and mused over the ideal image of the one she could love.

Ferrers had applied to Lord Saxingham to secure a barony for Templeton, but had met with little encouragement. At last it became necessary to have Templeton's influence in a certain parliamentary election, and Ferrers, seeing his chance, secured the seat for himself and the peerage for his uncle, who thus became Lord Vargrave.

Meanwhile, Lady Florence Lascelles, who had become fascinated by Maltravers's books, had fallen in love with him without ever having seen him. She had written him several anonymous letters which had greatly excited his curiosity if not his interest; but all his penetration had failed to disclose the personality of his fair correspondent. But at last Maltravers, who had been elected to Parliament, accepted one of Lord Saxingham's invitations, became interested in Lady Florence, and after that saw her frequently. Lumley Ferrers, who soon detected their intimacy, did all he could to keep them apart, interrupting their *tête-à-têtes*, and in private making slurring remarks to his cousin about Maltravers. Cesarini, too, intensely jealous of Maltravers, watched with fierce eyes his every movement when he saw him conversing with Lady Florence, and once, when he had just left her, came up and paid her such an extravagant compliment that she was displeased.

"Why do you speak thus to me?" she said. "Were you not a poet I might be angry."

"You were not angry when the English poet, that cold Maltravers, spoke to you perhaps as boldly."

"Signor," she replied haughtily, "Mr. Maltravers neither flatters nor—"

"Presumes, you were about to say," said Cesarini. "Once you were less chilling to the utterance of my deep devotion."

"Never, Signor Cesarini, never—but when I thought it was but the common gallantry of your nation. Let me think so still."

"No, proud woman," said Cesarini fiercely, "no—hear the truth. I—the poor foreigner, the despised minstrel—dare to lift my eyes to you! I love you!"

Lady Florence rose indignantly. She had never been so humiliated and confounded.

"You will think and speak more calmly, sir, when we meet again," and so saying she swept away.

"Where do you lodge, Signor Cesarini?" asked Ferrers, coming up and observing the Italian's face racked with passion. "Let us walk together. I see you are caught by the charms of my cruel cousin. Pardon me, but you know I am a frank, odd sort of fellow. Can I serve you in any way?"

"Oh, sir, this is indeed a crushing blow. I dreamed she loved me."

"But perhaps you have a rival," insinuated Ferrers. "I feel it—I know it—that accursed Maltravers! He crosses me in every path.

"If it be Maltravers," said Ferrers gravely, "the danger cannot be great, though she is a great match, and she is ambitious. Know, Cesarini, that I dislike Maltravers as much as you do, and I will cheerfully aid you to blight his hopes in that quarter."

"Generous, noble friend!"

But whatever efforts Ferrers may have put forth, they were of no avail to keep Maltravers and Lady Florence apart. The two were mutually attracted, and, notwithstanding the opposition of Lord Saxingham, became affianced.

"You see, my dear Lumley," said Lord Saxingham, "this marriage of Flory's is a cursed bore. It is too ridiculous—my own son-in-law voting against me in Parliament. This Maltravers—d—d disagreeable fellow, too, eh?"

"Stiff and stately," said Ferrers, "much changed for the worse of late years—grown conceited and set up."

"Do you know, Lumley, I would rather, of the two, have had you for my son-in-law."

Lumley Ferrers bowed his head, but said nothing. That night he sent for Cesarini. The Italian had written to Maltravers, at Ferrers's suggestion, thanking him for past kindnesses, telling him of his love for Lady Florence, and asking him confidentially to tell him his opinion of Lady Florence and of his probable chances of success in winning her hand.

Maltravers had written to Cesarini, whom he sincerely

pitied, giving him good advice, and suggesting that the lady in question was more calculated to dazzle than to make home happy. The letter was "private and confidential," and had in it nothing that ought to offend Lady Florence, but Ferrers altered its meaning by changing some of the pronouns, and after putting a late date to it, contrived that it should fall into Lady Florence's hands.

When Maltravers called again, she received him with eyes blazing with scorn and with such bitter words that he bade her farewell forever: and "with my last words I condemn you to the darkest of all dooms—the remorse that comes too late!"

After Lord Vargrave got his title, he meditated how he could add to his dignity. "I will invest one hundred and twenty thousand pounds in land," he said. "I must have woods and lakes—and a deer-park above all. You see," he continued, as Lady Vargrave entered, "the landed estate I already possess will go with the title, to Lumley—I shall buy another, it shall be a splendid place, Lady Vargrave."

"This place is splendid to me," said Lady Vargrave.

"Nonsense! you must learn loftier ideas, Lady Vargrave. You must be presented at court—we must give great dinners. And the child, dear Evelyn, she shall be the admiration of London, the beauty, the heiress—she shall be Lumley's wife, heiress to my rank as to my fortunes."

On the night that Maltravers bade farewell to Lady Florence, Ferrers came to him in behalf of his cousin and made an effort to heal the breach, but Maltravers declined to listen.

"You have positively decided, even if Lady Florence made the *amende honorable?*"

"Nothing on the part of Lady Florence could alter my resolution," replied Maltravers.

"And this I am to say to my cousin?"

"As you will. And now stay, Lumley Ferrers, and hear me. I neither accuse nor suspect you, but if it should so have happened that you have, in any way, ministered to Lady Florence Lascelles's injurious opinions of my faith and honor,—sooner or later there will come a day of reckoning between you and me."

"Mr. Maltravers, there can be no quarrel between us, with my cousin's fair name at stake, or else we should not

now part without preparations for a more hostile meeting. Let us part friends—your hand."

"If you can take my hand, Lumley, you are innocent, and I have wronged you."

Lumley smiled, cordially pressed his hand, and went out. It was a cold, drizzling, rainy night. When he came near Lord Saxingham's house, his arm was seized by a woman.

"Quick, what says he? What excuse has he? Tell me everything—I will cling to a straw!"

"Florence! alone in the street at such an hour!"

"I have done with pride. Speak to me!"

"He denies nothing—expresses himself rejoiced to have escaped a marriage in which his heart never was engaged. He is unworthy of you—forget him."

Florence shivered, but did not reply. As the door opened, she said softly, "I am ill—ill!" And when she gained the solitude of her own apartment, she fell senseless on the floor.

When Lady Florence was very ill, Cesarini, stricken with remorse, told Ferrers that he was half resolved to reveal all to her. Ferrers made the Italian believe that what he had done was wholly in Cesarini's interest, and the latter swore that he would assume the entire responsibility for the forgery and conceal Ferrers's part in it. With this concession, Ferrers agreed to put nothing in the way of the Italian's confession.

A few days later Maltravers received a letter from Lady Florence, saying that she had discovered that forgery had been practised against them, and begging for one word of comfort and of pardon before her death. Maltravers acceded to her request, and the two, reunited in the shadow of death, pledged again their love. When the hour came to part, Maltravers said, fixing his eyes intently on Lady Florence, "Now, the name of our undoer?"

"No, Ernest, no—never, unless you promise me to forego the purpose I read in your eyes. He is penitent—I have forgiven him—you will do so too!"

"You will not tell me his name? Be it so. I can discover it myself. Fate the Avenger will reveal it."

Meanwhile, Lumley Ferrers, called to his uncle, suddenly stricken, stood by the bedside of the dying man, with Lady

Vargrave and Evelyn. "Lumley, you know all—my wife, he knows all. My child, give your hand to your cousin—so; you are now plighted. When you grow up, Evelyn, you will know that it is my last wish and prayer that you should be the wife of Lumley Ferrers. In giving you this angel, Lumley, I atone to you for all seeming injustice; and to you, my child, I secure the rank and honors which I am forbidden to enjoy. Lumley, to-morrow you will be Lord Vargrave."

When Maltravers went home after his interview with Lady Florence, he was confronted by Cesarini, whose face was livid and haggard. Maltravers would have avoided him, but the Italian persisted and demanded, "Has Florence revealed to you the name of him who belied you and betrayed her to the death? I am the man. Do thy worst."

Hardly were the words uttered when Maltravers seized him with a fierce cry and threw him, half senseless with mingled rage and fear, against the wall.

Cesarini slowly recovered himself. "For what I have done to *you* I have no repentance. You have robbed me of her who was all the world to me, and I hate you with a hate that cannot slumber. I hate you—I insult you—I call you villain and dastard—I throw myself on the laws of honor, and I demand that conflict you defer or deny!"

"Begone!" said Maltravers, "within twelve hours from her last moment, we shall meet again. Begone, I say, begone!"

Cesarini shook his clenched fist, and, with a maniacal laugh, rushed from the apartment.

On the night that Lady Florence died Maltravers called on his friend Colonel Danvers, and said calmly, "The hour has arrived. My carriage is below. Will you come?"

The carriage stopped at a door in a narrow lane, where Cesarini had his lodging. A woman, meeting Danvers in the hall and mistaking him for the doctor, told him that the Italian was very ill.

Danvers came out and said, "Maltravers, let us go home. This man is not in a state to meet you."

But Maltravers, aflame with indignation, leaped from the carriage and ran up the stairs. Danvers followed. In a squalid chamber they found Cesarini lying in a corner, a raving maniac.

ALICE: OR, THE MYSTERIES (1838)

This story, originally published as *Ernest Maltravers; or, The Eleusinia, Part II*, knits together the destinies of Alice and Maltravers, begun in the story preceding this.

ADY VARGRAVE and her daughter, Evelyn Cameron, were living in a cottage at Brook Green, a village in Devonshire, not far from the house of Mr. Aubrey, the curate, to whom Evelyn went for lessons. Lady Vargrave, a widow with a sad heart, derived great pleasure from the writings of Ernest Maltravers, whose charm of thought and manner of expression reminded her forcibly of one she had known in early life. "Did you ever meet him?" she asked of Mrs. Leslie, a lady of seventy, who was visiting her.

"Yes, once, when he was a fair-haired boy," said Mrs. Leslie. "He has an estate in B—shire, but he does not live on it. He has been some years abroad—a strange character!"

"Why does he write no more?" asked Evelyn.

"He has withdrawn much from the world since the death of a lady he was to marry. He has not since returned. Lord Vargrave can tell you more of him than I."

"Lord Vargrave thinks of nothing that is not always before the world," remarked Evelyn.

"I am sure you wrong him," said Mrs. Leslie, "for *you* are not before the world."

Evelyn pouted her pretty lip, but made no answer. But when in her room alone she gave vent to her feelings. "Ah," she thought, "what a weight of dread I feel when I think of Lord Vargrave and this fatal engagement; and every day I feel it more and more. I used to like him when I was a child; now I shudder at his name. It was the wish of my poor father—

for father he really was to me; and yet—oh, that he had left me poor and free!"

Mrs. Leslie's daughter, Mrs. Merton, wife of a rector in B—shire, with her daughter Caroline, stopped at Lady Vargrave's for a few days on their return home from London. Caroline, a handsome girl of twenty-three, clever, entertaining, and cordial, won the admiration of the country girl of seventeen, and the two became great friends. It was soon arranged that Evelyn should return with the Mertons and make them an extended visit. The day of departure was fixed when Lord Vargrave came down from London.

Lumley was in high spirits, rattled away on a thousand matters, throwing out a joke here and a compliment there, and soon made a complete conquest of Mrs. Merton and Caroline. The latter thought she had never passed so pleasant an evening. When Lord Vargrave retired to his room, he threw himself into a chair and yawned. "This little girl is preternaturally shy," he thought, "I must neglect her no longer. She has grown monstrous pretty; but the other girl is more amusing, more to my taste, and a much easier conquest, I fancy. Her great dark eyes seemed full of admiration for my lordship—sensible young woman!—she may be useful in piquing Evelyn."

Evelyn Cameron found a delightful home and a delightful family at Merton Rectory. The Rev. Charles Merton, a younger brother of Sir John Merton, who held the family estates, was quite a man of the world, who dressed well, and entertained well. Besides Caroline, who was one of the beauties of the county, were two other daughters, one ten, the other seven, and two sons, neither of whom were at home at the time.

One day Evelyn asked about a house, seen through the trees, with a picturesque gable and Gothic turrets.

"Oh," said Mrs. Merton, "that is Burleigh, Mr. Maltravers's place. How stupid in Caroline not to show it to you!"

"Indeed!" said Evelyn, gazing on it with renewed interest, "and Mr Maltravers himself—?"

"Is still abroad, I believe. It's a curious old place, furnished in the time of Charles the First. People come miles to see it."

"Will you go there to-day?" asked Caroline languidly.

"I should like it so much."

"Yes, you had better go before he returns. He does not allow it to be seen when he is down."

And so the whole party went over to the old hall, the home of the Digbys, and entering an open window, wandered through the great rooms and the hall hung with armor, until they reached the drawing-room, where Evelyn ran her fingers over the keys of the open piano.

"Oh! do sing us something, Evy," cried one of the girls.

"Please do, Evelyn," said Caroline. "It will bring one of the servants to us, and save us going to the offices."

Evelyn sang a song her mother specially loved, the verses written by Maltravers upon returning home after an absence. They were appropriate to the place, and beautifully set to music. As she finished, her heart was so touched by the melancholy music that her voice faltered, and the last line died inaudibly on her lips. Just then two grooms, leading some Arabian horses, came up the road, and Caroline, a good horsewoman, ran out, followed by the children, to see them. Evelyn, forgotten for the moment, was left alone.

As she arose to follow she became conscious of the presence of a tall, swarthy man, with luxuriant hair and blue eyes, standing in the open door of the study.

Evelyn stood rooted to the spot, feeling herself blush to her temples—an enchanting picture of bashful confusion and innocent alarm.

"Do not let me regret my return," said Maltravers, approaching, with much gentleness in his voice and smile, "and scare away the fair spirits that haunted the spot in my absence."

"Are you then the—the——?"

"Yes," said he, seeing her confusion, "my name is Maltravers, and I am to blame for not having informed you of my sudden return. But you are not alone?"

"Oh, no, Miss Merton is with me. I will seek her."

"Miss Merton! You are not then of that family?"

"Only a guest. She must apologize for us. We were not aware that you were here—indeed we were not."

"That is a cruel excuse," said Maltravers, as Caroline appeared.

Caroline's worldly experience showed her at once what had happened. She hastened to apologize and presented to Maltravers "Miss Cameron—daughter-in-law," she added in a lower voice, "to the late Lord Vargrave."

With this Caroline moved away with her friends. Maltravers paused irresolute. If Evelyn had looked back, he would have accompanied them home; but she did not, and he stayed.

After this Maltravers was continually with the Mertons.

"Has not Miss Cameron a beautiful countenance?" said Mr. Merton to him, one day.

"Beautiful, indeed!" he responded.

"And so sweet-tempered and unaffected. Her betrothed husband is to be envied."

"Betrothed husband!" exclaimed Maltravers.

"Yes; Lord Vargrave. She has been engaged to him from childhood. We expect him down soon. They are to be married when Miss Cameron is eighteen."

Days passed, and the family at the rectory saw no more of Maltravers. They heard of him as busy about his estate, receiving visitors and returning calls, but he kept aloof from the Mertons. Everyone missed him, and Evelyn became more serious and thoughtful than ever before.

Caroline Merton was at Lord Raby's, at Knaresdean, whither she had gone with a party to attend the races. She was alone with Lord Vargrave in the breakfast-room, in close and earnest conversation.

"No, my dear friend," said he, bending over her chair as she sat with her handkerchief to her eyes, "believe me that I am sincere. My feelings for you are, indeed, such as no words can paint."

"Then why—"

"Why wish you wedded to another—why wed another myself? Caroline, it is absolutely necessary that I should wed Miss Cameron. I should have loved her but for your too seductive beauty, your superior mind! Yes, Caroline, your mind attracted me more than your beauty. Share my heart—my friendship—my schemes! This is the true and dignified affection that should exist between minds like ours; all the rest is the prejudice of children."

"Vargrave, I am ambitious—worldly: I own it, but I could give up all for you!"

"You think so, for you do not know the sacrifice. Money I must have! my whole career depends on it. It is with me the highwayman's choice—money or life."

"I cannot reason with you," she said; "you know the strange empire you have obtained over me, and in spite of all that has passed (and Caroline turned pale) I could bear anything rather than that you should reproach me for selfish disregard of your interests—your just ambition."

"My noble friend! While I shall feel a deep and sharp pang at seeing you wed another, I shall be consoled by the thought that I have assisted to procure for you a station worthier of your merits than that which I can offer. Lord Doltimore is rich—you will teach him to employ his riches well—he is weak—your intellect will govern him. Ah! we shall be dear friends to the last!"

"But, Vargrave, do not be too sanguine about Evelyn; she may reject you. She does not see you with my eyes."

"Even in that case," responded Vargrave, "I must turn to the Golden Idol. My rank and name must buy me an heiress. But we had better separate—they must not find us here alone!"

Lord Vargrave left her and lounged into the billiard-room where Lord Doltimore had been playing with Colonel Legard.

When he was dressing for dinner, he said to himself: "Caroline will manage Doltimore, and I shall manage one vote in the Lords and three in the Commons. I have Caroline in my power, and she may be of service with respect to Evelyn, whom I half hate instead of loving. She has crossed my path, robbed me of wealth; and now—if she does refuse me—but no, I will not think of *that!*"

A few days later a large party, including Lord Vargrave, Lord Doltimore, and Colonel Legard, were gathered at Merton Rectory. Mr. Cleveland, Maltravers's old guardian who was visiting at Burleigh, protested against his isolation, saying that the world would draw the inference, if he continued to cut the Mertons, that he had been refused by Miss Merton. This

appealed to his pride, and the two families were soon again on an intimate footing.

Maltravers appeared at the Rectory and spent his evenings there as of old.

When Maltravers met Colonel Legard, the latter bowed low and said, in embarrassed accents: "We have met before, at Venice, I think."

Maltravers inclined his head stiffly at first, but, as if moved by a second impulse, held out his hand cordially. He recognized in him a young man whom he had saved from suicide when he had lost his fortune by gambling.

One evening, as Cleveland and Maltravers were returning from the Mertons', Maltravers said to his friend, "I have a favor, a great favor to ask you: let us leave Burleigh to-morrow —I care not at what hour."

"Most hospitable host! and why?"

"It is torture, it is agony to me! Can you not guess my secret? I love, I adore Evelyn Cameron, and she is betrothed to—she loves—another!"

Mr. Cleveland was breathless with amazement, and sought to console and soothe; but after the first burst of agony, Maltravers said gently:

"Let us never return to this subject again. It is right that I should conquer this madness, and conquer it I will!"

"Then will we set off to-morrow, my poor friend!"

The next week they were in Paris.

In the meanwhile Caroline had become engaged to Lord Doltimore. When Vargrave congratulated her on the event, she said:

"Ah, how can you talk thus? Do you feel no pain that—that I am another's?"

"Your heart will be ever mine. As for Lord Doltimore, we will go shares in him. Come, cheer thee, *m'amie*. Do not fancy I am happy! But what is the matter with Evelyn? She looks so grave."

"She is grieved to hear that I am to marry a man that I do not love. Ah, Vargrave! she has more heart than you have."

"But she never fancies that you love me?" asked Lumley in alarm. "You women are so confoundedly confidential!"

"No—she does not suspect our secret. Perhaps she may have heard some of the impertinent whispers about her mother, —who was Lady Vargrave? What Cameron was her first husband?"

"I am as much puzzled as anyone else can be," said Vargrave, "to know who Lady Vargrave was. Did not your uncle tell you?"

"He told me that she was of no very elevated birth or station, nothing more. She is still beautiful, more regularly handsome than even Evelyn. I suppose the old curate of Brook Green, Mr. Aubrey, knows her early history."

"I forgot to tell you he is here—came two hours ago, and has been closeted with Evelyn ever since."

"The deuce! what brought him here?"

"Perhaps Lady Vargrave thinks it time for Evelyn to return home."

"What am I to do? Dare I yet venture to propose?"

"I am sure it will be in vain, Vargrave. You must prepare for disappointment."

"And ruin," he muttered gloomily. "Hark you, Caroline, she may refuse me if she pleases. But I am not a man to be baffled. Have her I will, by one means or another!"

On returning to the house, Lord Vargrave found a letter from Gustavus Douce, the banker, co-trustee with himself of his late uncle's property, informing him that he could not renew his note for ten thousand pounds, due on the 28th instant. The next morning Mr. Aubrey asked to speak with him alone, and informed him that Miss Cameron had deputed him, with Lady Vargrave's consent, to decline for her the honor of Lord Vargrave's alliance. The interview, which lasted a long time, and was marked, on Vargrave's part, with much apparent excitement, and the assertion that his happiness was blighted, his public prospects darkened, his fortunes ruined, and his life wasted. Mr. Aubrey met all his objections calmly, and showed him a letter, of the same date as that of his uncle's will, in which he clearly defined his wishes in regard to Evelyn, leaving the question of her marriage wholly to her own and her mother's discretion.

In an interview with Evelyn on the following day, before

his departure, Vargrave pretended to be overcome with anguish while resigning all claims to her hand.

"Oh, Lumley," said Evelyn, weeping, "if I could but prove in any other way my grateful sense of your merits—oh, that this wealth, so little desired by me, had been more at my disposal; but, as it is, the day that sees me in possession of it shall see it placed under your disposition, your control."

Though this secretly pleased Vargrave, it seemed to redouble his grief, and he begged that his privilege of guardian, of adviser, might still be preserved.

Lord Vargrave and Caroline Lady Doltimore sat in a room in Fenton's Hotel two months after the marriage of the latter.

"I want you to take Evelyn with you to Paris," he said. "She will be delighted to go; indeed, I have paved the way for it, for as her guardian I have maintained a correspondence with Lady Vargrave."

"Can you really imagine she will still accept your hand?"

"With your aid, I do imagine it!"

"At Paris you will be sure of rivals, and——"

"Caroline," interrupted Lord Vargrave, "I know very well what you would say. It is a choice of evils, and I choose the least. At Brook Green she is entirely removed from my influence; not so abroad—not so under your roof."

"What can you intend?" asked Caroline, with a shudder.

"I don't know what I intend yet. But this I can tell you—Miss Cameron's fortune I must and will have. I am a desperate man, and I can play a desperate game, if need be."

"And do you think that I will aid—will abet?"

"You will and you must—in any project I may form."

"Must! Lord Vargrave?"

"Ay!" said Lumley, with a smile, "must, *for you are in my power!*"

Caroline sank back and covered her face with her hands.

"Oh! Fool that I was—wretch that I am! I am rightly punished!"

"Forgive me, dearest," said Vargrave soothingly. "I tell you again and again, pride of my soul, that you are the only being I love. Enough of this: you will take Evelyn with you to Paris—leave the rest to me."

Lord Vargrave went from Fenton's Hotel to meet Mr. Douce, who had asked an interview on business. He was relieved to find that the business related to Miss Cameron's estate, the greater part of which, according to the first Lord Vargrave's will, was to be invested in land. Mr. Douce had heard that Lisle Court, the property of Colonel Maltravers, Ernest's elder brother, could be bought for two hundred and forty thousand pounds, and wished to consult his co-trustee concerning it.

Vargrave agreed with Douce that the property was a good one, and said, "I will go down and see it as soon as I can."

"But," said Mr. Douce, who seemed singularly anxious about the matter, "we must make haste, my lord, for—if Baron Rothschild should—"

"Yes, I understand, my dear Douce, make friends with the Colonel's lawyer—I'll run down soon."

Meanwhile Admiral Legard had died and left his nephew in comfortable if not affluent circumstances. As soon as the young man heard that Lord Vargrave had been refused, and that Evelyn was free, he could not resist the sweet and passionate hopes that broke upon him. Lord Doltimore, who had always liked him, welcomed him to his house in Paris, and so it happened that when Evelyn entered, with Lady Doltimore, into the gaieties of the season, Legard was usually beside her.

The Doltimores had been three weeks in Paris when Maltravers caught sight of Evelyn at the opera, and hastened to join her. Legard, who had been sitting beside her, abruptly quitted the box when Maltravers absorbed the conversation, and departed full of jealous rage. From that time Maltravers saw her daily, almost hourly, until he declared his love. They were spending a few days, with the Doltimores and others, at a villa near St. Cloud. He was walking with Evelyn on the terrace facing the wood, which was separated by a low palisade from where they were, when a haggard form raised itself upon a pile of firewood on the other side of the fence and gazed with eyes that burned with a preternatural blaze. Maltravers recognized at once the figure of Castruccio Cesarini.

Cesarini shrieked out,—"Love—love! What! *thou* love again? Where is the dead? Ha—ha! Where is the dead?"

Evelyn clung in speechless terror to Maltravers.

"Unhappy man," said Maltravers, "how came you hither?"

"I know thee, Ernest Maltravers," he cried, with a scornful laugh, "but it is not thou who hast locked me up in darkness and in hell. I am free—I am free!" and the madman laughed with horrible glee. Then, more quietly, "She is fair —fair, but not so fair as the dead. Woe to thee! woe to thee, Maltravers the perfidious! Woe — and remorse — and shame!"

"Fear not, Evelyn," whispered Maltravers. "Nothing shall harm you."

Maltravers advanced toward the madman, but when Cesarini saw him coming he turned and, with a loud cry, fled into the wood.

Lord Vargrave, long anxious to penetrate the mystery of Lady Vargrave's antecedents, accidentally came upon some clues when he visited Lisle Court which led him to make a thorough investigation. The result justified him in going at once to Paris and in seeking an interview with Maltravers, whom he knew to be engaged to Evelyn Cameron. After an introduction of formal gravity, in which he spoke of their early friendship and of their several estrangements, he asked Maltravers, "Did you not, in your youth, form a connection with one called Alice Darvil?"

"Alice!—merciful Heaven! what of her?"

"Did you not know that the Christian name of Evelyn's mother is Alice?"

"I never asked—I never knew," faltered Maltravers.

"Listen," resumed Vargrave; "you lived with Alice Darvil, under the name of Butler, in ——. By that name Alice Darvil was afterwards known in the town in which my uncle resided. She removed into Devonshire, and he married her there under the name of Cameron, by which name he hoped to conceal from the world her humble origin. Alice had one daughter, supposed by a former marriage; that daughter was the offspring of him whose name she bore, of the false Butler! That daughter is Evelyn Cameron!"

"Liar!—devil!" cried Maltravers, springing to his feet. "Proofs—proofs!"

Vargrave handed him several letters. Maltravers read them, and held out his hand to Lumley.

"You have saved me from a dreadful crime," he said. "Evelyn is then my daughter—Alice's child! For Heaven's sake, give me hope,—say it is not so—say that she is Alice's child, but not *mine!*"

"Compose yourself, my dear friend. You will recover this shock—time—travel—"

"Peace, man, peace! Verily, the sins of my youth have risen against me!"

The result was that Maltravers wrote to Evelyn renouncing all claims to her hand, and saying, "As soon as I learn that you are wedded to another, I will reappear in the world. . . . Perhaps I have mistaken Lord Vargrave's character—perhaps he may be worthier of you than I deemed." Vargrave, using this as a lever, as well as the tale he had told Maltravers, persuaded Evelyn that her destiny lay in the direction the first Lord Vargrave had marked out for her, and she at last consented to become his wife.

In the meantime, Maltravers, anxious to see Lady Vargrave, the Alice of his early love, had gone first to Mr. Aubrey, and had learned from him that only part of Lord Vargrave's story was true—that Evelyn Cameron was neither his nor Alice's daughter, but the child of Lord Vargrave through a secret marriage with one Mary Westbrook. This was the reason he had made her heiress to his wealth, and had planned the alliance with Lumley in order to set the coronet on her brow. Alice, under great obligations to the banker, had long refused his advances, but finally, on account of her child, agreed to marry him. Her child died and the daughter of Mary Westbrook was brought up as her own.

Maltravers, agitated and excited by these disclosures, at once sought Alice and revealed himself to her—the mysterious Butler of her early life was the Maltravers, the cherished author, of her later years. His voice restored memory, consciousness, youth to her. She uttered a cry of unspeakable joy, threw herself into his arms, and clasped him to her heart again and again. Together they knelt beside the grave of their child, and there Maltravers solemnly vowed to guard,

the remainder of his years, from all future ill the faithful and childless mother.

Lord Vargrave's most sanguine hopes were now realized. His wedding-day was fixed, and the deeds which were to transfer to himself the baronial possessions of the head of the house of Maltravers were nearly completed. Vargrave had called at Lady Doltimore's and after an interview with her, in which he tried to comfort her fears that Doltimore suspected their *liaison*, hastened to greet Evelyn who, pale and abstracted, had just entered the room. While Vargrave was talking in his usual light vein of the news, the last book, etc., the door opened and Maltravers and Aubrey entered.

The sight of the curate in company with Maltravers explained to Vargrave that the end had come. He saw that the mask was torn from his face—the prize snatched from his grasp—his villainy baffled. Livid and almost speechless, he cowered beneath Maltravers's eyes.

"Lord Vargrave," said Maltravers, "let us withdraw—I have much to thank you for."

"I will not stir!" exclaimed Vargrave passionately. "Miss Cameron is my affianced bride. Evelyn—beloved Evelyn! mine you are yet—you alone can cancel the bonds. Lady Doltimore, with your permission, I will direct your servants to conduct this gentleman to his carriage."

"My lord, if the most abject cowardice be not added to your other vices, you will not make this room the theater for our altercation. I invite you, in those terms which no gentleman ever yet refused, to withdraw with me."

There was a moment of dead silence. Evelyn clung to Mr. Aubrey, with her gaze riveted on Maltravers. Caroline looked from one to the other in wonder and dismay. Vargrave seemed to be nerving and collecting himself, when the door opened and Mr. Howard was announced. "My lord—pardon me for interrupting—business of such importance!"

Vargrave withdrew with his secretary to the end of the room. Presently he returned with a look of scornful exultation.

"Now, sir," he said to Maltravers, "I am willing to leave you in possession of the field. Miss Cameron, it will be, I fear, impossible for me to entertain any longer the bright hopes I

had once formed. I regret to inform you that you are no longer the great heiress. Mr. Douce, the banker in whose hands was placed the whole of your capital for the purchase of Lisle Court, is a bankrupt and has fled to America. Mr. Maltravers, to-morrow, at nine o'clock, I will listen to what you have to say. I wish you all good-night."

"Evelyn," said Aubrey, "can you require to learn more—do you not feel you are released from a man without heart and honor?"

"Yes, I am so happy!" cried Evelyn, bursting into tears. "This hated wealth—I feel not its loss—I am free!"

When Maltravers returned to his hotel he was followed to his room by a person muffled in a cloak, in whom he soon recognized Cesarini. The Italian said in a low voice, but in a tone calm and rational, "You are the man of all others, save one, whom I most desire to see. I have much to say to you, and my time is short. Spare me a few minutes."

Maltravers, who saw that his visitor was emaciated and bore every appearance of penury and want, ordered food and wine. Cesarini ate ravenously, and then turned to the fire and bent over it, muttering to himself. When he had done he drew near to Maltravers and said: "I sinned against you and the dead, but Heaven has avenged you. There is another more guilty than I—but proud, prosperous, and great. I bound myself by an oath not to reveal his villainy. I cancel the oath now, for the knowledge of it should survive his life and mine—and he and I are already in the Shadow of Death."

Cesarini then told him of Lumley's counsels, persuasions, and stratagems in the matter of Lady Florence, and how he had forged the letter and instructed him how to use it. Maltravers made no answer for some moments, and then said calmly, "Cesarini, there are injuries so great that they defy revenge. Let us alike, since we are alike injured, trust our cause to Him who reads all hearts and, better than we can do, measures both crime and its excuses."

They were interrupted by a voice in the anteroom, which Maltravers recognized as that of Vargrave. "If you do not wish to meet him," said Maltravers to Cesarini, "go in here,"

and he threw open the door of an inner room. The door was hardly closed when Vargrave entered.

"Your servant said you were engaged; but I thought you might see an old friend," said Vargrave, coolly seating himself.

A long conversation ensued, in which Vargrave attempted to justify himself and his actions, announcing his accountability for everything he had done, and declaring that he stood ready to brave Maltravers's threats. Maltravers told him that he would not take the responsibility of sending so black a criminal before the judgment seat of the All-Just. "Go, unhappy man!" he exclaimed. "Awake from this world before your feet pass the irrevocable boundary of the next!"

"I came not here to listen to homilies, and the cant of the conventicle," said Vargrave haughtily. "I am willing to contrast my life and my measure of success with yours. You have a barren and profitless reputation, without rank, without power; I hold in my hand an invitation to a seat in the Cabinet of England's ministry. Adieu! when we meet again—"

"It will be as strangers."

On entering the room into which Cesarini had retired, Maltravers found that the maniac had flown.

The next morning Vargrave was found dead in his bed, with marks of strangulation on his throat, and a few days later the body of Castruccio Cesarini was taken from the Seine.

LEILA: OR THE SIEGE OF GRENADA (1838)

This historical romance was written at a period when the reading public was greatly interested in all matters appertaining to the Moorish kingdoms and civilization in Spain. It is said to have been inspired by Washington Irving's *Alhambra*, which was published a few years previously.

N the summer of 1491 the armies of Ferdinand and Isabella invested Grenada. A mysterious figure in the streets, which passed by with downcast eyes and folded arms, was Almamen, who was an enigma to the multitude. Wherever he appeared, the groups gave way and hushed the murmurs of awe or execration not intended for his ear. One night, while meditating in the gardens of the Alhambra, he was accosted by Prince Muza, a relative of Boabdil, who in mocking tones asked the pretender to dark secrets whether he was reading in the stars those destinies of men and nations which the Prophet wrought by the chieftain's brain and the soldier's arm. On learning that Almamen was on his way to his sovereign's presence, Muza said that he had just left Boabdil with thoughts worthy of the sovereign of Grenada, which he would not have a stranger, whose arms were not spears or shields, break in and disturb. Almamen retorted that, if his counsel were heeded, people would hear the army talk less of Muza and more of the King. "But," said he, "fate, or Allah, hath placed upon the throne of a tottering dynasty one who, though brave, is weak; though wise, a dreamer."

Boabdil was reclining in his luxurious and magnificent apartment, meditating on Arabian learning. Presently he clapped his hands, and a troop of dancing-girls appeared, headed by his favorite, Amine, who sang a song to the music and dancing of her companions. At the conclusion, she cast herself on a cushion and looked fondly into her sovereign's

melancholy eyes. At that moment, Almamen entered. Boabdil welcomed him and dismissed the troop, including Amine, notwithstanding her protest. Boabdil asked Almamen's advice in his present difficulty and bitterly bewailed his misfortunes. Well was he called El Zogoybi (The Unlucky)! His fierce father had hated him in his cradle; in youth his name was invoked by rebels against his will; imprisoned by his father, with the poisoned bowl or the dagger hourly before his eyes, he had been saved only by the artifice of his mother. When his father abdicated, his birthright was usurped by his uncle, El Zagal. When at last he had triumphed he found that his subjects fixed upon him El Zagal's crimes. He was then received with execration, driven into his fortress, the Alhambra, and dared not venture to head his armies or face his people; yet he was called weak and irresolute, when strength and courage were forbidden.

In reply Almamen made a plea for the persecuted Jews, of whom use might be made. Boabdil said that the base misers deserved their fate: "Gold is their God and the market-place their country." Boabdil continued that Muza had urged him to arm himself and appear at the head of the nobles of Grenada. Almamen said that the hour had not yet come: his studies of the stars had told so much.

On parting with Almamen, Muza climbed the hill opposite the Alhambra and mounted the wall of a garden surrounding a palace in the Gothic style, whose owner was said to be an Emir absent in Africa. He sang a serenade, a lattice softly opened, and the beautiful form of Leila appeared. She warned him that their interviews were suspected. He asked what house was lofty enough to disdain the alliance of Muza Ben Abil Gazan. Leila, in tears, replied that the mystery was as dark to herself as to him: she knew nothing of her birth, and had only dim memories of a burning clime. Then she was brought here, where, amid splendors and lavish treasures, slaves ministered to her slightest wish. Her father rarely visited her, but their affection was mutual. No one knew his name except the aged Ximen, the chief of the slaves. That day, she said Ximen had told her that men's footsteps had been traced in the garden, and added that she would more easily

gain permission to wed the wild tiger than to mate with the loftiest noble of Morisca.

Muza was exclaiming: "These obstacles but fire my love," when a javelin whirred over his shoulder, just missing him. He searched the grove whence it came, but unavailingly.

Leila recklessly watched the safe departure of her lover. A few minutes later her father entered and talked of the wrongs of the down-trodden race and excitedly declared that one man should avenge a nation. Finally, he said, in a hollow, solemn tone: "Then curse the persecutors! Daughter of the great Hebrew race, arise and curse the Moorish taskmaster and spoiler!"

Leila fell cowering at his feet, crying: "Oh, spare me, spare me!"

The Hebrew gazed on her with rage and scorn: he half unsheathed his dagger, thrust it back, and then, with a muttered curse, cast it on the ground, saying: "Degenerate girl, if thou hast admitted to thy heart one unworthy thought toward a Moorish infidel, dig deep and root it out, even with the knife and to the death—so wilt thou save this hand from that degrading task."

Descending the broad flight of stairs, he met old Ximen and commanded his attendance, continuing his way through courts and alleys till he arrived at a narrow, dark, damp gallery cut from the living rock. A strong grate opened at a touch of a spring; closing this, and taking up a lamp, he proceeded till solid rock barred his way. The rock yawned at his touch and revealed a circular cavern lighted with brazen lamps and spread with cushions and hangings. Strange instruments of magic and astrology were all about the place. After a draught of wine Almamen had a confidential talk with Ximen, dwelling on the wrongs of his race, his projects of vengeance against both Moors and Christians, and reproaching his servitor for not taking better care of Leila. Persecution and affliction had made Almamen a fanatic. He had seen his father's body ripped open for the jewels it was supposed to contain; he had seen his countrymen despoiled, murdered, outraged, and tortured in every way. As for his religion, he cared little for its precepts and thought little of its doctrines, though by night

and day he revolved schemes for its earthly restoration and triumph. At that time the Moors were worse persecutors of the Jews than the Christians. Ferdinand's gloomy fanaticism had not yet resulted in the wholesale and relentless barbarity which the Jews were to suffer later under the Inquisition; but in Grenada the Jews had been placed without the pale of humanity—their possession of wealth being their inexpiable crime. Almamen had returned at a crisis. The son of Issachar, the Jew, was known throughout the African Kingdoms only as the potent *santon*, or the wise magician. He was intimate with Boabdil, but saw in the confidence of the King only the blindness of a victim.

Before dawn the next day the King hastily summoned his vizier, Jusef, and ordered him to arrest Muza and put him in the strongest dungeon of the Vermilion Tower. He found Muza already up, giving orders to his Zegri captains. On being shown the *firman* and signet, Muza suggested that they should depart as quietly as possible lest his followers should attempt a rescue. Almamen gloated over his arrest as he saw him pass, and muttered: "Vengeance, not on one man only, but a whole race! Now for the Nazarene!"

Ferdinand had taken the field with the pomp of a tournament rather than of a campaign: his pavilion literally blazed with purple and gold. He was holding a council surrounded by his brilliant chivalry and accompanied by his youthful son, Juan. He expressed his opinion that "the best hope of gaining the city is rather in the dissensions of the Moors than in our own sacred arms. We have in Grenada an ally. I know all that passes within the Alhambra. The King still remains in his palace, irresolute and dreaming, and I trust that an intrigue by which his jealousies are aroused against his general, Muza, may end either in the loss of that able leader, or the commotion of open rebellion, or civil war. Treason will open the gates for us."

After the council had dispersed, the King ordered an attendant to admit two visitors. At the same moment a Dominican friar entered, with much assurance, and to Ferdinand's apparent annoyance. However, the King allowed him to remain. Almamen and Leila, veiled, entered. The Jew said

that at their last interview the King had questioned his sincerity, asked a surety of his faith, demanded a hostage, and refused further parley without such a pledge.

"Lo! I place under thy kingly care," said he, "this maiden —the sole child of my house—a surety of my truth; I entrust to thee a life dearer than my own."

Ferdinand assured him that Leila should be ranked with the ladies of his royal consort.

Almamen suggested that Leila should retire immediately, and Prince Juan wished to conduct her to Isabella's tent.

After a brief leavetaking between father and daughter, an attendant accompanied him on his mission. Almamen then informed Ferdinand of the arrest of Muza, which was his work, and offered to put Grenada in Ferdinand's hands at the end of a fortnight, on condition that the Jews should have free leave to trade and abide within the city and follow their callings, subjected only to the same laws and imposts as were the Christians. Ferdinand agreed to grant the Jews throughout Andalusia the common laws and rights of citizens of Spain on condition of the exile or death of Muza and the capitulation of the city. But Almamen would not trust Ferdinand's word, and finally obtained his signature.

After his departure, Torquemada reproved the King for his weakness, but on the latter's exclamation: "Equality! these wealthy usurers! Sacred Virgin! they would soon be buying up our kingdoms!" he said: "Son, I trust thee!"

On his way back to Grenada in the dawn, Almamen fell into an ambush; and, to his amazement was taken before Muza. As he was not able to give a satisfactory account of himself, Muza detained him under guard.

The Christian camp was astir in all its splendor, and various troops went forth on foraging expeditions. The best equipped was conducted by the Marquis de Villena and his gallant brother, Don Alonzo de Pacheco. In this troop rode many of the best blood of Spain. This cavalcade seeing some peasants driving cattle into a wood at the foot of the walls, determined to intercept them. The Spaniards fell into an ambush and were driven out to the plain, where a fierce engagement was fought, in which Muza performed prodigies of valor. In hand-to-hand

combat, among others he slew Don Alonzo de Pacheco, "pride of the tournament and terror of the war," and wounded Villena himself; and, but for reënforcements, the troop would have been destroyed. In the confusion Almamen stole quietly away; but was intercepted and carried to the Christian camp by a straggling band of Spaniards.

While the combat was in progress, Boabdil and Amine were in loving converse. Amine was trying to arouse him from trusting to magic and spells and urging him to arm himself to lead his people. The appeal was seconded by the sudden appearance of his mother, the haughty and high-souled Ayxa la Hora, who reproached him with his indolence. Muza was then announced and Boabdil furiously summoned his Ethiopian guards. He bitterly reproached Muza for having braved his orders: "Even in mine own Alhambra thy minious broke out in mutiny; they surrounded the fortress, intercepted, insulted, and drove back my guards; they stormed the towers; the governor, a coward or traitor, rendered thee to the rebellious crowd."

This was not all: the captive left his prison to head the army, and now he came unsought, blinded, and betrayed by his insolence. The King called for the captain with the bow-string. Muza defended himself by saying that the only way to stop rebellion against the King was to direct the fury against the foe. Having done his duty, he now came to bare his neck to the bow-string, if necessary. Then, to the pleadings of Muza and Ayxa, he promised to review the troops at dawn. He confided to Muza that the crucial hour had not yet come, for he had seen a vision of a skeleton King of Grenada pointing to a dial engraved with the words: "Beware—Fear Not—Arm!" The finger of the dial moved round and stopped at "Beware," thereupon he had had Muza arrested. He confessed that he had been in company with Almamen when this occurred.

On leaving the Alhambra, Muza mounted the opposite hill and found the palace deserted, with the exception of Ximen, from whom he could get no satisfaction. As he turned away, he said: "Allah be with thee, Leila! Grenada now is my only mistress!"

When, at break of day, Boabdil appeared in full armor in

the square, with Muza at his right, the joy of the people knew no bounds; they cried: "Long live Boabdil El Chico!" Turning to Muza, he said: "The hour has come; I am no longer El Zogoybi!"

Leila was in her tent, grieving over her loneliness, when Don Juan entered and in impassioned words prayed her to elope with him. His importunities were interrupted by Torquemada, who then inquired into Leila's beliefs and darkly hinted at the torture and the stake. Leaving Leila, he went to a shrine and scourged himself; and then sought the King and urged him to plunder the Jews. He aroused Ferdinand's ire by asking: "Has Almamen not left with thee, upon false pretenses, a harlot of his faith, who, by sorcery and the help of the Evil One, hath seduced into frantic passion the heart of the heir of the Most Christian King?" Ferdinand's final words were: "To thee we commit this charge; see to it; time presses; Grenada is obstinate; the treasury waxes low."

That night Almamen was brought into the great tent of the Brotherhood of St. Hermandad and questioned by Torquemada. He confessed to being a Jew; but the Grand Inquisitor would not believe his answers to other questions. When about to be tortured he asked for a few moments' reflection, regarding his imputed schemes for his daughter, and covered his head with his robe. When he uncovered it his terrified judges saw him literally wrapped in flames. He then broke a vial and an impenetrable mist arose. During the confusion he escaped.

Isabella felt herself the protectress of Leila, even from Torquemada; so, to remove her from the annoyance of her son's attentions, she determined to convert her and place her in a convent. She therefore sent her to a castle, the *châtelaine* of which—Donna Inez de Quexada—though a staunch Catholic, was friendly to the Jews on account of kindnesses received in the East by her dead son from a member of that race. Her gentle influence and goodness soon inclined Leila to the Christian faith.

Disturbances elsewhere in Ferdinand's dominions inclined Ferdinand to raise the siege. Boabdil at once regained all

his former warlike energy. First however, he consulted the dial, the finger of which pointed to "Arm!"

The wall of the cavern in which he consulted the dial immediately opened and Almamen appeared, clad in complete armor and bearing a snow-white banner, which he said the genii of the East had woven from the rays of benignant stars to beam before Boabdil in the battle front and rise over rivers of Christian blood.

The waves of the Moorish hosts inundated the country, and castle after castle fell. Many towns broke from their allegiance to Ferdinand and joined the standard of Keys and Crescent. To add to the panic of the Spaniards, it was said that a formidable magician, inspired with the fury of a demon, had appeared in the Moslem ranks. With magic and preternatural spells, he dared every danger and escaped every weapon, firing the Moors to fanaticism with voice, prayer, and example. Mendo de Quexada, with two hundred and fifty men, held out gallantly till only the central tower of the castle was standing, and that was undermined. Then, to save the women, he capitulated. The survivors were allowed to retire to a small unfortified castle belonging to Quexada across the mountains. Boabdil followed up his success with a series of brilliant assaults on the neighboring fortresses, and then resolved to besiege the seaport of Salobrena so as to avail himself of the assistance of his African allies and prevent the Spaniards from cutting off the supplies of the capital. Before his departure, Almamen obtained the King's permission to go to Cordova to stir up the Moors. His real purpose was to find Leila. Before long, a rising in Cordova was suppressed by Ferdinand, who thereupon began his extensive scheme of confiscation and holy persecution. More than five hundred Jews perished under the Inquisition and several hundred of the wealthiest Christian families tainted with Hebrew heredity were imprisoned, and bought their liberty only with half their fortunes. One evening a fugitive pursued by a troop of the Brothers of St. Hermandad emerged from a rocky defile and saw before him nothing but a broad plain and a castle. He sought refuge in the castle garden and the protection of two ladies who were sitting there. Leila recognized her father, and Donna Inez

the Jew who had succored her dead son. In her gratitude, Inez hid the son of Issachar in her wardrobe, while the pursuers searched the castle and then departed.

Almamen fell into a deep sleep while Leila watched beside him. When he opened his eyes in the dawn, he saw her kneeling before the cross formed by the window-tracery praying to the God of the Christians! In his agony, he implored his daughter to fly with him from those hated halls and hold sweet commune by the way: "And hark ye, Leila, talk not to me of yonder symbol."

It was a perilous moment for the young convert. Finally she placed her hand in his and said: "Father, wheresoever thou goest I will wend with thee." But at that moment a trumpet sounded at the gate. It was a courier announcing the approach of Isabella on her way to join Ferdinand. Almamen hurried away in disguise, promising to return within a week. Before going he said: "Could I once know that thou hadst forsaken thy ancestral creed this steel should save the race of Issachar from dishonor."

Five days later he returned to find the castle deserted and Leila gone in Isabella's train.

Boabdil was repulsed at Salobrena with severe loss, and retired to Grenada, which Ferdinand invested. One night, when Isabella, in the most private recess of her pavilion, was praying for the success of the Sacred War, a savage warrior with bare blade seized her by the shoulder. He demanded where Leila was and would not believe Isabella's reply that she was not in the camp, which she had left for the house of God at her own desire.

Almamen was overwhelmed; Isabella escaped his clutch, and her screams roused the guards. When they arrived the tent was in flames, which spread till the entire camp was consumed. During this excitement Almamen escaped. Ferdinand seized on the disaster as a means of inspiring his troops with ardor. Since their only canopy was the sky, they must find shelter in Grenada immediately. The wrath of the troops produced the temper fit for action. The cry arose "Woe to the Moslem!" At dawn the whole army advanced to the assault.

In that eventful battle, in which Muza shone conspicuously, prodigies of valor were performed on both sides. In the thick of the fight appeared Almamen with the sacred standard in his left hand and his gory sabre in his right. As his mystic banner gleamed before the soldiery, each closed his eyes and murmured an amen to his adjurations. He finally met Ferdinand himself face to face and almost unhorsed him, but a knight cleft the flag-pole and as the banner fell the Moors in that part of the field fled. Boabdil fought bravely, but naught availed. At length, like wild beasts driven to their lair, the Moors retreated. Muza was the last on whom the gate shut.

In a convent renowned for the piety of its inmates a young novice sat alone. To her the Abbess entered, saying that Isabella had sent a holy friar whose soothing counsels would be gentler than those of the more ardent and zealous Torquemada. She introduced the monk and retired. It was Don Juan in disguise. To all his passionate pleas and promises she was obdurate. He could not shake her resolution. As the door closed behind him, she sank on her knees and exclaimed: "I thank thee, Heaven, that it was not Muza. I feel that I could not have resisted him."

Boabdil was holding a council. Muza advised stubborn resistance and a resolute *sortie;* but received no support. A herald entered, offering generous terms if Grenada would capitulate within seventy days. Finally Boabdil sorrowfully said: "The crown has passed from the head of El Zogoybi. Unfortunate was the beginning of my reign—unfortunate its end. Break up the divan." Muza then prophesied the ills his craven countrymen would suffer. "I will leave my country while it is still free!" he said; and the genius of Grenada disappeared from the hall.

In a defile some leagues distant Muza met Almamen and mocked the fiend, or *santon*, for his pretensions to read the future. The Jew asked him whether he still loved Leila; if so, he would take him to her. With a sling and stone the Jew dismounted a Spanish cavalier they met on the way, and mounted his jennet. At a wayside altar he stopped to make a fire-offering, with incantations, and then proceeded in deeper

gloom. About sunset they reached a convent: the choir was audible in the chapel.

"God of my fathers, have I come too late!" cried Almamen. He dismounted and frantically pushed his way through the throng to the altar, where Leila was about to take the final vows. Torquemada recognized him, and ordered the sorcerer to be seized. Leila told him that she was taking the veil of her own free will. Turning to Torquemada, he fiercely cried: "Dog, here by thine own shrine, I spit at and defy thee, as once before, amidst the tortures of thy inhuman court. Thus—thus—thus—Almamen the Jew delivers the last of his house."

Muza was too late to stay his weapon. Leila fell into the arms of her lover with a faint and tender smile upon her lips as her eyes grew dim in death. Almamen dashed through the horrified throng and escaped. Slowly the coal-black charger of Muza disappeared in the forest and never was known the fate of the hero of Grenada.

While trying to incite the Moors to further resistance against the will of Boabdil, the mob turned on Almamen and tore him limb from limb, just before the King evacuated his lost capital.

NIGHT AND MORNING (1845)

The author says: "In this novel of *Night and Morning*, I have had various ends in view—subordinate, I grant, to the higher and more durable morality which belongs to the Ideal, and instructs us playfully while it interests, in the passions, and through the heart. First—to deal fearlessly with that universal unsoundness in social justice which makes distinctions so marked and iniquitous between vice and crime—*viz.*, between the corrupting habits and the violent act—which scarce touches the former with the lightest twig in the fasces—which lifts against the latter the edge of the Lictor's ax. Secondly—In this work I have sought to lift the mask from the timid selfishness which too often with us bears the name of *Respectability*. Purposely avoiding all attraction that may savor of extravagance, patiently subduing every pain and every hue to the aspect of those whom we meet daily in our thoroughfares, I have shown in Robert Beaufort the man of decorous phrase and bloodless action—the systematic self-server—in whom the world forgives the lack of all that is generous, warm, and noble, in order to respect the passive acquiescence in methodical conventions and hollow forms. I have created hero and heroine, placing them in their primitive and natural characters, with aid more from life than books—from courage the one, from affection the other—amidst the feeble Hermaphrodites of our sickly civilization;—examples of resolute manhood and tender womanhood."

N an obscure Welsh village the Rev. Caleb Price married his old college chum, Philip Beaufort, to Catherine Morton. The reason of the secret marriage, to which Catherine had reluctantly consented, was that Philip was the heir to a rich uncle, who would disinherit him if he heard that he had married a linen-draper's daughter. On Mr. Price's deathbed, at Philip's request, he had the church register brought to his room and forwarded to Philip a certified copy of the marriage entry. When the new clergyman arrived and asked for the register, he found that most of it had been used for kite-tails by the old housekeeper's boys.

Philip was easy, thoughtless, good-humored, generous, with impulses infinitely better than his principles. His younger brother, Robert, was sober, supple, decorous, ambitious, with a face of smiles and a heart of ice. Sixteen years after Philip's marriage, the old uncle died, with his two nephews at his bedside. He faltered: "Philip, you're a scapegrace, but a gentle-

man; Robert, you're a careful, sober, plausible man, and it is a great pity you were not in business; you would have made a fortune! You won't inherit one, though you think it; I have marked you, sir. Philip, beware of your brother!"

Philip succeeded to a rental of twenty thousand pounds a year; Robert to a diamond ring, a gold repeater, five thousand pounds, and a collection of bottled snakes.

Philip took his brother, Robert, and his nephew, Arthur, down to Fernside Cottage, in the grounds of which he had built the finest stables in the county. It was a luxurious home, and here Mrs. Philip Beaufort lived with her two sons, Philip, aged fifteen, and Sidney, aged nine. Philip told his brother Robert that he was already married to Catherine, who had lived with him under the name of Mrs. Morton all these years, and that now he was about to make reparation and marry her publicly. He was ashamed to think that he had never even told Catherine where he kept the main proof of their marriage. One of the witnesses was long since dead and the other, named William Smith, he had induced to leave the country; and yet he would prove the ceremony and clear his wife's name. He intended also to send his nephew Arthur to Oxford, and afterward get him into Parliament, and to add fifteen hundred pounds a year to his brother's income, besides the proceeds of the sale of the town house in Berkeley Square.

The next morning, on his way to see his lawyer to carry out these good and generous intentions, his horse threw him while jumping a five-barred gate and broke his neck. He had made no will. Robert took possession of everything and offered Catherine a pittance of a hundred pounds a year, which he considered a generous income for a woman of her origin; and as for her sons, he said he would send them to a grammar school; and, at the proper age, apprentice them to any trade suitable to their future station. Robert did not believe there had been a marriage, and really considered that he had acted quite handsomely. The fiery-spirited Philip urged his mother to spurn the offer, which she was half inclined to accept for the sake of her idolized Sidney. She brought suit to establish her rights, but lost her case for lack of evidence. Having a very small sum of money and her jewels left, she took a small

cottage near London and lived there with her two sons till her means were almost exhausted. She then humbled her pride and appealed to her brother, who had succeeded to the linen-draper's business. In reply, he showed that he was incredulous regarding a marriage that had been so long kept secret. His wife could not think of receiving her into the family, or even tolerating her presence in the same town: people would talk. However, he enclosed ten pounds and advised her, notwithstanding the unfortunate lawsuit, to appeal to Mr. Robert Beaufort. He himself would take Sidney into his own family. He sent a recommendation for Philip to a bookseller in another town, who would employ him as an apprentice.

Philip tamed his pride and went to see the bookseller, who agreed to take him. On his way back, on top of the coach, he got into conversation with a strange character, who appeared to take a kindly interest in him.

Catherine's health was failing. She knew that her end was near, and made Philip solemnly promise to be a father to his brother, whom he loved almost as dearly as did the mother.

Meantime, the Beauforts were living a life of luxury, and Arthur, particularly, was an extravagant young fashionable. One day an accident led him to a cottage where he found Catherine in the last stage of consumption. Overpowered with the feelings of a sympathizing and generous nature, he poured forth a torrent of inquiries, regrets and self-upbraidings, and promised to befriend his cousins through life. She died in his arms. He sent for his father and reproached him in the presence of the dead, leaving him conscience-stricken and appalled.

Philip had received a letter and appealed to his employer for money to visit his dying mother. It was refused. Left alone, Philip plunged his hand into the till; but immediately repented and flung it on the floor. He reached his mother's lodging on foot, passed Arthur without recognizing him at the door, found his uncle at his dead mother's bedside and cursed him and his: "The curse of the widow and orphan shall cling to you and yours; it shall gnaw your heart in the midst of splendor, it shall cleave to the heritage of your son. There shall be a death-bed yet, beside which you shall see the specter of her, now so calm, rising for retribution from the grave!"

Arthur made all arrangements for the funeral, though Philip knew nothing about it. He did not meet his cousin, because Arthur had met with an accident on his way home. The night of the burial, when Philip went to the grave to take farewell, he overheard an old man cursing another in the prime of life, who was begging forgiveness for his sins. As the latter passed Philip, he recognized the stranger who had befriended him on the coach. As Philip was going on his way, he saw three men, one of whom was his employer, who cried out: "There he is! Stop, sir, stop!" Remembering the money he had been tempted to steal, he immediately took flight and distanced his pursuers in a maze of alleys. When almost exhausted, he ran against a man of big frame whom he recognized as the accursed son and implored his aid. The latter took him to a place of safety.

Some days later Philip and his protector, Gawtrey, parted at a town ten miles distant from the one in which Mr. Morton resided. Gawtrey tried to induce Philip to link their fortunes, but his duty to protect Sidney deterred him. Gawtrey gave him an address and a password to a man who could always find Gawtrey, if Philip should change his mind.

One of the passengers in the coach that Philip took asked him whether he knew the Mortons. Philip rebuffed the old gentleman, who later proved to be a Mr. Spencer, a rejected suitor of Catherine, who was on his way to befriend the orphans of his early love. The other was a horsey gentleman, who, on alighting, whispered to Philip: "Anything on the lay here? Don't spoil my sport if we meet!" Philip thought he recognized a guest at his late refuge.

Sidney, the spoiled child and mother's darling, had been very unhappy in his uncle's house, where his aunt regarded him as an intruder. On the day of Philip's arrival he had been whipped for telling a lie. He ran out of the house, and Philip found him sobbing on a doorstep. Sidney begged to go with Philip and share his lot wherever he went.

Mr. Morton had received two letters: one from Arthur Beaufort, offering to do anything in his power to assist his cousins; and one from Philip's late employer, explaining Philip's disappearance and the pursuit, which had been under-

taken only in kindliness. Mr. Spencer's call made clear his benevolence; and, on Philip's non-return, a search was instituted for the fugitives, who were now far away. It was summer, and the boys slept in barns and under haystacks for many days. At last, an accidental chance of displaying his fine horsemanship gave Philip employment at a horse-dealer's. Sidney, being left much to himself, pined, and grieved Philip by his reproaches for having taken him away. One day a horsey gentleman, Captain De Burgh Smith, whom Philip recognized as his traveling-companion, bought the best horse in the yard on credit and disappeared with it. The dealer learned that Philip had been seen in London in the Captain's company, and dismissed him. He immediately set off again on his wanderings, with the reluctant Sidney. Two days later, when caught in a thunderstorm on a lonely road, Sidney sobbed: "I wish I had never gone with you." He was, indeed, utterly exhausted. The Captain came along and took charge of the boy while Philip went for assistance. On his return, he learned that Sidney had been carried off in a carriage by Mr. Spencer.

A week later, Philip knocked at Mr. Beaufort's door and demanded his brother. Arthur was not at home; and the only sympathy he got was from Arthur's little sister, Camilla. A few days later, he received a heartbreaking letter from Sidney, saying how comfortable and happy he now was, and ending: "Pray, pray don't come after me any more. You know I nearly died of it, but for this dear good gentleman I am with."

In a respectable but not very fashionable *quartier* of Paris lived Monsieur Love Anglais, who kept a marriage-bureau and, in order to make marriage aspirants acquainted with one another, gave a *table d'hôte*, followed by a *soirée dansante*, twice a week. He was very well patronized and made several successful matches. One of his clients was the Vicomte de Vaudemont, a twice-widowed fortune-hunter. One evening a stranger called to see Mr. Love, who approached him and exclaimed: "Is it possible? You are come at last. Welcome! When did you arrive?" "To-day." Thus they met again!

Philip had been reduced to such depths of misery in the winter that he had determined to join Gawtrey. The host of the thieves' den had pressed clothing and money upon him

and given him a passport and Gawtrey's address. He came to join one whom he blessed as a benefactor, yet distrusted as a guide. Gawtrey explained to Philip that he was simply a charlatan, not a criminal. He possessed high animal spirits, with an undercurrent of malignity and scorn. He impressed people with his vast strength, redundant health, and intellectual power as well as physical robustness. Gawtrey had a partner named Birnie, who inspired Philip with great distrust and aversion. He seemed to have a sinister influence over Gawtrey. One evening, after dinner, Philip asked Gawtrey to tell him about his early life. He complied. His father, he said, had been a rich man, and had sent him to Cambridge, but stinted him, and he was despised by the richer students, except one, whom he almost worshiped. For an atrocious escapade committed by the latter, Gawtrey was expelled, having taken the blame on himself. Gawtrey's father never forgave him.

In London, Gawtrey's college chum renewed their acquaintance; but the boy ruffian had become the man villain. He learned how to play dice and pack the cards. When Gawtrey fell in love and introduced his friend to the lady, he seduced her. In a subsequent duel, Gawtrey was wounded and his quondam friend crippled for life. The latter found means to blast Gawtrey's reputation; his miserly father cast him off, and he began his career as "the prince of good fellows and good-for-nothings, with ten thousand aliases." The friend succeeded to his father's peerage as Lord Lilburne, with a splendid income, and became a great man. The poor girl went on the streets, and when she was at the age of thirty-six Gawtrey met her in Paris with a daughter of sixteen. She intended to sell her child to a rich English marquis. Gawtrey took pity on the girl and assisted her to marry an Italian lover. After serving a term in jail, Gawtrey found her again, a widow, and she died in childbirth, leaving a daughter, Fanny, whom Gawtrey took under his protection.

One day, a beautiful widow, Madame de Merville, called at Mr. Love's office to ask his assistance in preventing the marriage of a relative of hers, the Vicomte de Vaudemont. She seemed greatly struck with Philip, who never had seen so lovely a woman. It was not long before the matrimonial

bureau was broken up by the secret police, and Gawtrey, Birnie, and Philip took to the provinces. For a time Gawtrey prospered at gambling. At Milan on one occasion he ran across Lord Lilburne, who was cheating at cards. The recognition was mutual. Funds soon ran low, and the adventurers returned to Paris. Money soon was plentiful again, and the mystery of its source made Philip so insistent on knowing whence it came that at last Gawtrey promised to satisfy his curiosity. That night he took him into a den of false coiners, of whom Gawtrey was the chief, where, under penalty of death, in case of betrayal, he was initiated. While all were busy at work, Birnie and a newcomer entered. The latter was the chief of the secret police in disguise, whose men surrounded the house. Gawtrey recognized him, crushed the life out of him and shot the traitor, Birnie, through the head. The coiners all scattered, and Gawtrey undertook to guide Philip over the roofs to his attic refuge. On the way, closely followed by the pursuers, Gawtrey threw a rope and grapnel across a narrow street; and, clinging to this, Philip swung himself to comparative safety. As Gawtrey hung by his hands, attempting the same feat, he was shot by the police and struck the pavement, a shapeless mass. Philip took refuge in the first open scuttle; and, going down the stairs, he found a door ajar leading into a suite of apartments, from which the last belated ball-guests had just departed. Continuing, he came to a lady seated in her boudoir, and cried: "I seek my life! I am pursued! I am at your mercy! I am innocent! Can you save me?" Looking at her intently, he recognized Madame de Merville. The recognition was mutual: "Poor boy! So young!" she said, "Hush!" and, pointing to a curtained alcove, she added: "Enter—you are saved!"

At the risk of her reputation, she sent away the officers and bribed her servant. An hour later she sent Philip with a letter to seek lodging with a widow on whose discretion she could rely. On the way he was seen by Arthur returning from revelry, who had him tracked; and when Philip awoke the landlady gave him an anonymous letter containing four bank-notes of a thousand francs each. Philip indignantly sent them to Madame de Merville, who disclaimed all knowledge of them.

A few weeks later, Philip visited his mother's grave, leading little half-witted Fanny, Gawtrey's *protégée*, whom he had sworn to protect. Then he called on Gawtrey's father, Simon the miser, and told him that Gawtrey had died abroad, praying for his father's forgiveness, and recommending to his care the being he loved next dearly on earth. The old man, in tears, accepted the charge, and Philip, departed.

Ten years later, Mrs. Beaufort and her daughter, Camilla, were traveling in Westmoreland and met Sidney on the lakeside, where he had been living a delightful and luxurious life with his indulgent guardian. The acquaintance between the young people developed into love and an engagement. The mystery surrounding Sidney, however, together with other circumstances, made Mr. Beaufort suspicious of Sidney Spencer's identity. Beaufort, therefore, only consented to a conditional engagement. He was further perturbed by the visit of a person who insisted that there had been a marriage between the elder Philip Beaufort and Catherine Morton, and that one of the witnesses had just returned from abroad. Mr. Beaufort sought the advice of his brother-in-law, Lord Lilburne, who believed in the marriage, but told him not to be alarmed. He found the blackmailer, who proved to be Captain Smith.

Lilburne was very hospitable to titled foreigners who had followed Charles X into exile: he liked to win their money. One night in his room a story was told that a youthful Vicomte de Vaudemont had fallen in love with a Madame de Merville, but desired to win distinction in foreign service before claiming her hand. Before he left France she had died of a fever, having bequeathed to him her entire fortune. He declined to be consoled for her loss with wealth, divided her estate among her relatives, and departed for the East with barely enough for the necessities of a gentleman. Although there was some doubt as to his paternity, the Vicomte never disowned him.

Vaudemont, or Philip, a bronzed soldier, was now in England. His first visits were to his mother's grave and to old Simon and Fanny. He found the latter a lovely girl, with an intellect so improved she could not be called half-witted.

Philip's brother-exiles introduced him to Lord Lilburne, at the Earl's request, and he lost what money he could afford

for his own purposes. He had a room in the city, but lived chiefly with Fanny and Simon. On two occasions, attempts had been made to abduct Fanny. These were frustrated by Philip, who, on one of these occasions, had seen Lilburne in the vicinity. Philip made many ineffectual attempts to find Sidney. Captain Smith's brother, just returned from abroad, was also trying to trace both brothers.

Beaufort invited Lord Lilburne to pay a visit to Beaufort Court and bring any friends he liked. Lilburne, who had taken a fancy to Philip, included him in the party. There the latter fell in love with Camilla. During the month's visit he distinguished himself by his horsemanship and shooting, and gave Lilburne very clearly to understand that he saw through him. His deadly accuracy with the pistol deterred Lilburne from calling him out. Advertisements in the newspapers for a Mr. William Smith greatly disturbed both Beaufort and his brother-in-law, who now strongly suspected Philip's true identity. Her father urged Camilla to give Philip every encouragement. The advertisements brought William Smith to the office of Philip's lawyer, who went to Wales and obtained the affidavit of the clergyman who had forwarded the missing certificate.

Lord Lilburne abducted Fanny at last, and took her to Fernside Cottage, which he had bought from Beaufort. He offered no further violence, hoping to win her affections by kindness. The next day, seated at an old desk, he touched the spring of a secret drawer and discovered the long-missing marriage certificate of Philip Beaufort and Catherine Morton. Just then Robert Beaufort arrived in haste for advice. Arthur, who had come home at the point of death, was convinced that Vaudemont was Philip, and insisted on reparation being made. He was reduced to despair on seeing the marriage certificate, and threw it on the coals; but Fanny, who had been listening, snatched it away. Philip, who had been trailing Lilburne, entered in time to save from their rage Fanny, who gave him the paper. He denounced the foul villain, who had abducted his own granddaughter. Lilburne was terror-stricken. Philip's parting words were: "Thank your relationship to her that I do not brand you as a pilferer and a cheat!

Hush, knave! Hush, pupil of George Gawtrey! There are no duels for me but with men of honor!"

Meanwhile, Arthur's malady continued to gain ground rapidly. With a delicate constitution, an easy temper, amiable impulses and charming disposition, he had frittered away his life in hollow pleasures. He had come home to hear of ruin and to die. One morning, his father entered the sick-room, followed by Philip, who fell on his knees and begged his mother's comforter, his cousin, his brother, for forgiveness for so often spurning his loving offers of help. Arthur stretched out his arms and Philip clasped him to his breast. Philip then retired for a conference with his uncle. In justice to his mother's memory, he could not forego the lawsuit; but said: "Give me Camilla, and I will not envy the lands I am willing for myself to resign; and if they pass to my children, those children will be your daughter's." Robert Beaufort temporized with Lilburne, who, only too anxious to put the seal of relationship upon any secret with regard to himself that a man who might inherit twenty thousand pounds a year—a dead shot and a bold tongue—might think fit to disclose, was earnest in his advice to Robert to accept any terms Philip saw fit to offer.

On the third day of Philip's presence in the house, Arthur died. His father remembered his brother Philip's curse.

Robert Beaufort next wrote to Mr. Spencer canceling Camilla's engagement with Sidney, who immediately disappeared. The next day he forced his way into the house and demanded to see Mr. Beaufort. In an agitated interview, the brothers recognized each other, and Philip, remembering his mother's dying injunctions with regard to Sidney, relinquished to his brother his claims to Camilla. Immediately afterward Philip was seized with a violent fever, through which Fanny nursed him back to convalescence. Philip had asked that Sidney's marriage to Camilla should take place in the church by which his mother lay. He acted as Sidney's best man, and appeared heart-whole. He had discovered that he was deeply attached to Fanny; and after Sidney's wedding his own marriage to Fanny soon followed.

ZANONI (1842)

In 1841, Bulwer, with Sir David Brewster and Dionysius Lardner, edited a paper entitled *The Monthly Chronicle*, planned to combine literary, scientific, and political information. To it Bulwer contributed a first sketch of *Zanoni*, under the title of *Zicci*. Some years later he published a poem, *King Arthur*, which, in his preface to *Zanoni* (edition of 1853) he says, holds "further suggestive conjecture into most of the regions of speculative research, affecting the higher and more important condition of our ultimate being."

MET an old gentleman one day in a dusty bookshop. We became friends. He belonged to the brotherhood of the Rosicrucians, of all secret societies the most jealous of its mysteries. He had written a book with its theories for his theme. I rashly promised to prepare it for the public after his death. The following is the story, which cost me arduous labor. Of it the old gentleman said: "It is a romance, and it is not a romance. It is a truth for those who comprehend it, and an extravagance for those who cannot."

In the latter half of the eighteenth century there lived at Naples a musician of great genius, but of little reputation. His life work was his unpublished opera *The Siren*. This musician, Gaetano Pisani, had a beautiful daughter, who, as a little child, sang divinely. A great cardinal heard of her talent, and sent for her. That interview decided her fate. His Eminence predicted that she would be the *prima donna* of San Carlo, and insisted on providing her with famous masters. When she was nearly sixteen years old she made her *début* in her father's opera, thereby winning fame for him as well as for herself.

There had been a moment in the first act when the success of the opera was doubtful. A few hisses had risen before Viola Pisani's first entrance. She felt the chilling apathy of the audience, and for a moment was unable to sing. Then she

saw a face in a box near by: it awakened an indistinct memory. She could not turn away her gaze, but the coldness that had gripped her heart was gone. The majestic stranger half rose, and brought the audience to a generous applause. The Siren's voice gushed forth, awakening wild enthusiasm and carrying on the opera to success.

Viola's sleep that night was broken with strange sensations, and peculiar half-recollections. She felt a mingling of gratitude and fear for the eyes that had haunted her. Where had she seen those features before? Some foreboding made her recoil from the thought of that man. The following day the stranger came to visit her. He asked, as a parent might, whether she were happy at the career opening before her. Viola did not know, but she felt that she had to thank him for a great deal. The stranger answered that he had encouraged her because he saw in her heart the noble ambition of a daughter's love. Viola was deeply grieved when she learned that he was to leave Naples that day.

There were many rumors about this stranger, who was called Zanoni. He was said to have incalculable wealth, to be a sorcerer, to possess the *malocchio*, or evil eye. One old man declared that in Milan, seventy years before, he had seen Zanoni, and that he did not look a day older now than at that time. Another old man from Milan had remembered seeing him many years before that, in Sweden!

Viola became the idol of Naples. For two years she had not seen the mysterious stranger. Her father and mother had died of a fever, and she was alone with her faithful nurse. Among her many suitors was an Englishman, Clarence Glyndon. One night at the opera Glyndon felt a shudder go through him. The friends with him suggested it was a chill, but a stranger joining the group explained it as a shrinking from some repugnant though unseen form of matter. The stranger was Zanoni, and his words made a deep impression on Glyndon.

This young Englishman had a comfortable fortune, and possessed a fair genius for painting, but preferred pleasure to work. France was just beginning to feel the agitation of the Revolution; the world was full of superstitions, and magicians and magnetism found many followers. Glyndon loved Viola,

but distrusted her seeming innocence. While he paid her honorable court—unlike her other suitors—he shrank from marriage. He soon met Zanoni again, with whom he wished to be friends. Zanoni told him that their paths were not meant to cross, and that same night at the theater he warned Glyndon that an attempt was to be made on his life—he should not go home alone.

Viola had seen Zanoni, and she sang and acted in her last scene as if inspired. The house rose in an ecstasy, but she caught no sign of approval from him. After the performance her carriage could not be found, and Glyndon insisted that she should take his. He secured a place in the carriage of a friend, so arranged by Zanoni. The carriage that Viola occupied was assailed by some armed men as it approached her home, and someone tried to lift her from the vehicle, but her nurse fought him off. The masked man drew away, and a taller one appeared, who bade Viola be calm, adding that he would save her. He lifted his mask, and she recognized Zanoni. The strange man gave peremptory orders to six confederates to seize the first mask, who was the Prince di ——.

Zanoni then drove Viola to her own door, having frustrated the plot of the ravisher. He followed her into her house: they were alone. Never had she seemed more beautiful. He told her that he had rescued her from shame and perhaps from death. He said calmly that it was his fate to fascinate her, but that Glyndon loved her well, and that he could wed her. Viola listened with burning blushes, yet his words did not humiliate her. She implored him not to think that her feelings were those of unsought love. With tenderness he urged her to accept Glyndon, and added with emotion: "I, too, might love thee!"

"You!" cried Viola, in rapturous delight.

"Yes, Viola, I might love thee; but in that love what sorrow and what change! The flower gives perfume to the rock on whose heart it grows. A little while and the flower is dead; but the rock still endures. Pause! Think well; danger besets thee yet."

Glyndon sought Zanoni at his palace. He was strongly curious to know how Zanoni had obtained information about

his enemies. Zanoni explained to him that as he loved Viola Pisani necessarily he had rivals, and his life was certainly in danger. His wise course was to marry Viola and leave Naples. The mention of marriage embarrassed Glyndon. Zanoni declared that Glyndon must then renounce her, or he would find a still more formidable rival in himself—Zanoni.

"You, Signor Zanoni!—you, and you dare to tell me this?"

"Dare! alas, there are times when I wish that I could fear!"

Glyndon, enraged and yet awed, retorted that he would never yield Viola to another. Moreover, he could not understand how Zanoni, if he loved her, would wish another to marry her. Zanoni answered that he was desirous to save Viola from himself. If she married him, he did not know what her lot might be. "There is an ordeal which few can pass, and which hitherto no woman has survived." He bade Glyndon wait nine days, and then tell him whether he would marry her.

Everything concerning Zanoni puzzled the suspicious Glyndon, but he resolved to see Viola. She assured him that she could never give herself where she did not love, and asked him whether he knew Zanoni. Had he ever felt that with *him* was connected the secret of Glyndon's life, she inquired. Glyndon said that he had felt so. "There must be the hand of fate in this," said Viola, in a stifled voice.

Soon she was called to the sick-bed of a little child. The old grandmother went to find a certain signor who cured, she said, where physicians failed. The Signor appeared—it was Zanoni! Viola's suspicions rose. "Was it by lawful art that—" she asked herself. Zanoni, seeming to read her mind, reproached her with a look. He gave some medicine to the child, who soon slept calmly. Viola, humbled, begged that she might not be the only one he left unhappy, and Zanoni promised to visit her. He came many times. Then he counseled her to marry Glyndon. After a struggle, with a strange heroic pleasure in the sacrifice, Viola submitted to his dictation. He told her that for only three days more could he protect her from danger, and that he would see her again before that final hour.

Zanoni again urged Glyndon to marry Viola, saying that there was no time to be lost. The day after the Prince's attempt to abduct her, his uncle, the Cardinal, had warned him that

if he continued his dishonorable designs he would forfeit all the possessions he expected from the Cardinal. This had made the Prince pause in his pursuit. But now Zanoni declared that before noon the Cardinal would die, and that an evil, deformed painter, known as Jean Nicot, had already asked the Prince what dower would go with Viola when she should be permitted to leave his palace.

Glyndon wondered how he could help being suspicious of the strange fascination Zanoni exerted over him. The strange man replied that perhaps he could initiate Glyndon into the secrets of his philosophy. An ancestor of Glyndon's had labored in the mysteries of the order, and all who took that pledge were bound to aid the remotest descendants of any member, and must even accept them as pupils. Glyndon demanded that Zanoni receive him as such. Zanoni replied that his nature was unfit, being possessed by fear, and declared that he must first free himself from all earthly desires. After Zanoni's departure, Glyndon was aroused from thought by hearing the clock strike. He remembered Zanoni's prediction, and hastened to the Cardinal's palace. His Eminence had died five minutes before noon. As he turned away, he saw Jean Nicot emerge from the portals of the Prince's palace.

Zanoni sought an interview with the Prince, who recognized him as his betrayer. It was agreed that they should cast the dice for Viola. The one who threw the lower should resign his claim. If either broke his word he should fall by the sword. The dice were thrown for the Prince: the numbers were sixteen. Again they were cast: the numbers were the highest possible—eighteen. After Zanoni had gone the Prince turned to his parasite: "Villain! You betrayed me!"

"I assure your Excellency that the dice were properly arranged; he should have thrown a five; but he is the Devil, and that's the end of it."

"My blood is up," said the Prince. "I will win this girl if I die for it! What noise is that?"

"It is but the sword of your illustrious ancestor that has fallen to the table."

Zanoni, feeling his own powers leaving him with the new bonds he was forming, wrote to Mejnour, his master, the only

survivor of their brotherhood besides himself, and urged him to come at once to aid him in the thickening plot.

Jean Nicot offered marriage to Viola. He taunted her with the fact that it was more than her eligible suitors had offered. He tried to whisper to her the desires of the Prince, but she thrust him away, and later Glyndon found her in tears, and protested his love. Stung by Nicot's words, she asked Glyndon whether he offered marriage. He demurred at the query, and she realized the desolateness of her position. Glyndon repented what he had done, and resolved to write to her for forgiveness, but his friend Mervale persuaded him to leave Naples in order to prove whether Viola were not in league with Zanoni, and to escape his domination. They reached Portico the next noon. The landlord suggested that they should see Vesuvius—then in slight eruption. The guide told of a terrible creature that he had seen emerge from the crater. They reached the summit; a huge stone was suddenly flung out from the crater, and crashed into ten thousand fragments. In the confusion Glyndon became separated from the others, and presently found himself alone in darkness, a stream of fire surrounding him. He discovered a way to descend, when a sudden horror seized him; he could not move, though no obstacle was visible. Suddenly he saw a colossal shadow rise, with indistinct outlines of a man. Then another shape stood beside the shadow. A wave of sulphurous vapor rolled over the mountain, and Glyndon fell senseless. Zanoni found and saved him, and brought him to his friends. When the guide saw them he said: "Holy angels, befriend us! behold the very being that crossed me last Friday night. It is he, but his face is human now."

Zanoni told Glyndon that he must decide on his fate before midnight, and Glyndon renounced all aspirations to win Viola to learn Zanoni's secrets.

Just before midnight Zanoni went to Viola and told her that she must fly with him, or become the victim of the Prince. She said that she preferred to die rather than to burden one who did not love her. Zanoni, trembling, confessed his love. But suddenly he tore himself from her embrace, as a loud crash was heard. "Too late! Oh, fool that I was, too late!" cried Zanoni.

The room filled with armed men, and Viola was gagged and taken to the palace of the Prince. But a tall stranger hastily sought the Prince and warned him that Zanoni and his ancestor's sword threatened him. The stranger said he wished to save him because he was Mejnour, who had known the Prince's ancestor. The Prince denounced Mejnour as an impostor, and shouted to his minions to seize him. But lo! the spot where he had stood was empty, and only a thin mist floated around the room.

Zanoni arrived last at a banquet given by the Prince. The host had mixed a deadly poison for this hated guest. During the feast Glyndon sent a message to Zanoni, who would have gone to him, but the Prince summoned Glyndon to join the gay company. His seat was by Zanoni, who bade him be silent, as he knew all. The poisoned wine was passed to Zanoni. Fixing his eyes on the Prince, he said, "I pledge you even in *this* wine!" The host quailed before his look.

The night wore on, and never had Zanoni been so gay and audacious. He whispered to the Duke de R—— that the Prince was a braggart, and suggested that it would be a fair revenge to make him produce the enchanting Viola, then in his captivity, and rouse his jealousy by the Duke's flatteries to the lady. The Duke took the hint and made the request, and a violent quarrel arose. Swords were called for. Zanoni handed the Duke the sword of the Prince's grandsire, reminding the Prince of his forfeit. In the ensuing conflict the Prince was killed, and never had a face in death shown such horror. Zanoni then told Glyndon to meet him at a certain spot at midnight, and ordered the Prince's minions to conduct him to Viola.

Glyndon found Mejnour, a stranger to him, at the appointed place. The Oriental tried to dissuade Glyndon from his desire to penetrate into unknown realms; but said that if his curiosity was really insatiate, he would accept him as a pupil. Presently Zanoni joined them, and Mejnour drew apart. Zanoni could no longer offer love as an inducement for Glyndon to desist from his object, but he offered wealth, fame, and power. Glyndon made his choice: he preferred occult knowledge. Zanoni left him, and at last sailed away with Viola.

A month later Glyndon sought Mejnour. They had long conversations, and gradually Glyndon forgot the world. Becoming impatient for further knowledge, he demanded his initiation into the mysteries of other worlds. Mejnour left him alone for a month, to test his powers of abstinence and self-control. Glyndon disobeyed his commands; he visited the village, became enamored of a pretty girl, Fillide, whose charms made him fret at the tedious studies laid out for him by Mejnour. He disobeyed further by entering the sacred room and lighting some mystic lamps. The air became thick with shapeless forms, and a Horror that crawled like a serpent appeared and whispered to him:

"Thou hast entered the immeasurable region! I am the Dweller of the Threshold. Wouldst thou be wise? Kiss me, my mortal lover!"

Glyndon fainted.

When he awoke he was in his own room. Mejnour had come and gone, leaving a letter bidding his pupil to return to his own world: he had succumbed to all the temptations arranged by his teacher. Because he had drunk of the elixir, he had attracted a remorseless foe, which he must overcome by his own efforts. Glyndon was indignant. Had not Zanoni loved Viola? he asked himself, not analyzing the differences in love. Denied a knowledge of science he resolved to return to art. He sought Mervale, his old friend, but the former harmony was gone. Glyndon had utterly changed. He appeared as one who would escape memory. At intervals the Horror confronted him. He confided the awful secret to his sister, who imagined she too saw the specter, and died in a paroxysm of terror. Glyndon returned to Fillide. In his absence Jean Nicot had wished to divorce his wife in order to marry Fillide.

On one of the loveliest of the Ionian islands Zanoni made his bridal home. Viola's love contented him for the wisdom he had forfeited, yet he yearned for a more perfect union of their spiritual intellects. Viola was soon to become a mother, and this condition made her fearful of Zanoni's strange moods. She told him that she felt as if some enemy were creeping on them, and he assured her it was the Pestilence. He longed to

teach her to defy Death. This thought made her tremble for her child. She begged him playfully for an amulet he wore to guard her against the plague, but was told that it should be hers "*When the laws of our being shall be the same!*"

A son was born to Zanoni and Viola—a wonderful child. Zanoni hardly ever left it. Often Viola would hear him murmur to the babe in a strange language, and this terrified her. Zanoni wrote Mejnour that he was striving to impart his gifts to the child, who would in turn communicate their attributes to the mother; then Age for both would be baffled. To do this he must further sacrifice his occult knowledge. Mejnour bade him to come at once and through *his* eye see what perils menaced them. During Zanoni's absence, Glyndon surprised Viola by a visit. He came to warn her of Zanoni. In minute detail he outlined all the horror of the dark and unknown world to which Zanoni belonged. Viola was terrified for her child, but its calm gaze reassured her. Her reason and love became at war. She decided to enter Zanoni's secret chamber, and on doing so an intense delight prevaded her. A strong desire to see him came to her. Involuntarily she opened a vase—a powerful fragrance filled the room. Over land and sea her spirit floated, and soon she beheld the phantom shapes of Zanoni and Mejnour. Monster forms crawled round them, while the two seekers were gazing at something in space. It was her own room and her own ghostly image! This image rose and knelt by her child. Suddenly the phantom Zanoni turned; it saw her second self and it sprang toward her. Viola shrieked and awoke. She had left the awful chamber, and was kneeling by her child's cradle.

Viola wrote to Zanoni that for the sake of her child she, who so adored him, must leave him. Then she fled, under the protection of Clarence Glyndon.

This was 1794, at the height of the Reign of Terror in France, with Robespierre playing the part of king. Glyndon was foremost with those against this Revolution. He had espoused the views of Camille Desmoulins; since his death he was hopeless even of his own life, and sought for opportunity of flight. He hated the party of Jean Nicot, but still gave him means of subsistence. He now contrived for the escape of

Fillide, Nicot, Viola and her child. While he went to acquaint Viola with the proposed departure, Nicot, wishing to revenge himself on Zanoni, and to possess himself of Glyndon's gold and of Fillide, poisoned the girl's naturally suspicious mind. He told her that Glyndon meant to desert her to fly with a new love. Fillide promised to keep the secret if he would reveal the woman. Nicot's eye caught a packet of letters from Desmoulins. "This would give fifty Glyndons to the guillotine," he muttered, putting them in his pocket.

Zanoni could not track Viola nor Glyndon, because her fate had become entwined with his, and she, meanwhile, by humble industry was supporting herself and her child.

To Fillide Nicot showed Glyndon coming out of Viola's house. When the girl heard that Viola had a child, she bounded up the stairs, but she felt hopeless before the vision of beauty she beheld—she who never had been a mother. She returned to Nicot and said: "Avenge me, and name thy price."

Nicot had been a villain since boyhood. Viola's scorn and Glyndon's kindness were both intolerable to him; besides which, he had long cherished a hatred of Zanoni. He had no hesitation in taking the purloined papers to Robespierre; he gave him also the addresses of the suspects—Glyndon and Viola, and then withdrew. Instantly Robespierre gave directions to have him followed, seized, and taken to the Conciergerie. Then he gave his spy a warrant to have the two suspects die on the 10th—in three days.

Glyndon had made his last preparations; he was on his way home. He noticed that he was followed. He inquired what the citizen wanted. Receiving an evasive answer, he requested the man to pass on. As he came to a broader street, a stranger whispered to him; "Clarence Glyndon, you are dogged—follow me!"

Glyndon, again seeing his pursuer, ignored the stranger's warning and fled in the opposite direction. He came to an open space by the Seine, and thought he was safe, but again he beheld the spy. From a café came sounds of coarse laughter. It was a famous resort of the *huissiers* of Robespierre. The spy went to one of the windows as if to summon forth its armed inmates, and at the same instant Glyndon saw the stranger

who had warned him, standing in the gateway of the house before him. The man beckoned and Glyndon sprang through the door. The man doffed his hat and mantle—it was Zanoni! Glyndon begged him to reveal the dark enigmas of their lives. Zanoni strove to tell him something of the sublime spiritual powers, and their strange manifestations, and to aid him to exorcise the Phantom from his life. He promised to restore peace to Glyndon's conscience in exchange for the knowledge of the whereabouts of Viola and his child, and promised to aid Glyndon to escape.

The Terror increased day by day. But at last the tide turned: Robespierre had gone too far. Eighty heads had been doomed to fall upon the 10th; but Robespierre suddenly gave the command that not a day must be lost, they should fall the next morning. Zanoni's arts seemed to have been useless. Viola would be safe if she could survive the tyrant by an hour. The mysterious man had thought that Robespierre himself must die on the 10th, and he had schemed for that end. But now a single word had baffled him. In a last agony of despair he plunged into solitude and invoked the aid of a spiritual being. His prayer was heard: earthly senses were overcome, and he saw the Dark Horror with its eyes of hell, which told him that he who had advanced to the boundaries of the Infinite must return to the threshold. Zanoni, who would conquer Death, was himself to be seized. In the name of Love, Zanoni defied the Specter, and compelled it to tell him how he could rescue the lives of those dear to him. The answer came: "Wouldst thou save her—die for her!"

The soul of Zanoni had triumphed. With a shriek of rage the Thing vanished and a Presence of silvery light came to comfort him. He had learned Faith.

Zanoni obtained admittance to René-François Dumas, President of the Revolutionary Tribunal. This man had once promised that his heart's blood should be at Zanoni's bidding. Zanoni asked him for a day's respite for another, and Dumas replied that it was impossible—Robespierre's orders were positive.

"Positive only as to the *number* of the victims," Zanoni said; "I offer you the head of a man who knows all of the very conspiracy that threatens Robespierre and yourself,

compared to one clew of which you would think even eighty ordinary lives a cheap purchase."

"That alters the case. Name the proxy."

"You behold him."

"Thou!" exclaimed Dumas, in fear and surprise. "Ha! this is a snare. Tremble fool!—thou art in my power, and I can have *both!*"

Zanoni reminded him that his life was valueless without his revelations, and Dumas wrote the reprieve.

Viola was kneeling in prayer when Zanoni came to her cell. Hearing his voice, she uttered an ecstatic cry and the face of the child became radiant. Gently he tried to reveal some of the secrets of his lofty nature. She listened breathlessly, divining her mistake. She was utterly happy; he had come to save her; they would be reunited. *To-morrow* would open the prison-door. Zanoni would not damp her joy, but asked whether she remembered that he had once said that he would give her the amulet from his neck on that day when the laws of their being should become the same.

"I remember it well."

"To-morrow it shall be thine."

Wearied with joy, she fell asleep. When the jailer came, with the first ray of sunlight, Zanoni did not disturb her; he slipped the amulet around her neck—and was gone forever. When she awoke, terrified by his absence, the jailer told her that Zanoni had gone before her—*to the guillotine.*

As Zanoni predicted, before night Robespierre, who had unsuccessfully tried to take his own life, Dumas, and others, surrounded by the friends they themselves had raised, were dragged forth, and before the frenzied shouts of thousands the ax descended on them. The Reign of Terror was over.

At daylight the tidings spread throughout the prison. In a forgotten cell, the crowd drew back before the vision of a beautiful young woman sitting on her wretched pallet. Her face was transfigured, but the ecstasy was that of death. An infant played with its dead mother's robe.

"Poor thing!" said another mother, "the father fell yesterday."

The child smiled without fear. And an old priest said gently: "The fatherless are the care of God."

THE LAST OF THE BARONS (1843)

This curious old romance never has been popular with English readers, who resent its peculiar representation of their idolized aristocracy.

THE hamlet of Charing, a broad space broken here and there by scattered houses and venerable pollards, presented a gay and animated spectacle on a certain day in the early spring of 1467. It had lately been bestowed upon the townsfolk of Westminster and London, by the powerful Earl of Warwick, as a pastime-ground, and on the present occasion it was thronged by an immense and motley crowd of the lordly and the simple, the rich and the poor. Means and appliances of diversion were within everybody's reach. There were to be cudgel-play and quarter-staff, and an archery match, which was looked forward to with keen interest. In the intervals between the sports and revels, groups of grave and well-fed citizens held discourse upon the topics of the time: Edward IV, a cruel and profligate king, yet popular with the middle class, then rising to power, had just been seated on the throne, and Warwick, "the king-maker," was in the zenith of his popularity and influence. The older citizens were considerably excited by a report that the King's sister, Margaret, was to wed the brother of Louis XI. Various opinions were entertained on the subject. That of Master Hyford, a prosperous goldsmith, was so strongly worded that some of his comrades were alarmed at his boldness. The conversation was interrupted by the appearance of the young goldsmith's headman, young Nicholas Alwyn, a north-countryman, who, although laughed at by young nobles standing near for his unwarlike air and prim and formal manner, sent his arrow into the very heart of the white. The applause of the Londoners at this feat did not altogether please the Lord Montagu, Warwick's

brother, who, turning to a handsome young squire wearing the badge of the first House in England, invited him to try a shot for the Nevile against the craftsman. The youthful gallant consented, and, borrowing a shaft and bow, struck the almost invisible peg which fastened the heart to the butts. Alwyn at once recognized that there was only one person capable of such a feat—his foster-brother, Marmaduke Nevile. After the latter had expressed his delight at meeting so unexpectedly the comrade of his childhood, Montagu beckoned to him and courteously invited him to name the branch of the Nevile house to which he belonged. On learning that he was the son of Sir Guy Nevile, a noted adherent of the House of Lancaster, the prudent Earl's lips lost their gracious smile, and he declared that he could not countenance the son of a kinsman who had borne arms for the usurper.

Bitterly resentful, Marmaduke followed one of the streams into which the crowd divided. He was manly, brave, and honest, but superstitious withal, and the feats of the jugglers and other wonder-dealers both frightened and astonished him. Suddenly he espied a young girl struggling in the hands of a troop of timbrel girls, or *tymbesteres*, a licentious sisterhood of the period, and of half a dozen dissolute apprentices. With some difficulty he rescued her, the apprentices being awed by the Nevile badge, and escorted her to a more retired quarter of the ground. But the outlandish cries of the tymbesteres were borne ominously to the ears of the superstitious young countryman.

"Ha! the wizard's daughter! The witch and her lover."

The maiden's name was Sybill Warner. She had come, as she told Marmaduke, to earn some money with her gittern, now broken, for her father was very poor, though a gentleman by birth and a great scholar. Marmaduke, like many of his class, looked on a scholar, except in the church, with mingled awe and abhorrence. He felt very uneasy, the more so as the revelers whom he happened to pass looked at him, some sneeringly, some censoriously, contrasting his appearance with that of the poor girl he was accompanying. As soon as he thought her out of danger, he offered her money, but she refused it, drew her wimple round her face, and was gone. Marmaduke,

feeling somewhat uncomfortable and remorseful at allowing the maiden to leave him while there was yet any chance of annoyance, retraced his steps to the more crowded quarters. He was agreeably surprised by encountering Nicholas Alwyn escorted by a legion of apprentices from the victory he had just obtained over six competitors at the quarter-staff. The headman bade good-by to his comrades and followed Marmaduke into a neighboring booth, where, over a flagon of clary, they were soon immersed in the confidential communications each had to give and receive. Alwyn strongly counseled his friend to abandon the Lancastrian cause and attach himself to Warwick, who, even if he was a Yorkist, was the head of his house.

This sage advice had its effect on Marmaduke, who, after haughtily rejecting the offer of a loan from his foster-brother, saying that "a gentleman borrows only from the Jews," set out for his hostelry. On the way he was set upon by some robbers, late Lancastrian soldiers, and would have been murdered but for the timely arrival of their captain, Robin Hilyard of Redesdale. He was, however, seriously wounded. Robin knocked at the door of a house close by, and cried in a sharp, clear voice, "Open, for the love of Christ!" The house into which Marmaduke was received was that of Adam Warner and Sybill, his daughter. Their solitary servant, old Madge, like a good many women in those warlike times, had considerable skill in leechcraft, and he was soon on the road to convalescence. With returning health came a lusty appetite, which Sybill could only stay by the sale of her newly purchased gittern. In the meantime, while Madge was abroad, trying to sell the instrument and by its sale procure food and wine, Adam Warner was absorbed in the great invention, the Eureka, to which he had devoted his life and sacrificed his fortune. He was a man of remarkable genius—and genius, in an age where it is not appreciated, is the greatest curse the Fates can inflict on man. The machine which had grown up under his hand was a faint prefigurement of the modern steam-engine. Adam's strange ways, his absent-mindedness, his queerly furnished room, his eccentricities generally, had won for him the name of wizard. Even Marmaduke, the guest cherished by his hospitality, suspected

him of being some species of sorcerer or necromancer, an idea which his incoherent and often unintelligible language excused.

His nature was a strong contrast to the beautiful and exquisite disposition of his daughter, and he could not tear himself from his own absorbing affairs even to discharge the customary rites of hospitality. Sybill, when he stole away to his Eureka, tried to atone for the unintentional discourtesy by redoubled attention to the stranger. Nevile admired Sybill, but his admiration was strangely mixed with surprise and fear. When she told him that her father knew Greek and Hebrew as well as Latin: "Gramercy!" cried Marmaduke, crossing himself, "that is awesome indeed! He has taught you his lore in the tongues?" "Nay," answered Sybill, "I know but my own and the French; my mother was a native of France." "The Holy Mother be praised," said Marmaduke, breathing more freely, "for French, I have heard said, is a language fit for gentles and knights, especially those of Norman blood."

While sojourning with the wizard and his daughter, for whose spiritual weal he was concerned, his foster-brother discovered his abode and came to visit him. After they had conversed for a time, the headman noticed some illuminated manuscripts, which excited his admiration. While he was absorbed in their contemplation, Sybill entered and was deeply gratified at his evidently genuine appreciation of them. She invited him to stay to supper. To the surprise of Marmaduke, Alwyn succeeded in rousing their host from his lethargy, especially when he spoke of Caxton, "who," he said, "will lower the value of those manuscripts this fair damozel hath so couthly enriched." He proposed to bring both the manuscripts and the Eureka to the notice of the Lord Hastings, who had a fondness for such matters. When Marmaduke heard of Caxton's plan for multiplying books, he thought the poor man must be crazy, "for," he wisely observed, "the value of a thing is in its rarity. And who would care for a book if five hundred others had precisely the same?" But when Adam spoke of his own invention, which would multiply books without hands, works of craft without apprentice or journeyman, move wagons without horses, and impel ships without sail, his jaws dropped, his eyes opened to their widest, and his consternation spoke in every

feature. He pushed his stool away from the laughing Sybill and gazed upon her with mingled terror and compassion. Then he drew nearer again and whispered to her, with honest pathos, to take care of herself. "Such wonders and derring-do were too solemn for laughter." Marmaduke commissioned his friend to buy a gittern, and a brave one, as a parting gift to the damozel, who was too proud to accept money, and who, in any case, did not need money, as she had a father who could turn his hosen into rose nobles, if she lacked gold. But before the young north-countryman could leave his place of shelter, it was attacked by a savage mob, inflamed with hatred and superstition, and would have been burned but for the intervention of Robin Hilyard. In spite of himself, Marmaduke was coming under the spell of the lovely maiden, whom he now knew to be of birth as gentle as his own. At last, in delicate and manly fashion, he offered her his hand. She thanked him, with a strange sadness in her eyes, but could only love him as a brother, for she had aims in life which forbade all other love. As they stood in the embrasure of a window, holding each other's hands, the Lord Hastings, who was riding by, with a strikingly handsome lady, looked up and gazed steadily at Sybill, whose countenance grew pale and flushed, in a breath. The tymbesteres also appeared in the street and pointed their fingers at the maiden, with coarse song and jest. Sybill disappeared, and the hideous appearance of these unearthly will-o'-the-wisps had such an effect on Marmaduke that he was not sorry his suit had been rejected. A visit to the wizard's fearful chamber and some awful things he heard there about the future work of the Eureka not only strengthened this feeling, but decided him to get out in the world with as much expedition as possible. With a brief and not very courteous leavetaking, he bade his hosts good-by.

As soon as he had reached his hostelry and exchanged the manly garb of his native country for the fantastic and gorgeous habiliments of the period—an exchange that cost him a good third part of his fortune—he rode to Warwick House. His reception by the mighty Kingmaker was so friendly and he was so impressed by his simple, open, and hero-like manner, that he dropped on his knees and, kissing the hand extended to him,

said: "Noble kinsman, in thy service, and for thy sake, let me live and die." After Warwick had drawn from him an account of his adventures and misadventures, two young girls bounded into the room and, not noticing the stranger, threw themselves on the Earl's breast. They were his daughters, the stately Isabella and the soft and gentle Anne, both born for the highest and fated to the most wretched fortunes. Countrybred though Marmaduke was, this domestic scene, in which the powerful Baron conversed so playfully with his beautiful children, taught him something of his disposition; and he also learned something of the secret springs of his public conduct and his changing feelings toward the King. As Warwick was about to start on a mission to France, he decided to place his cousin in the service of Edward, who, with his luxurious and magnificent court, then resided in the Tower. When Warwick preferred his request to Edward for a place at court for Marmaduke Nevile, the King twitted him maliciously on his zeal in behalf of the son of a Lancastrian. The jest was taken badly by the King-maker, who retorted, hotly: "I should have remembered that my kinsman's name would have procured him a taunt instead of an advancement." "Saw man ever so froward a temper!" cried Edward, not without reason. He promised to take care of Marmaduke's fortune, and spoke of the relations between himself and his great subject with such touching and noble kindness that Warwick left his presence more devoted to the sovereign he had made than ever before. "He loves me," muttered Edward, "yes—but will suffer no one else to love me. I am weary of the bondage."

To return to Sybill. Though she had rejected Marmaduke's proffered love, her pride as a woman was wounded by his altered manner, after his passionate declaration, and by his abrupt and somewhat discourteous farewell. But there were other humiliations greater still: the taunts of the tymbesteres, the indifferent smile of Hastings as he regarded her, and the beauty of the lady she saw riding by his side: she asked herself whether she had not suffered her vain thoughts to dwell too tenderly on a man so much above her. Then the sight of a gipsire, or purse, containing the money for which Nicholas Alwyn had sold her illuminated manuscripts turned her thoughts in another direction.

This money was sufficient to supply the modest wants of the household for months to come. Adam for a time did not perceive the daintier plenty of their board. Their solitude was now often cheered by the visits of Nicholas Alwyn, who came, ostensibly, to profit by Warner's scientific knowledge, but really to gaze upon Sybill, who was making a stronger and stronger impression on his honest English heart. However, he was shy, awkward, and embarrassed, and the girl was quite unconscious of her conquest. Warner, too, had other visitors. Thither came Robin Hilyard, who had been Adam's schoolfellow in happier days. On the present occasion he related the event that had made him a wretched, desperate, lawless man.

He had traveled in youth, had visited the republics of Italy, had asked himself why they were so glorious in all the arts and crafts of civil life and why the Englishman was a mere savage beside the Florentine burgess, or even the Lombard vine-dresser. He returned, settled near York, and lived at home quietly with his wife and child, while all the land was reeking with blood. He used his influence with the laborers and peasants to persuade them to do the same. Then, during his absence from home, came the present King—at that time the boyish Earl of March—on a recruiting expedition. The peasants stood aloof from tromp and banner, saying that Robert Hilyard had counseled them to do so. Edward asked where this adviser of theirs lived; and, in five minutes, home, ricks, and barns, all were in flames. When he returned he found his wife a raving maniac, his boy a scorched, mangled corpse. After this he plunged into the gloom of the forest, a robber chief, the robber who had sheltered Margaret of Anjou and her son after a battle fatal to the Lancastrians. But, before relating the details of his life, Robin had persuaded his friend, in return for twenty pieces of gold, absolutely needed for the Eureka, to become the medium of intelligence between Henry VI, then languishing in the Tower, and Queen Margaret and the Lancastrian party, of which party Robin was the indefatigable agent, believing that the interests of the people were identified with its triumph. The plan proposed was to introduce the Eureka into prison to amuse the royal captive, who had heard of the invention, and the written communications to

be signed by Henry were to be secreted in its intricate tubes and chimneys. This project Hilyard prevailed on the philosopher to hide from Sybill, who learned only that Margaret of Anjou was pining for tidings of the husband she had once despised.

When Robin laid his plan before her in the light in which he desired her to view it, he asked for her personal coöperation. She must visit the Lord Hastings in the Tower and procure an order of admission. The chivalrous courtesy and respect with which Hastings received her and granted her request had, unfortunately, the effect of deepening the sentiment she had already entertained for that nobleman, who was to be her fate. On the following day Adam and his Eureka, in virtue of the warrant of Hastings, were admitted to Henry, and the object of Robin was thus far accomplished. But the suspicions of Gloucester, afterward Richard III, were excited, and he directed his minion, Catesby, to bring Adam and his invention to the King's chamber, after Henry's curiosity had been satisfied. Catesby did so, but, luckily, the Eureka turned out to be an infernal machine and exploded, spreading terror among the whole court. All were sure the wizard was bent on their destruction. Edward was the first to recover himself. He ordered Marmaduke to conduct the foul sorcerer to Tower Hill and have him hanged at once. But Nevile refused, no matter what the consequences to himself, to aid in taking the life of one to whom he owed his own. Adam, however, had a better protector in the King's mother-in-law. The Duchess of Bedford was no mean hand at necromancy herself. "If," said the astute old dame, "he caused this strange engine to shake the walls merely to signify his displeasure with our young Richard, think what he might do were his power and malice at our disposing!" Fortunately, the retainer of Robin's who had carried the machine escaped from the Tower and informed his captain of what had occurred. As for the distracted philosopher, although menaced with torture he could tell nothing: he had forgotten the secret purpose of his errand and the hiding-place of the papers. Robin at once took the bold and desperate resolution to throw the Lancastrian party upon the generosity of Hastings, prime favorite and High Chamberlain of the King. Moreover, the papers, if discovered, would compromise the

latter, as it was his order which had admitted Warner to the Tower.

Sybill was then staying with the Dame of Longueville, who was a devoted Lancastrian, in order to be near her father. This lady was also a friend of Hastings, who had accepted one of her confiscated manors solely that he might restore it to her. It was in this house that Robin had his interview with Hastings, who arrived at the Tower just as Richard was giving orders to break the machine in pieces. He finally persuaded the young Prince to spare Adam and to let the skeleton be removed to Hastings's apartments. Soon afterward, Warner and his daughter were received into the household of the Duchess of Bedford, who believed in the transmutation of metals. She set the philosopher to work immediately in turning copper into gold. Her chaplain of the black art was Friar Bungey, a famous Yorkist necromancer, who sometimes won battles for the White Rose by raising mists that confused the enemy, and who became a terrible thorn in the side of our poor philosopher. Although Adam was elated by the royal patronage which promised him gold for the completion of the Eureka, he retained sense enough to make certain arrangements by which his daughter took her place at court as waiting-woman to the Duchess. Her marvelous beauty had soon a throng of courtiers in her train, among whom not the least assiduous were Hastings and Marmaduke, now gentlemen-in-waiting to the King. A change had also taken place in the fortunes of Nicholas Alwyn, no longer headman, but full member of the honorable guild of jewelers. He often visited the court to display his gems and trinkets for the temptation of the ladies, and soon became as deeply versed in the foreign and domestic intrigues of the government as ever a courtier among them. On one of his business errands he made his way into the laboratory in which Adam Warner was hard at his new and hateful work. But the philosopher had completely forgotten the goldsmith, whom he mistook for some gentleman of the court who had stood by when he was threatened with the rack and his machine destroyed, to Alwyn's great annoyance.

Many political intrigues were now afloat. The fickle Edward became alienated from Warwick. Warwick was infuriated

by the ingratitude of the King he had made. He vowed fiercely to stand by his Order, which Edward wished to curb and control. At length, the "last of the barons" resigned his offices, abandoned court and retired to his ancestral halls, the Castle of Middleham. The real friends of Edward were in dismay, but the revels at court went on as before. At one of them, Hastings, piqued at the haughty coldness of Warwick's sister, Lady Bonville, whom he had loved in his youth, paid such open homage to Sybill that the dreams and hopes of the poor girl were inflamed anew. As for Warner, he toiled on, but the gold came not, nor did the neglected Eureka advance to perfection. One day he was visited by Hilyard. Neither the Philosopher nor the Man of the People—the World-betterers—was one step nearer the grand object at which he aimed after the conflict of years, as they now stood gazing at each other, half in sympathy, half in contempt. Adam toiled on, but the gold came not. He longed to escape from the bondage of the Duchess, for he was sick at heart, and premature age and disease were stealing upon him. But Hastings, now a frequent visitor to Sybill, would not permit the philosopher to leave the court to which Anne Nevile, the youngest daughter of Warwick, had lately come on a visit to the Queen. The visit was to be a pledge of reconciliation between King and Kingmaker. And now we come to the real cause of the defection of the great Baron. It had its origin in an attempt by Edward on the honor of the daughter of his noble friend.

In the time when Warwick was a zealous Lancastrian, Anne and Sybill were children at the court of Margaret of Anjou, and had dearly loved each other. Their affection was now renewed. On the first night that the foul passion of Edward led him stealthily to the chamber of his innocent guest, Anne was found asleep in the arms of Sybill, and the enraged and baffled ravisher withdrew ere he had been detected, vowing vengeance upon the wizard and his child. But another night came when the King had feasted high and the wine flowed freely. Suddenly was heard a shriek, the noise of a clapping door, the sound of a woman running along the corridor and crying: "Sybill, save me! Help! Help!" And then Sybill beheld the King, his countenance agitated with passion, and its clear hues flushed

red with wine. Anne was saved; but that night she fled, escorted by Marmaduke, and took refuge in the dwelling of the Dame of Longueville, adjacent to the Tower.

Warwick, now in open rebellion, returned to his ancient Lancastrian allegiance and was once again the champion of Henry. He had fled to France with his family and his son-in-law, Clarence. His youngest daughter, Anne, was united to the lover of her childhood, Prince Edward, son of the captive monarch and heir to his lost throne. After endless and complicated intrigues, in which figured the two brothers of the King-maker, the brave and experienced Montagu and the subtle Archbishop of York, as well as the faithless Clarence, the dark Gloucester, the King of France and his courtiers, Hilyard, and many subordinate persons, England was invaded. The banners of York and Lancaster alternately rose and fell. Havoc raged throughout the land, until the close of all, when the fate of the last of the Barons and of his Order was sealed on the memorable field of Barnet. Triumphant Edward, perjured Clarence, and plotting, guileful Richard then prepared to return to London, with the dead bodies of the heroic Warwick and Montagu laid on biers to be conveyed to the church of St. Paul for brutal exhibition.

Sybill, deserted by Lord Hastings for Lady Bourneville, who had just lost her aged husband, fled from the city, only to meet her death probably at the hands of the infamous friar-magician Bungey, who also murdered her father. Alwyn fought at the battle of Barnet, a captain in the Yorkist army, for the citizens of London were nearly all partizans of Edward, who by his popular manners and encouragement of commerce had gained their favor. Marmaduke was captured by Alwyn, who took every measure possible to secure his freedom or flight, but whether he succeeded or not history does not say.

HAROLD (1846)

In this historical romance the only fictitious part is that dealing with private life. The love-story of Harold and Edith differs but slightly from the well-known legend. Edith's name occurs in the Domesday Book as *Edeva faira.*

N the merry month of May, 1052, lads and lasses with horns and flutes and flowers streamed along the great Kent road, escorting the May-pole drawn by oxen. Entering London about sunrise, they "brought the summer home." As they passed a large Roman building on the great Kent road, the song changed into a psalm and they crossed themselves; for in that building dwelt Hilda, the Scandinavian Vala.

The house of Hilda contrasted strangely with the ordinary homes of the Saxons. The gynæcium was still the apartment of the women. Here the walls were draped with richly embroidered silken hangings, the single window was glazed, and at one side of the wall, on a long settle, half a dozen handmaids were spinning. Near the window sat a majestic woman advanced in years with a Runic manuscript before her on a small tripod, and at her feet sat a beautiful girl of sixteen dressed in white. So sat Hilda, and her grandchild, Edith, called "the fair."

"Grandam," said the girl, "what troubles you? Are you not thinking of the great Earl and his fair sons, now outlawed far over the wide seas?"

Hilda rose and her eye fell upon the row of maidens.

"Ho!" said she, "yesterday they brought home the summer; to-day, ye aid to bring home the winter. Weave well—heed well warp and woof; Skulda is amongst ye, and her pale fingers guide the web!"

Spindles revolved and thread shot.

"Ere the reaper has bound his sheaves," said Hilda, "Earl Godwin will scare the Normans in the halls of the Monk king,

as the hawk scares the brood in the dovecot. Weave well, heed well, warp and woof, nimble maidens—strong be the texture, for biting is the worm."

"What weave they then, grandmother?" asked the girl.

"The winding-sheet of the great!" answered Hilda. She then asked for her couvrechief and staff, on which was a carved black raven.

"Come with me," she said to Edith. "There is a face you shall see but twice in life; this day—" and Hilda paused.

Passing through the ruins of the peristyle, they walked by the Roman fountain and ascended a little hillock. There Hilda seated herself on the sward while Edith gathered cowslips and primroses.

Preceded by horns and trumpets a goodly company of riders now came in sight along the high road from London.

"Who dares, sweet grandam," Edith said, "to place banner or pennon where Earl Godwin's ought to float?"

"Peace," said Hilda, "peace and look."

Behind the standard-bearers rode two men, each with hawk on wrist. One, dressed in white and riding a magnificently caparisoned white palfrey, Edith recognized as the King, who beckoned her to approach and chid her for appearing hoodless on the wayside, reminding her also that she was to serve the Virgin.

"Not so, son of Etheldred," exclaimed Hilda, "the last descendant of Penda should live, not to glide a ghost amidst cloisters, but to rock children for war in their father's shield. Few men are there yet like the men of old; and while the foot of the foreigner is on the Saxon soil, no branch of the stem of Woden should be nipped in the leaf."

The knight who was with the King flushed and protested, but Hilda met his flashing eye with scorn, and putting her hand on Edith's fair locks, said: "Child, this is the man thou shalt see but twice in thy life; look up, and mark well!"

No admiration mingled with the terror that seized the girl as she gazed upon the knight. Never was that face forgotten.

"Fair child," said the knight, "learn not from thy peevish grandam so uncourteous a lesson as hate of the foreigner. Know that Norman knight is sworn slave to lady fair"; and, doffing his

cap, he took from it a jewel. "Hold out thy lap, my child, and when thou hearest the foreigner scoffed, set this bauble in thy locks and think kindly of William, Count of the Normans."

As the jewel fell Hilda knocked it with her staff under the hoofs of the King's palfrey. "Son of Emma," she exclaimed, "the Norman woman, who sent thy youth into exile, tramples on the gifts of thy Norman kinsman. And if, as men say, thou art of such gifted holiness that Heaven grants thy hand the power to heal, and thy voice the power to curse, heal thy country and curse the stranger!"

"Ride on," said Edward, crossing himself.

Hilda, the Scandinavian Vala, was a daughter of the royalty of Denmark and cousin to Githa, wife of Godwin. Her only daughter was given to Ethelwolf, a Saxon earl. Their orphan daughter, Edith, was Hilda's charge; and it was the pious wish of Edward and his lovely wife, the daughter of Godwin, that she should be saved from heathen faith.

Hilda's researches into the future had showed her that the life and death of this fair child were entwined with the fate of a king; and the same oracles had intimated a strange and inseparable connection between her house and that of Earl Godwin. The eldest son, Sweyn, had at first been her favorite; but now she preferred the second, Harold. The stars and runes assured her of his future greatness. Whenever she consulted Edith's future she found it associated with Harold's; but her arts failed to penetrate beyond a certain point in their joint destinies.

As the royal party returned to London and crossed the bridge from Southwark, the "deep dark eye of William dwelt admiringly on the bustling groups and on the broad river and forest of masts," and he exclaimed:

"By rood and mass, O dear King, thy lot hath fallen on a goodly heritage." The hope and aim of William's visit was that his cousin, Edward, should formally promise him this "goodly heritage of England."

When the new palace of Westminster opened its gates to receive the Saxon King and the Norman Duke, the latter's heart swelled as he glanced at the noble pile and groups of courtiers;

and, leaning toward his brother of Bayeux, he whispered: "Is not this already the court of the Norman? Behold yon nobles and earls, how they mimic our garb! behold the very stones in yon gate, how they range themselves, as if carved by the hand of the Norman mason! Verily and indeed, brother, the shadow of the rising sun rests already on these halls."

After a sumptuous banquet, at which Taillefer sang *The Ballad of Rou*, Duke William received the minstrel in his chamber to learn the news from France.

There was mutiny in his realm, and he was threatened with excommunication if he married Matilda of Flanders, her kinship being within the forbidden degrees.

"Matilda of Flanders I have wooed; and Matilda of Flanders shall sit by my side in the halls of Rouen, or on the deck of my warship, till it anchors on a land worthy to yield a new domain to the son of the Sea-king."

"In the halls of Rouen—and it may be on the throne of England—shall Matilda reign by the side of William," said a priest, "and though the letter of the law be against thy spousals, it comes precisely under the category of those alliances to which the fathers of the Church accord dispensation."

It was "Lanfranc, the Scholar," who spoke, and he outlined to the amazed William the great future of which he had so often dreamed.

During his stay in England William was greatly impressed with the constant praises he heard of Harold, the outlaw; and, as he left Dover, he remarked to Lanfranc that he feared but one man—the son of Godwin, "because in the breast of Harold beats the heart of England."

All went to the desire of Duke William the Norman. He curbed his vassals, drove back his foes, married Matilda of Flanders; got, through Lanfranc, the Pope's dispensation and blessing; and as England grew daily more Norman and the old King more feeble and infirm, there seemed not a barrier between him and the English throne, when suddenly Harold's ships came to the mouth of the Severn. Godwin and his sons, Sweyn, Gurth, and Tostig (who had married the sister of Matilda of Flanders), landed on the southern coast. The old Earl met his son Harold, and together they sailed up the Thames.

Their reply to Edward was that they would abide by the laws of England and submit their cause to the Witan; and when the Witana gemot assembled in the great hall of Westminster, formal restitution was made to the Earl Godwin and his five sons of their lands and honors; but Sweyn's outlawry was renewed. As nearly all England passed into Godwin's hands, Edward demanded hostages. Godwin's son, Wolnoth, and Sweyn's son, Haco, were selected, and sent to the court of the Norman Duke.

Before Sweyn left, he and Harold visited Hilda. She bade Sweyn farewell with mournful predictions; and, with a tender leave-taking of Harold, begging him to be a father to Haco, Sweyn departed. Harold begged a night's rest under Hilda's roof, for he wanted to see Edith. The Vala was delighted. "Know, O Harold," she said, "that Edith is thine earthly Fylgia; thy fate and her fate are as one."

Few words passed between Edith and Harold before his retirement. Hilda led him to a strange chamber, luxuriously furnished. Edith followed with spiced wines and confections on a gold salver. Hilda waved her staff over the bed, and laid her hand on the pillow—"the ceremony due a Saxon king," she explained, "in a subject's house."

When alone, he opened the lattice and looked out. The moon was shining in silvery whiteness over glade and sward. Ghostly arose on the knoll before him the gray columns of the mystic Druid—dark and indistinct the bloody altar of the Warrior god. But there his eye was arrested; and while he gazed, he thought that a pale phosphoric light broke from the mound, where there appeared to gleam forth for one moment a man's form of superhuman height, clad in arms like those on the wall and leaning on a spear. The face, large as some early god's, but stamped with solemn wo, grew distinct from the light that shimmered around it; then face and figure vanished.

When Harold told Hilda of the vision, she said: "Thou hast seen the Scin-læca, oft seen in the days that are gone; now never marked but for portent and prophecy and doom—glory or wo to the eyes that see! On yon knoll Æsc (the first-born of Cerdic, that Father-King of the Saxons) has his grave where the mound rises green and the stone gleams wan by the altar of

Thor. He smote the Britons in their temples, and he fell smiting. They buried him in his arms, and with the treasures his right hand had won. Fate hangs on the house of Cerdic, or the realm of the Saxon, when Woden calls the læca of his son from the grave."

A cloud was on the sight of the Vala; she could not read Harold's future.

One day, while Edith sat on the sacred knoll, she was joined by Harold, who told her of his love and that only relationship stood in the way of making her his wife at once. He begged her, however, not to enter a convent. "While thou art free," he said, "Hope yet survives—a phantom, haply, but Hope still."

"Edith could not love thee as she doth," said the blue-eyed maiden, "if thou didst not love England more than Edith."

Harold now refused his father's request that he should offer his hand to Aldyth, the daughter of Algar, a dangerous rival to Godwin; and Edith told the Queen (who was Harold's sister) that she could not take the veil. In a stormy interview before the King, Harold refused Algar's offer of his daughter.

Algar bestowed his daughter, who was in love with Harold, upon Gryffyth, the rebel under the King of North Wales.

One day Godwin's house was visited by Hilda and two maidens bearing a chest which they laid at Githa's feet. Hilda told Harold that on the sixth day after coming to the King's hall, he must "open the chest and take out the robe which hath been spun in the house of Hilda for Godwin the Earl." Then chanting a Danish death-dirge, which no one recognized save her relative, Githa, the Vala departed.

Godwin was stricken at the King's table and died after five days' illness. On the sixth day, Harold opened the chest and found the winding-sheet with a scroll from Hilda. Harold was at once named Earl of Wessex.

When Harold next saw Edith, she was on the knoll with Hilda. Hilda joined their hands and betrothed their souls. Harold's eyes shone with rapture as he clasped the hand of his promised bride; but Edith shuddered, for, "as if by a vision, there rose in her memory a stern brow and the form of him who but once again the Prophetess had told her she should behold." The vision passed away; the moon rose; the night-

ingale sang; and Edith and Harold plighted their troth by the grave of the son of Cerdic.

The King now sent Alred, the prelate, to the court of the German Emperor for his kinsman, Edward Atheling, and his son, Edgar; but many people considered Harold the heir to the throne. A body of Welshmen, incited by Algar, attacked Harold one day on his way from Hilda's. He fought them single-handed, and Edith rushed forward and saved him. Harold was taken to Hilda's house; and when Hilda and Edith were tending his wounds, Edith saw that over the heart of Harold was tattooed, after the fashion of the Saxons, a knot of betrothal, in the center of which was the word "Edith."

Harold became more and more popular; his one rival was Algar, lord of Mercia. He was joined by Gryffyth; all Wales revolted; and the whole empire seemed threatened with dissolution. Harold, at the head of the royal armies, marched on the foe; and while he was subduing the Marches of Wales, the Norman knight, Mallet de Graville, joined him. A relative of his, returning from the Holy Sepulcher, had met the dying Sweyn, who had confided to his care a letter for Harold. This letter implored Harold to redeem Sweyn's son. Harold, much affected, resolved to reclaim both Haco and Wolnoth. The Welsh fought furiously; but Harold was triumphant. The Welsh themselves beheaded Gryffyth, and followed Harold.

Edward Atheling's death left his son, Edgar, heir to the throne; but there was no popular attachment to the child. The Norman influence was at its lowest ebb and Harold was all-powerful. He now determined to visit Duke William and reclaim brother and nephew. Edith implored him not to go; the Saxon warrior had appeared to her; but the Vala told him he should return unscathed.

On his way to William, Harold was seized and imprisoned by the Count de Ponthieu; but William released him and conducted him to the Château d'Eu, where Haco and Wolnoth were confined.

Matilda, allied to Harold through Tostig's wife, bestowed attentions on him, and William entertained him royally. Snares were spread for Harold, however, which the wily Haco discovered. When Harold insisted on returning to England with the

hostages, he found himself practically a prisoner. Haco showed Harold that the only way to escape was by meeting "craft by craft and smile by smile."

One day William told Harold of his ambition to reign over England, and begged for the aid of Harold's arm and influence. He offered the hand of his daughter, Adeliza, in marriage. These were the conditions on which he could return to England. Harold acquiesced, and the Duke made him swear the oath on a reliquary of dead men's bones.

Harold returned with Haco, but Wolnoth remained. Alred absolved Harold from the terrible oath. The North was now in arms; Tostig had fled; the King was failing; and everything was gloomy. Hearts and hopes turned to Harold.

Haco and Harold consulted the Vala, who told the latter that to her had never been revealed "the close of the great course of Harold." Some other star menaced his; but so long as Edith was his Fylgia, the dark and troubled influence could not wholly prevail. To Haco she would reveal nothing; but he knew his doom: he was to share Harold's fate.

The Witan, assembling in Oxford, chose Harold as future King, although he honestly told them of his oath to William.

Harold now received a letter from Hilda. "Again, peril menaces thee," she wrote, "but in the shape of good. Beware of evil that wears the form of wisdom." A tender letter from Edith accompanied it. Soon after this, Alred told Harold that there was but one way to reconcile all England to his dominion: to win Mercia and Northumbria by marrying the sister of the earls, Aldyth, widow of Gryffyth.

"Any sacrifice but this!" exclaimed Harold, and told the good prelate, who was much moved, of his pledge to his cousin Edith.

"Pardon me, father," said young, astute Haco, "your most eloquent and persuasive ally in this were Edith herself."

Edith came and reminded Harold that once she had said: "Edith had loved thee less hadst thou not loved England more than Edith." In anguish they broke their ties, and Edith—the loving Fylgia of his life—departed.

Harold's marriage with Aldyth united all parties with his own; and on the death of Edward he was immediately crowned at Westminster. He did not see, as he swept through the

church, the veiled Edith, who immediately bent her way to the holy walls of Waltham.

When Tostig, who was at Bruges, heard of Harold's succession, he hastened to Rouen and promised to aid William, by securing the help of Harold Hardrada.

Meantime, Harold had endeared himself to the people: he was the incarnation of Saxon England and Saxon freedom. "By sea and by land, with sword and with mail, will we meet the invader," was his answer to William of Normandy, by the messenger sent to bid Harold fulfil his vow.

William heard this in gloomy silence; but Lanfranc whispered: "Up, Hero of Europe; for thy cause is won." Lanfranc detailed his plan: he would bring the Pontifical Court to their cause.

A terrible comet flashed across the skies in May, 1066; and as Harold was watching it, Haco, ascending the stairs of the turret, whispered: "Arm in haste; Tostig, with pirate and war-ship, is wasting thy shores and slaughtering thy people!"

Meanwhile, Lanfranc returned, and, entering William's banquet-hall, said: "Hail to thee, King of England! I bring the bull that excommunicates Harold and his adherents: I bring to thee the gift of the Roman Church, the land and royalty of England. . . . Publish thy ban in every region and realm where the Church is honored. This is the first war of the Cross!"

All Europe was stirred; for side by side with the Pope's bull was the martial ban: "Good pay and broad lands to everyone who will serve Count William with spear and with sword and with cross-bow."

While the French armament was mustering at the mouth of the Somme, Harold Hardrada had entered his galley, and Tostig joined him off the Orkneys. Cleveland, Scarborough, and York capitulated and Harold was forced to remove his forces from the South. Under Harold's wonderful generalship and valor, his army surprised the Norsemen at Stanford Bridge. A desperate battle was fought, during which Harold Hardrada and Tostig were slain. While the revelers were mockingly toasting William the Norman at the banquet in York in celebration of the victory, a man bedabbled with dust and mire

rushed into the hall, crying: "William the Norman is encamped on the shores of Sussex; and, with the mightiest armament ever yet seen in England, is ravaging the land far and near!"

Harold, returning to Westminster, conferred with his *thegns*. All drew their swords: in every breast beat the heart of Harold. The King bade farewell to his wife and mother, and repaired to the Abbey Church of Waltham, where Edith, unknown to him, knelt in prayer for Harold. She had promised Hilda not to enter on the novitiate until Harold's birthday had passed; for Hilda, questioning a witch, had been told to finish weaving the banner for Harold, "for where that banner is planted, shall Edith clasp with bridal arms her adored."

Harold, seeing Edith, begged her forgiveness and her blessing. "No embrace—no farewell kiss—profaned the parting of those pure and noble spirits—parting on the threshold of the grave." That night, however, Edith fled from the Abbey—none guessed whither.

When Harold joined his army in the morning, he noticed that in the place of the familiar standard there floated a strange and gorgeous banner, decked with jewels. Haco told him it had come from Hilda. As the army passed Hilda's dwelling, Harold and Haco saw the body of the Vala lying on the hillock. The witch beside it told them that Hilda had died of horror: "She would read the future—she hath read it. Pale King and dark youth, would ye learn what Hilda saw, eh? eh? Ask her in the Shadow-World, where she awaits ye!"

Duke William was encamped between Pevensey and Hastings. Once more he sent an envoy to Harold, this time armed with the ban of excommunication. The messenger returned with defiance for reply.

During the terrible battle of Hastings, Harold said to Haco: "By Heaven's help we shall yet win this day. And know you not that it is my fortunate day—this day on which, hitherto, all hath prospered with me, in peace and in war—the day of my birth?"

"Of your birth!" echoed Haco.

"Ay—did you not know it?"

"Nay!—strange!—it is also the birthday of Duke William! What would astrologers say to the meeting of such stars?"

Harold turned pale: the strange dream of his youth came before him as it had come again in the hall of the Norman at the sight of the ghastly relics—again he saw the shadowy hand from the cloud—again heard the words: "Lo, the star that shone on the birth of the victor!"

The Normans gradually advanced. William galloped to the breach defended by Harold. Haco, holding Harold's shield, fell, and then the noble King Gurth died defending the standard.

As William refused burial to Harold's body, the voice of a woman was heard in protest. When she threw back her hood, her beauty dazzled the Duke and his knights; and for the second time in her life, Edith beheld that awful man! Mallet de Graville craved a boon, the body of Harold, who had once spared his life. He found Edith on the battlefield. She had loosened the buckles of the breast-mail. Above the still heart she read the old Saxon letters "Edith," and below them, in characters more fresh, the word "England."

"Wed, wed, wed at last!" she exclaimed, "O Harold! Harold! the words of the Vala were true—and Heaven is kind!" and laying her head gently on the breast of the dead, she smiled and died.

"Let his corpse," said William the Norman, "guard the coasts which his life madly defended. Let the seas wail his dirge, and girdle his grave; and his spirit protect the land which hath passed to the Norman's sway!"

THE CAXTONS: A FAMILY PICTURE (1849)

The Caxtons appeared originally in *Blackwood's Magazine* as a serial. It was published anonymously, and, although the name of the author was not even suspected, it at once became popular, and was regarded as the best novel written since the death of Sir Walter Scott. When it was issued in a complete form in 1849, it was as well received in the United States—more than 30,000 copies being sold in less than three years—as in England

IR, sir, it is a boy!"

"A boy," said my father, looking up from his book, and evidently much puzzled—"what is a boy?"

"Lord, sir," said Mrs. Primmins, "what is a boy? Why, the baby!"

"The baby!" repeated my father. "You don't mean to say that Mrs. Caxton is—eh—?"

"Yes, I do," said Mrs. Primmins, dropping a curtsey; "and as fine a little rogue as ever I set eyes upon."

"Poor woman!" said my father, compassionately, and in a tone of great surprise. "Why, it is but the other day we were married!"

"Bless my heart, sir!" said Mrs. Primmins, much scandalized, "it is ten months and more."

I was the baby.

That I did not become possessed of these and other wonderful facts of my childhood of my own knowledge, I am willing to confess, though that I was, in every respect, a wonderful child I take for granted. But they were related so often by Mrs. Primmins and our family physician, Dr. Squills, that I became as well acquainted with them as these worthy witnesses themselves, who had been deeply impressed by my father's behavior on the occasion of my first appearance in the world.

Nobody knew what to make of my father. The neighboring clergy respected him for his extraordinary learning; the

ladies despised him as an absent-minded pedant; the poor loved and laughed at him. In the common affairs of life he seemed incapable of acting for himself, but in giving advice to others he was cautious, profound, and practical. To my mother, moreover, Austin Caxton was the best and greatest of human beings. She knew him well, knew every trick of his face, though there were certain depths in his character which the plummet of her tender woman's wit never had sounded. Of his absent-mindedness I can speak with some feeling, for to it I owe the circumstance that I bear the name of the enslaver of Athens and the disputed arranger of Homer. When a family council was held for fixing my future appellative, his mind was absorbed in the great Homeric controversy and had no room for other things: "Shall it be Arthur, or William, or Henry? What shall it be, my love?" asked my mother. "Pisistratus?"

"Pisistratus, indeed!" exclaimed my father.

"A fine name, though long," said my mother; "but then we can call him Sisty for short."

When my father discovered, some days later, returning from a book sale, that I had been baptized, and bore the name of the Grecian tyrant, he was as angry as so mild a man could be.

"Christened Pisistratus, who lived six hundred years before Christ! Good heavens, madam! you have made me the father of an anachronism!"

My mother burst into tears, but an anachronism I remained.

I had no playfellows, and the companionship of elderly people, alternating with complete solitude, produced results often observed in the case of an only child. I grew precocious; my efforts to understand the sweet wisdom of my father, not to speak of the wild legends of my nurse, tended to feed a passion for reverie. I got the former to instruct me in the elements of astronomy, and extracted from Mr. Squills, who was an ardent botanist, some of the mysteries in the life of flowers. From a robust infant I grew into a pale and slender boy. At last my father noticed my sickly condition.

"We must send him to school in good earnest," said he.

"And he so forward at home!" exclaimed my mother. "Send him to be taught by some schoolmaster who knows much less than you do."

"To be taught by little boys who will make him a boy again," said my father, almost sadly.

When I returned home for the holidays, I did not care a button for botany.

"And he used to be so fond of music," sighed my mother.

"Good gracious, what's that?"

"The noise of your son's pop-gun against the window. Yesterday it was against Mr. Squills's left ear. I am perfectly satisfied. The boy is now as great a blockhead as most boys are at his years."

At the age of ten my love of study returned, and during the following two years I stood at the head of my classes. Then I was placed in the academy of an eccentric German, who taught a great many things that were neglected at that time in our schools: chemistry, physical science, gymnastics, etc.

I was about sixteen when, on returning home for the vacation, I found a brother of my mother seated at our hearth. Uncle Jack—or, to give him his proper designation, the celebrated philanthropist, John Jones Tibbets, Esquire—was a great speculator with his own and especially with other people's money. No sooner had he come into his inheritance of six thousand pounds than he discovered that the British people were sadly imposed upon by their tailors. So he established a "Grand National Benevolent Clothing Company," which undertook to supply the very finest cloth inexpressibles at 7*s.* 6*d.* the pair, and other garments at proportional rates. It was to pay a clear return of thirty per cent., but that was merely incidental. It died a victim to the ingratitude of our fellow-creatures, and all that remained to him was a large assortment of ready-made pantaloons and the liabilities of the directors. It would be tedious to relate the number of prospectuses he wrote and enterprises he originated in the following three years. The last was the "Grand National Anti-Monopoly Coal Company, instituted in behalf of the poor householders of London, capital, £1,000,000." This supported him for another three years, during which he kept his carriage and gave grand dinners to his fellow-directors.

Then, one fine day, Uncle Jack, not knowing where to get a dinner, suddenly remembered he had a sister. He was re-

ceived with open arms by my father as well as by my mother. Never have I seen a more sanguine, light-hearted, and charming person than Uncle Jack. Naturally, my mother loved him. He was so good! When she was a child, he had persuaded her to allow her doll, which cost two pounds, to be raffled for the benefit of the chimney-sweepers. The raffle brought only ten shillings, but nobody, said Uncle Jack, could guess what good these ten shillings did to the chimney-sweepers. My father not only liked, but admired him. Uncle Jack had been everywhere, and the retired scholar often said "it was like listening to Ulysses to hear Uncle Jack." And Uncle Jack was very benevolently inclined toward my father. We had some splendid apple-trees, and he convinced me, at least, that by planting at first one hundred acres, and, gradually, two thousand, we should have an income of £90,000 a year from the resulting cider—the income of a duke!

"Why, father," I cried, "we could keep a pack of hounds."

"And buy a large library," added Uncle Jack, with his subtle knowledge of human nature. "And then, our fellow-creatures! A wholesome beverage brought within reach of the working classes! Think of being a benefactor to your country!"

But my father thought his country could get along without turning Austin Caxton into an apple merchant, and for the time Uncle Jack was discomfited.

When I returned home the next year I found another uncle domiciled in the family, Captain Roland *de* Caxton, a much wounded veteran of Waterloo. I learned from my mother that my father and he had both loved the same woman, a great lady, who had afterward married for ambition. They had not been good friends, but for another reason. My father was proud of his descent from William Caxton, the introducer in England of the art that has enlightened the world. Uncle Roland insisted that the founder of the family was not "a rascally, drudging, money-making printer," but a noble knight who died for his legitimate king, Richard III, on Bosworth field, Sir William *de* Caxton.

She was in dread lest the dispute should be revived, and, indeed, I was myself a witness, soon afterward, of a terrible

quarrel on the subject, which was near parting them forever. But my father, fortunately, saw the absurdity of his anger, made an abject apology, and directed me, if I valued his blessing, to respect as my ancestor Sir William *de* Caxton, the hero of Bosworth.

The captain had married a Spanish lady (no longer living), who nursed him when he fell ill at the time of the Peninsular War. He had a son, about whom there was a mystery, for his name, my mother said, must never be mentioned in his presence, and a daughter, Blanche, now being educated in France.

After Uncle Roland had departed for the old castle in Cumberland, which, with a few hundred barren acres, was all that was left him of the De Caxton patrimony, and that he had obtained by purchase and not by inheritance, my father read me, for the first time, a portion of the great work, *The History of Human Error*, to which he had devoted his life. I was allured, amused, charmed; but would such a book find a publisher? And here Uncle Jack, who was present, stepped in. He persuaded my father to remove to London, take lodgings near the British Museum, for the home library was exhausted, and finish one volume, at least, incontinently.

As the number of places on the coach that was to convey us to the capital was limited, I decided to surrender mine to Mrs. Primmins and make the journey on foot. I enjoyed my pedestrian tour immensely and met with not a few adventures. By a singular and amusing accident, I made the acquaintance of the great statesman, Mr. Trevanion, Lady Ellinor his wife, and their charming daughter Fanny. I was surprised at the tender interest Lady Ellinor seemed to take in me, a mere chance acquaintance, but she had known and esteemed my father in the past, and when I was leaving she expressed, or rather implied, a wish that he should call upon her and her family. My father, on receiving this kind message, showed considerable emotion.

"We shall see," he said. "Open the window."

The intercourse that followed between the Trevanions and my family had some important results for myself and others. I discovered that Lady Ellinor was the high-born lady who had exercised such fascination on the two brothers, and who, for-

tunately for my father, loved fame more than love; for, although she valued intellect, she valued it chiefly for the social distinction it conferred. Yet her affection for myself showed that she had not forgotten, for it was to her I owed the offer of the place of private secretary to her husband. My father hesitated about accepting it, but at last consented on condition that I receive no salary.

I must now make a long stride in this narrative. I am domesticated with the Trevanions, and over head and ears in love with Fanny, who breaks my heart by flirting audaciously, not only with peers, guardsmen, and even bishops (the minx!), but with Sir Sedley Beaudesert, who must have been nearly as old as my father, though he seemed to have the gift of eternal youth and appeared to be under thirty.

On my journey to London I had made the acquaintance of a young man whose appearance, betokening a strain of gipsy blood, exercised a singular attraction over me. His face was strikingly beautiful, though fierce and hard-looking. I was to meet him again in strange circumstances. I had been sitting up all night with Uncle Roland, who was dangerously ill. At daybreak I went out for a breath of fresh air, and while strolling down the silent streets, I came upon a young man fast asleep, reclining on the doorsteps of a large shop. It was my casual acquaintance, but in garments travel-stained and tattered, and looking hollow-cheeked and wan. After he had been awakened by a policeman, we had a conversation. He was evidently a reckless daredevil, yet withal a gentleman, and spoke French and Spanish like a native. The fancy I had taken to him was rather strengthened than weakened by his present situation, and I was determined to help him if I could. I slipped my purse into his hand and made an appointment for Thursday.

As I found my uncle out of danger on my return, I had ample time to devote to my new friend, who let me know, after a few visits, that his name was Francis Vivian. By dint of considerable diplomacy I prevailed on Mr. Trevanion to give him employment in correcting the statesman's manuscripts on economics and statistics. This Vivian did admirably. He had a genius for figures, and to detect an error in the most complicated and abstract calculations was child's play to him.

Trevanion was delighted with the work of my *protégé*, who did not seem flattered by the statesman's approval.

"Did I not tell you," said he, "that I was skilful in all games of mingled skill and chance? A first-rate card-player is a great financier spoiled. You'll never find a man fortunate at the cards who has not an excellent head for figures."

One evening he spoke to me of Miss Fanny Trevanion, who he had heard was one of the richest heiresses in England.

"Yes," I said, "one must be an earl, at least, to aspire to Fanny Trevanion."

"Tut!" he retorted, "as well say one must be a millionaire to aspire to a million. Millionaires usually begin with pence."

After leaving Vivian and making my way to Mr. Trevanion's house, my own words recurred to me with agonizing force: "One must be an earl, at least, to aspire to Fanny Trevanion." And I loved her, loved her passionately. Was I not, then, not only a vain, frantic fool, but a household traitor, to remain under the same roof with her? At that self-question, I resolved to tear myself away from her sweet presence. My uncle and my father had already guessed the cause of my suffering. They pointed out the path of honor; but it was unnecessary—I saw the road with my own eyes, and I left Mr. Trevanion.

In the mean time we must not forget my Uncle Jack. His efforts to find a publisher willing to bring out the Great Work were, indeed, unsuccessful; but he had established the Anti-Publisher Society, with unlimited capital; and it was through the obstetric aid of that fraternity that the Great Book was to be ushered into the world. Another venture, the *Literary Times*, was far advanced, but not yet out, though my father was fairly in for it. I noticed two visits of three gentlemen in black to our apartments. One of them looked like a lawyer, the second like a printer, the third like a Jew. They brought papers of a very formidable aspect.

One day, Uncle Jack slapped my father on the back, crying: "Fame and fortune both made now! You may sleep in safety, for you leave me wide awake!"

So, leaving our wide-awake relative to look after our interests, we all set out on a visit to Uncle Roland's castle in Cumberland. The poor captain and little Blanche, his daugh-

ter, were in deep mourning, for his son was dead. I thought it strange that none of us was invited to attend the funeral.

We spent a very pleasant time in my uncle's picturesque and ancient keep. He regaled us with a hospitality that contrasted notably with his thrifty habits in London. But I felt that I ought to be preparing for Cambridge, and I required some instruction in Greek composition. It is rare to find a great scholar who is a good teacher. Scholarship to my father was like poetry; he could no more teach it to you than Pindar could have taught you how to make an ode. I tried to devote myself to private study; but there were so many interruptions that I often wonder how it was I succeeded in passing the entrance examination to the University.

At last we bade adieu to Uncle Roland. It was settled that I was to accompany my father and mother to their long-neglected household gods, and thence set out for Cambridge. The separation was tearful. Little Blanche, with one arm around my mother's neck and one around mine, sobbed in my ear: "But I will be your little wife, I will."

The first term of my college life was almost ended, when I received a letter from my mother, so agitated, so alarming, that I was terribly frightened. But on rereading the last blurred sentence, I felt relieved. It was only a money affair. However, when I reached home I found that the money affair was a very serious affair indeed. Uncle Jack had managed to involve my father in enterprises that threatened to swallow up his entire modest fortune. Uncle Jack was in the Fleet prison, and the moment my father learned of his incarceration he was for going at once and getting him out. Then he would arrange matters with the shareholders of the various companies, who were no doubt honest men. But he reckoned without Mr. Squills, who was not going to allow him to settle money matters with a set of sharp-witted traders. He ordered his patient to keep the house for six days, and he was so badgered by his physician that he had to submit.

The next morning Squills and I took the coach for the metropolis. I called on Sir Sedley Beaudesert, who had been my father's friend at college. He received me with the utmost kindness and gave me a note to his attorney, Mr. Pike, one of

the sharpest men in the profession. His management of our affair was so admirable that, at the end of two anxious weeks, Uncle Jack was out of prison and my father was relieved from all his liabilities by a sum two thirds less than was at first startlingly submitted to our indignant horror. Still, my father's fortune was reduced from sixteen thousand to seven or eight thousand pounds.

I paid a farewell visit to Sir Sedley Beaudesert and was informed by him that an alliance had been arranged between Fanny Trevanion and his cousin, the Marquis of Castleton. I asked who had succeeded me as Trevanion's secretary.

"Oh," said Sir Sedley, "a stooping fellow in spectacles and cotton stockings; he trusts, however, a great deal to a clever, good-looking young gentleman named Gower, a natural son, I believe, of a member of the Gower family."

Soon after my return home we had a visit from Uncle Jack, who looked quite comfortable and prosperous and as eager as ever to make our fortunes and his own by a new enterprise that was sure to go off like wild fire. My father proved his shrewdness when dealing with other people's affairs by a prediction that turned out true at last: "That man will do yet," said he, "on the cat principle; he tumbles so lightly. Throw him down from St. Paul's, and the next time you see him he will be scrambling up the Monument."

It was arranged between my father and Uncle Roland that we should all remove to Cumberland and reside in the old castle. This decision was reached as much from my mother's desire to give a mother's care to little Blanche, who had crept into all our hearts, as from our altered circumstances. But I had come to the conclusion that this crowded Old World had no longer room for me. Australia was my manifest destiny. There, and there only, was there a chance of restoring the family fortunes. But I was in no hurry. I spent a year in selecting colonists for my Cleruchia, among them the son of our old shepherd, a poacher whom I had tamed in single combat, and a hater of kings, squires, and priests, who was for holding property in common, but who, after he had become possessed of some, was the most fanatic stickler for its rights in the colony. Then I had to study the little arts and crafts

needed for the settler—and nowhere could they be better studied than amongst our Cumberland sheep-walks—and to accustom my people gradually to the inevitable necessity of separation. Then I set out with Uncle Roland for London, where I learned, with genuine sorrow, of the death of Fanny's betrothed, the Marquis of Castleton. His successor in the Marquisate was Sir Sedley Beaudesert.

While in the metropolis I became quite accidentally one of the heroes of an adventure that considerably delayed my departure and had important consequences. I discovered that the young man Gower and my *protégé* Vivian were one and the same person; that he had made use of the increasing favor he enjoyed in the Trevanion household to corrupt some of the servants, and with their aid so to compromise Fanny—whom, by the way, he loved with all the unbridled passion of his wild nature—as to render her marriage with him a necessity. I was just in time to foil, with Uncle Roland's aid, a most villainous plot. Deceived by a false story of her father's illness, Fanny was induced to set out for his country seat, and was now at a solitary inn on the high road and in the hands of two servants, the instruments and confidants of Vivian. We reached the inn, rushed up the stairs, heard a cry for help, burst open a door, and discovered Fanny, and with her Francis Vivian. But a cry from my uncle revealed the truth. It was not Vivian, but his son; it was the cousin I had believed to be dead. A sickness came over me—a terror froze my veins—I reeled back, and leaned for support against the wall. Yet I found afterward that this felon cousin of mine was not entirely bad. His gipsy nurture, his loose associates, his theatrical mode of looking upon love intrigues as stage plots, were responsible for the warping of his mind and the baseness of his heart. The mother had taught him to hate the father. The purest feeling of his nature was his love for the memory of that mother, and it was by working on that love that my father, now in London, after weary weeks of what seemed a hopeless task, saved this Ishmael and changed him into a very sincere and remorseful penitent. He proved at last worthy of reconciliation with his father, with whose consent he was to accompany me to the New World.

And now the reader is called upon to suppose that we are five years older than when he last saw us; that we are in the bush; that we are living in a palace of the patriarchs—a palace of wood it is true, but a house built with one's own hands is always a palace; that the lords of that palace are also lords of the land, as far as eye can see, and of numberless flocks and herds, and, better still, of a health which an antediluvian might have envied, and of nerves seasoned with horse-breaking, cattle-driving, fighting with wild blacks, chasing them and being chased; and that Vivian, always in action and always in command, is Vivian with a more athletic frame, and steadfast eyes that look you full in the face, yet a Vivian with a melancholy expression that sometimes deepens into gloom. And whom do we encounter in the bush after these years, in a twill shooting-jacket, budding with gilt buttons? Uncle Jack! When I, now a tall, bearded man, approached him with outstretched hands, he drew back in alarm:

"Who are you?" he cried. "I never saw you before. I suppose you'll say next I owe you something." Yes, it was Uncle Jack, a prosperous Uncle Jack, a millionaire Uncle Jack, who had fulfilled my father's prediction.

But if the arrival of one relative cheered me, the departure of another left a void in my existence. The feeling that he must expiate his errors had taken possession of Vivian. He asked and obtained a commission in the Indian army, and, some years afterward, died, as he would have wished to die, as his father would have wished him to die, at the close of a day ever memorable in the annals of our marvelous empire. I was now rich enough to restore the family greatness. I am at present, then, settled at the old castle, married to Blanche, and the father of two fair daughters. Uncle Roland, however, grumbles that we are neglectful of the rights of male heirs. This is at last remedied. One fine morning, Mrs. Primmins rushed or rather rolled—for she had become globular—into my father's study with:

"Sir, sir, it is a boy!"

MY NOVEL (1853)

This story first appeared in *Blackwood's Magazine* and immediately achieved an astonishing popularity, which still endures the lapse of time.

HERE was almost a rustic revolution at Hazeldean, and the cause thereof was the rumor that the Squire was going to repair the Parish Stocks. In vain did Parson Dale protest that it was better *quieta non movere* ("to let sleeping dogs lie"); that, to the eye of the inner philosopher, their very decay made them a pleasing feature in the moral topography of the parish, and then, too, there never had been occasion to use them as long as he remembered. So far from being moved by his reasoning, the Squire could have beaten him. Pleasing, indeed! To the eye of law and order the spectacle was scandalously disreputable. It was moss-grown, worm-eaten, and broken in the middle; through its four socketless eyes peered a forest of thistles, and—to complete the degradation of the whole—the donkey of an itinerant tinker was actually lunching out of the eyes and jaws of—The Parish Stocks! The Squire, as we have said, could have beaten the parson, but, as a substitute was luckily at hand, he made a rush at the donkey! With unfortunate results. His foot caught in the rope, and he went head over heels into the thistles. It was a long time before the convincing arguments of the parson could mitigate his justifiable wrath: "Nevertheless," said he, "the stocks shall be mended to-morrow—ay, and the pound, too—and the next donkey found trespassing shall go into it, as sure as my name's Hazeldean." "Then," said the parson, gravely, "I can only hope that the next parish may not follow your example; or that you and I may never be caught straying."

Hazeldean of Hazeldean was a burly, kind-hearted English

squire, with the country tastes, prejudices, great virtues, and little foibles of his class. He had lost his father two years after his birth. His mother was very handsome—so was her jointure; she married Colonel Egerton, a far more fashionable person than her first husband, just a year after the latter's death. Fortunately, he had foreseen such a contingency and had appointed two squires guardians of the infant heir, as soon as the anticipated event should take place. The arrangement did not at all displease Mrs. Egerton; and when she had borne a son to Colonel Egerton, it was upon that child that her maternal affections were gradually concentrated. William Hazeldean used at first to spend his school holidays with his mother, but she had grown exceedingly refined, and was openly ashamed of his bluff manners and rural breeding. So when he requested permission to pass his vacations with his guardians or at the old Hall, she gladly consented. He finished his education at a small college of Cambridge University, an ancestral foundation of a fifteenth-century Hazeldean, left at his majority without taking a degree, and a few years after married a young lady, country born and bred like himself.

Meanwhile his half brother, Audley Egerton, showed, as he grew up, that he had inherited the qualities which made his father so acceptable to princes, ambassadors, and duchesses. He was universally popular and, better still, he had the qualities which make popularity useful. Both his parents died while he was at the university, and he had only fifteen hundred pounds a year from an estate that had formerly approached a rental of ten thousand. Still he was considered to be opulent, and he certainly was far from dispelling that reputation by an ill-timed parsimony. He had laid out for himself a political career, and associated as much as possible with public men and political women.

But the dearest and most intimate friend of Audley was Harley, Lord L'Estrange, only son of the Earl of Lansmere, a powerful and wealthy noble. It was the Earl's wish that his son should represent the family borough of Lansmere when he came of age. Harley, however, declined. He had turned out very eccentric, and some even feared that he had republican leanings. Instead of standing himself, he recommended that the

family interest be given to Audley Egerton. The Earl yielded. But just as the canvass had begun, circumstances occurred that caused both L'Estrange and Egerton to absent themselves from Lansmere. Lord Lansmere was in despair, for a stranger had the audacity to intrude into the borough on the very day of their departure. Captain Dashmore, R.N., was the name and title of the new candidate, and a most dangerous person he proved himself. He kissed all the women, old and young, with the zest of a sailor who had been three years at sea without sight of a beardless lip, opened all the public houses, flung his purse into the air, and declared he would stick to his guns while there was a shot in the locker. And he actually designated the august patrician by the title of "Old Pompous," and the respectable Mayor, who was never seen abroad but in top-boots, and the family solicitor, a gentleman of large proportions, by the joint sobriquet of "Tops and Bottoms." Lord Lansmere felt the world was coming to an end, and he was helpless. And the candidate absent, too! But the family solicitor luckily bethought himself of a notable proxy. This was the Squire of Hazeldean, then on a visit, with his wife, to the Earl. The Squire had no objection, after he had been assured that his brother would be staunch to the landed interest. He was just the man to meet the Captain. When the latter called him the "Prize Ox," "Tony Lumpkin," etc., he retorted with an anecdote about "Saltwater Jack." Like all satirists, the Captain was exceedingly thin-skinned and did not at all fancy being called "Saltwater Jack" by a "Prize Ox." He challenged Hazeldean to a duel. The Captain, a good-natured fellow at bottom, let his gallant opponent off with a ball in the fleshy part of the shoulder. The wound was painful enough, and after it was healed the Squire felt very much raised in his own conceit, and when in one of his fierce moods the perilous event became a favorite allusion with him. He considered, moreover, that his brother had incurred at his hands the most lasting obligations. Having defended Audley's interests at the risk of his life, he was entitled to dictate to that gentleman how to vote, at least upon all matters connected with the land. And when, not long after his election, the new member spoke and voted in a manner wholly belying the promises made in his behalf, the

Squire's indignation was great. It reached its culminating point when he himself was hooted at Lansmere on a market-day by the very farmers he had induced to vote for his brother. Justly imputing the disgrace to Audley, he never heard the name of that traitor to the land mentioned without a heightened color and an indignant expletive.

As an enlightened Tory, however, Audley rose to a high position in political life and became the leader of his party. He married a wealthy heiress of the Leslie family, and upon the death of his wife found himself rich and free, as well as famous.

The heiress whom Audley had married was a near relative of the Leslies, who nominally owned the parish next to Hazeldean. The head of it was a squire of the squandering class, who, with his tribe of children, lived in a state of excessive poverty. Audley had patronized, if not adopted, the eldest boy, Randal, who was at Eton with Frank, the son of Squire Hazeldean. He was a youth of brilliant intellectual promise, not at all grateful for the pittance that had fallen to his share out of the fortune he thought should have returned to his family after the death of his cousin. He devoted himself to his studies night and day, not because he liked hard reading but because he meant to succeed, and the thought which absorbed his very soul was that "Knowledge is Power."

But to return to the Parish Stocks, whose renovation was to have a momentous bearing on the fortunes of at least one of our characters. The Squire's carpenters and painters were set to work on them, with the result that a more elegant, enticing, coquettish pair of stocks never gladdened the eye of a justice of the peace. In the pride of his heart he brought all his family down to have a look at them, including Miss Jemima Hazeldean, his first cousin and ward, a fantastic virgin, with a comfortable fortune of six thousand pounds and an assurance that the end of the world was close at hand, but still with no reluctance to forsake her maidenhood during the interval.

As soon as the great folk had disappeared, a large number of small folk emerged timorously from the cottages and approached with marvel, fear, and curiosity. For whom were the Stocks intended? Even an appeal to Gaffer Solomons, the venerable village oracle, brought only conjectural answers.

"Maw be," he said to the men, "some o' ye ha' been getting drunk and making beestises o' yoursels!" Whereupon the wives present regarded the Stocks with approving eyes, after meaning glances at their husbands. "Or maw be," resumed the Gaffer, "some o' the misseses ha' been making a rumpus, and scolding their good men." Whereupon the gestures of the justly enraged matrons of Hazeldean became so menacing that Heaven only knows if a morsel of Stocks or sage would have remained to offend their eyes, had not Master Stirn, the Squire's right-hand man, come up in the nick of time. A squire's right-hand man is always a more formidable personage than the Squire himself; and, as soon as he came in sight, the assembly scattered—all except one, an innocent thirster after knowledge, Leonard Fairfield, the only son of a widow who rented three acres of grass-lands from the Squire; he crept behind an elm-tree which partially shaded the Stocks. Lenny, a handsome boy of sixteen, with a refined style of beauty unusual among rustics, was the pattern boy of the village, the pride and boast of the Parson's school. But he was justifiably obnoxious to Master Stirn, who had hoped that his own son, a notable dunce, would have received the praise which everyone lavished on Lenny.

The quick eye of the right-hand man soon detected Lenny's retreat. He hauled him forward, and, with many terrible threats, placed the Stocks under his charge: "You'll keep off the other boys," said he, "from sitting on them and playing chuck-farthing, as I declare they have been doing, just in front of the elevation. If any damage be done, you're responsible, pattern boy of the village!" Poor Lenny's very zeal in fulfilling his distasteful duties was his undoing. He fought a boy of his own age who refused to move from his seat on one of the shafts. But this boy was a gentleman's son, Randal Leslie.

Master Stirn came in at the end of the battle; such was his rage at the indignity offered to a young gentleman that, to use his own words, his "buzzom was a-burstin'." He seized Lenny by the skirt of his jacket, and in a few seconds more the jaws of the Stocks had opened, and his victim was thrust therein, a sad spectacle of the reverses of fortune. Lenny no longer felt the pain of his bruises, everything was swallowed up in the

burning sense of shame and injustice. After a quarter of an hour had passed, Lenny became aware that there was a spectator of his disgrace. This was Dr. Riccabocca, a fine-looking, but, to English eyes, rather sinister-appearing Italian exile, who had rented a dilapidated villa from the Squire. He had been at first an object of suspicion to the people as a Papist, foreigner, and even wizard. But his kindly helpfulness on many occasions had at length removed the suspicion. Among the gentry he was at once recognized, in spite of some rather uncanny eccentricities, as an equal, and was held in the highest regard by their ladies because his elaborate courtesy and gallantry contrasted with the bluff English manners of their lords. He released Lenny from the Stocks, and, as a sample of his eccentricity, got into them himself, actuated by the same feeling of curiosity that moved Pliny to descend into the crater of Etna. He found it much easier to get into them than to get out of them. In fact, he found it impossible to get out of them. But he was a philosopher. He lighted his pipe and fell into a train of musing so remote from time and place that in a few minutes he no more remembered that he was in the Stocks than any philosopher remembers that wisdom is vanity. In this situation he was found by the amazed people of Hazeldean as they returned from church, for it was a Sunday. As for Mr. Stirn, when he beheld the appalling sight he was more than ever convinced of the connection of the Papisher with the Evil One. He broke through a hedge and ran. Dr. Riccabocca convinced the Squire that Lenny was really guiltless of aught except a sincere desire to fulfil Stirn's orders. The Squire severely rebuked Stirn, but he insisted that Lenny make an apology to Randal Leslie, who was a gentleman's son and his own relative. Lenny flatly refused to do so. In this he was backed by his mother; she surrendered her little farm and went to live near Riccabocca, who had hired Lenny to help his solitary servant, Giacomo, or Jackeymo, his popular designation, in the garden.

Riccabocca very quickly perceived that this sturdy English village boy was unusually intelligent, possessed, indeed, something akin to genius. As the Italian was a better English scholar than a great many well-educated Englishmen, he gave

some time to his education, lent him books, and insensibly Lenny's ideas and language became less rustic and more refined. Jackeymo, too, imparted to him many secrets in gardening and husbandry at that time unknown to English farming. Leonard, therefore, in one sense, had made a change for the better. Yet this was rather doubtful. He was no longer under the influence of Parson Dale. He began to buy pestilent socialistic tracts from the chapmen who were then hawking them around more frequently than usual. He grew discontented, and the thought was always in his mind: "Was I born to dig potatoes?"

But if Dr. Riccabocca had secured Lenny, Miss Jemima was determined to secure the Doctor. In this she was backed by Mrs. Hazeldean and Mrs. Dale, both enthusiastic match-makers, like all British matrons. The Signor was, in his queer way, rather fond of Miss Jemima, for he detected many sound English qualities beneath the extravagant ways of that susceptible spinster; and though he made a gallant resistance, he at length succumbed. This was partly brought about by the necessity imposed upon him of receiving his only child in his villa. She had been reared in Italy, was very delicate, and required a mother's care. Squire Hazeldean consented to the marriage on being assured by Lord L'Estrange that his friend Dr. Riccabocca was of a good family and in every other respect a fitting mate for the young lady. Jemima became a fond, efficient, and faithful wife, and her love for little Violante was soon as ardent as any mother's could be. There had been a grand celebration on the day of the marriage. The Squire especially signalized the occasion by ordering the Stocks, which had caused much ill-feeling and some loss of the traditional Hazeldean popularity, to be taken down and made into a bench for the chimney-nook of Gaffer Solomons. Good relations were at once renewed between hall and hamlet, and there was no need for the magistrate to shut up the revolutionary beer-house which owed its origin to the quarrel—it shut itself up before the end of the week.

After a fierce dispute with Violante, caused, as in the case of the Stocks, by an exaggerated sense of duty on Lenny's part, that stately little lady and he became great friends, and although, thanks to the training of Jackeymo, the boy knew that he could

get higher wages in the next parish, he never thought of leaving. Lenny had a genuine talent for mechanical contrivances. But an incident occurred presently that carried his mind in a new direction. One evening, while searching for a tool in an old trunk of his father's, he came upon a manuscript in a small, fine and exquisitely formed woman's handwriting. It contained poems—poems characterized by such a vein of elevated sentiment and pathetic feeling that the boy was so absorbed in their perusal as not to notice his mother's entrance. When she saw how he was engaged, she became strangely agitated: "Poor, poor Nora!" said she, falteringly, "I did not know as they were there." Then he learned that Nora, or rather, Leonora, Avenel was his mother's sister and the goddaughter of Lady Lansmere, who had had her educated. After staying for a while at Lansmere Park she had insisted on going to London as a governess. From there she returned home to die. His mother would tell him no more; it broke her heart to speak of the matter. But Leonard had learned enough. Someone of his own humble race had preceded him in his struggling flight to the regions of Intelligence and Desire! This discovery stimulated him as nothing else could have done. His talents, however, which had hitherto been concerned with things positive, were now attuned to the ideal. He had read the great poets, but without a thought of imitating them. Now he read poetry with a different sentiment—it seemed to him that he had discovered its secret. So reading, the passion seized him, and "the numbers came."

About a year after Leonard's discovery of the manuscripts, Parson Dale rode to Lansmere on an errand which was to have some influence on his fortunes. It was to persuade Mrs. Avenel, his grandmother, between whom and the clergyman there was some kind of secret, to have Leonard educated and sent to Cambridge. The Avenels were well-to-do retired shopkeepers. The old lady refused. She would pay for his apprenticeship and stock a shop for him when he was out of it, but would not spend the money that should go to their son Richard, who had made a fortune in America and was then on a visit to his parents. He was a credit to them, which the boy could never be. But Richard himself, who accidentally heard a part of the dia-

logue, wished to see his nephew, and, as his will was law with the aged couple, they sent an invitation to Leonard to visit them.

Unconscious of the change in store for him, Leonard was now enjoying the first virgin sweetness of fame. One of his agricultural inventions was put in operation by Squire Hazeldean. He won the prize offered by the Provincial Athenæum for the best essay on a given subject. He was "Mr." Fairfield, visited the neighboring farmers on equal terms, and Mr. Stirn even touched his hat to him. He was kindly received by his grandparents, but was driven the next day to his uncle's magnificent residence and new model farm at Screwtown. He was treated with familiar kindness by Avenel, but it took Leonard many days to reconcile himself to his uncle. Richard Avenel was, in some of his aspects, not a pleasant specimen of the self-made man. He was always expressing his scorn for the aristocracy; yet if he could not marry amongst them, he was resolved not to marry at all. He made herculean and partially successful efforts to get invited to the entertainments of the very exclusive gentry of the town, although he was an embarrassed and miserable man when he succeeded. He had made this same town the model town of the shire, but wo to the independent elector of Screwtown who ventured to vote for any candidates except those proposed by himself. His political morality was that of our go-ahead brethren across the sea, and he was a vindictive enemy of Audley Egerton, because, when he had proposed to exchange the support of the two members of his borough for a knighthood, that statesman had ordered him out of his office.

Leonard accustomed himself gradually to the splendors that surrounded him, though he often turned with a sigh to the remembrance of his mother's cottage and Riccabocca's flowery garden. Indeed at the genteel parties which he attended with his uncle he moved about with much more ease and coolness than his patron. At one of them, given by the most exclusive people in Screwtown, he was noticed by the leading lady present, the Honorable Mrs. McCatchley, and declared to have an *air distingué*. In fact, as Richard was beginning to fancy that Mrs. McCatchley, a widow of the highest birth and fashion,

would suit him exactly, he became jealous of his nephew and abstained from taking Leonard to any more parties.

Richard Avenel's success in Screwtown society whetted his social ambition. He proposed to give an entertainment wholly new to the experience of Screwtown, nothing less than a *déjeuner dansant.* Mrs. McCatchley had said to him point blank: "Mr. Avenel, why don't you give a *déjeuner dansant*?" And a *déjeuner dansant* Mr. Avenel gave. It was a great success, but fatal to the prospects of poor Leonard. During a temporary cessation of the dance toward evening, a general titter, a horrid malignant cachinnation, was heard from one of the shaded walks near the tent on the lawn. Mrs. McCatchley sent Richard to see why the people were crowding in that direction. He strode forward, and beheld—his nephew in the arms of a woman! "God bless my soul!" he cried. And then the woman sprang toward him, threw herself upon him, gave him two kisses that might have been heard a mile away, exclaiming: "Oh! Brother Dick! and I lives to see thee agin!" There was a general explosion of laughter. That roar, which would have killed a weak man, sounded to the strong heart of Richard Avenel like the defiance of a foe. He made a speech so proud, manly, and simple that the laughers were ashamed, and even those who had hitherto disliked and half despised him suddenly felt that they were proud of his acquaintance. If he had only seen it, he had conquered the county and would be accepted among its gentry. As soon, however, as he had conducted Mrs. Fairfield to the house, followed by Leonard, his ire burst forth: "You impudent, ungrateful, audacious—drab!" Yes, "drab" was the word, followed by a torrent of the foulest abuse. Leonard and his mother left the place and returned to their cottage. But the widow was in despair at having ruined her boy's prospects. She had never intended more than to have a look at him, and then return to her cottage, her presence unknown to everyone. But when Leonard recognized her and cried, "Mother!" she had lost her presence of mind.

Leonard could not go back to gardening. He decided to seek his fortune in London. On his way thither, he turned into an inn where he met a desolate little girl, who appealed to everything that was compassionate in his nature. Her father,

an officer named Digby, had died at the inn, being taken ill on his way to London. When asked if he had friends, he gasped, "Write to Lord L'Es—" and then expired. He hardly had enough money to bury him, and the workhouse seemed to be the fate of his daughter. Leonard worked himself gradually into the child's confidence and tried to find out the name of her father's friend. But she could not tell him. When he was leaving the room, she put her little hand in his and tried to detain him. This decided him. He would take her with him to London. They entered London at noon the next day. As they came near Edgeware Road, Helen Digby took her new brother by the hand and guided him. For she knew the neighborhood, and she was acquainted with a lodging near that once occupied by her father where they could be housed cheaply. While seeking shelter from a violent rain-storm in a covered mews, Leonard recognized among those in a similar predicament his old antagonist, Randal Leslie, and Frank Hazeldean. From their conversation he learned that Randal was in the Foreign Office and Frank a dashing young officer in the Guards, much to his father's disgust.

Leonard and Helen settled themselves in two little chambers in a small lane. But the high hopes with which the young poet had entered the metropolis were disappointed. He hawked his precious manuscripts day after day from publisher to publisher, but without success. When he and his *protégée* were near starvation, a meeting with Dr. Morgan, a peppery but kind-hearted Welshman, saved them. He had attended Captain Digby on his deathbed. He had also received the last sigh of Nora Avenel, who, as Leonard had recently discovered, was his mother by an unknown father. Leonard was employed in the shop of Mr. Prickett, a bookseller, and Helen was placed as companion with Miss Starke, a grim but excellent spinster. During this period of his life Leonard made the acquaintance of John Burley, a vagrant, dissipated genius, who would have been famous if he had condescended to be respectable, and who wrote pamphlets for Audley Egerton on subjects in which the statesman was interested. The death of Prickett was a blow to our hero, who lost his situation. After many wretched weeks he obtained work on the *Beehive*, a

radical sheet, Burley having strongly recommended him to the editor.

But the influence which Burley had over him was baleful and he was in danger of losing his high ideals. The two lived together, and this was the occasion of his seeing Randal Leslie on several occasions. It afforded him an insight into Randal's character. The latter, for five days consecutively, discussed with Burley a political question which was then a war cry between the two great parliamentary parties. Soon a pamphlet appeared which excited universal interest and was sure to advance the political fortune of Egerton's *protégé*. He had been stealing poor Burley's brains, to the intense scorn and indignation of Leonard, and to his misfortune also, for his very sympathy with that fallen genius brought him more and more under his influence. Helen had perceived the moral dangers to which her adopted brother was exposed. She, therefore, left Miss Starke and became his little housekeeper again. It was all that was needed. He had now to work for two, and work hard he did. But misfortune tracked him. The *Beehive* was suppressed by the Government, and Helen was struck down by fever. When there appeared to be no hope for these two children of nature in earth or heaven, Leonard quite accidentally discovered that Harley L'Estrange was the Lord L'Es— whose name Captain Digby had tried to gasp out with his dying breath. Harley had been searching hopelessly for the friend who had, indeed, saved his life in battle. He removed his child to a pleasant cottage at Norwood and procured for Leonard the position of amanuensis to Mr. Norreys, a distinguished author and his friend. In the mean time, while Leonard Fairfield was obscurely wrestling with neglect, hunger and temptation, nothing could be smoother and brighter than the upward path of Randal Leslie. He had entered public life under the auspices of one of England's greatest Prime Ministers. But he hated Egerton, hated him because he knew he should never inherit his wealth—wealth that came from a Leslie, too! He also hated Frank Hazeldean, and determined to ruin him and if possible to supplant him as the heir to the eight thousand Hazeldean unentailed acres. He worked himself into the simple young Guardsman's confidence, learned from him all the Squire's

peculiarities, encouraged his extravagances, and took care the father should hear of them without letting his own hand appear. Now the Squire was as fond of his estate as if it were his own flesh and blood—so fond that he would never let it fall into the hand of a spendthrift. He was already contrasting, sadly and somewhat enviously, the qualities of prudence and common sense exhibited by young Leslie with the wildness and prodigality of his son. Randal had resolved to render the breach irreparable by introducing Frank to an Italian lady of such extraordinary fascination that her appearance in London had created a sensation. The young Guardsman at once fell madly in love with her, and Randal was well pleased: he knew that the old Squire would never forgive his son if he married a foreign adventuress.

Yet undeniably handsome as was the widowed Beatrice, Marchesa di Negra, her brother and constant companion, the Count di Peschiera, though nearly double her age, was even handsomer and almost as youthful-looking. They were received in the best society, but they were suspected, with some reason, of being Austrian spies. They were relatives of Dr. Riccabocca, who was really the Duke of Serrano, one of the greatest nobles of Lombardy. The Duke had, in fact, been decoyed into a conspiracy, frantic in itself and defiled by the sordid schemes of its projectors, by his treacherous kinsman, who had then betrayed and denounced him.

The Serrano estates were sequestrated, not confiscated, the false cousin receiving half the revenues as the price of his treason. Riccabocca, however, had many powerful friends at the Austrian Court, and efforts had been made to procure the inclusion of his name in the next amnesty. Lord L'Estrange also, the devoted friend of the exile, had for years been seeking evidence of Peschiera's infamy, and had partially succeeded, when he learned that the latter had obtained the imperial sanction to demand Violante's hand in marriage and had boasted to his profligate circle that he should succeed. To find out the retreat of his cousin and marry his cousin's daughter by fair means or foul were, then, the motives that had brought the Count to England. He saw in Randal Leslie a kindred spirit and instructed his sister to learn from him the name under which

Serrano concealed himself. But at that time Randal did not see that this would accrue to his advantage, and, besides, Egerton had cautioned him on this very point. At length the Marchesa informed him that she would marry Frank Hazeldean only when she could no longer blush for her penury and when her dowry of 100,000 lire was secured to her. This could not happen unless her brother was united to the exile's daughter, and her brother had no fear of the success of his suit if the young lady were once discovered. At length the young traitor confided to Peschiera the retreat of Violante. Then the Count prepared the way for his ultimate design with all the craft and unscrupulous resolution which belonged to his nature.

His object was to compel Riccabocca to assent to his marriage with Violante, or, failing that, to ruin all chance of his kinsman's restoration. He sought out among the most unprincipled of his countrymen, agents ready to depose to Riccabocca's participation in plots against Austria or even to engage in more desperate enterprises. At this time Violante was residing at Lansmere Park under the protection of the Countess. But carefully as she was guarded both by Lady Lansmere and Lord L'Estrange, she could not escape the wiles of her villainous kinsman. He decoyed her to London by a pretended message from her father. When the brave girl defied him on discovering the deception practised on her, he told her that a vessel was in the river ready to bear her away from England. In that vessel was a priest who would join their hands. She must become his wife or else the disgrace of her house and scorn of her sex. The hall to which Peschiera had taken her was crowded with fierce, swarthy men. The Count ordered one of them to seize and gag his sister, who had at last recoiled from his schemes and endeavored to protect Violante. Then the two women were carried during the night to a boat moored at a precipitous landing-place, and from thence to a vessel several furlongs down the river. But when Peschiera had helped the two women on deck and then jumped aboard himself, a flood of light poured around him from lifted torches. Before him were Italians whose faces scowled on him with vindictive hate and English mariners peering curiously over their shoulders. There stood Riccabocca, no longer the threadbare recluse, but the wealthy Duke of Ser-

rano, at last restored to all his lands and honors, clasping Violante in his arms; and on one side of him Lord L'Estrange, on the other an Austrian prince of exalted rank, who informed the wicked Count that his name would soon be struck from the roll of the nobles of the empire. The vessel which Peschiera hired had been purchased by Lord L'Estrange, who at the last moment had discovered and foiled the plot, having disguised himself as a brigand-like Italian. "Adieu, Monsieur le Comte!" he said to Peschiera, "the vessel which you have honored me by entering is bound for Norway. The Italians who accompany you were sent by yourself into exile, and, in return, they now kindly promise to enliven you with their society." Leonard Fairfield and Frank Hazeldean had both taken part in the rescue. The Marchesa, whose natural honesty had been warped, not destroyed, finally refused the hand of young Hazeldean. She would not inflict on him her own ruined fortunes and the just anger of his family; above all, her place must be now at the side of her ruined and disgraced brother. Frank was broken-hearted, at least for the time.

As for Randal Leslie, it was proved that he had actually suggested the snare from which Violante was delivered, that he had plotted the marriage between Frank and the Marchesa, that he had betrayed Egerton, his patron. He was unmasked, and Frank was reconciled to his father. Thus the young man who had started in life with such high prospects, who had taken for his device, "Knowledge is Power," soon sank so low as to become the companion of damaged gamesters and third-rate *roués*, and to die at last a drunken usher in a private school.

Leonard Fairfield awoke one morning to find himself famous as a poet, and what pleased him infinitely better, he discovered that there was no stain on his birth. Nora Avenel had fled from the boyish love of Harley l'Estrange. Her gratitude to Lady Lansmere would have prevented her from accepting him, even if she had loved him, which was not the case. But Harley believed firmly that his passion was returned. When he discovered her new residence, he introduced his bosom friend, Audley Egerton, to her. They loved almost from the first moment they saw each other. Audley told his comrade that Nora did not care for him except as a friend. But Harley dis-

believed him and grew indignant. Then Audley forgot his friend, forgot the world. They were married. Audley wished the marriage kept secret for a time for many reasons. Then the ill-fated woman was led by the guile of an enemy of Egerton to suspect that her marriage with the man she loved with surpassing tenderness was fraudulent. She returned to die under the roof of her parents. So Leonard was the son of Audley Egerton. But he did not long enjoy a father's intimacy. The great statesman expired shortly after the intelligence reached him. Leonard's birth and identity were easily proven. With the money due him as his father's heir and a sum paid him by his Uncle Richard (now happily married to the Honorable Mrs. McCatchley), he purchased a small house amid the most beautiful scenes of Devonshire. Here he and his wife Helen led a life of ideal beauty. Lord L'Estrange wedded Violante, to the delight of the Duke, as well as of the Earl and Countess of Lansmere, who, after the lapse of some years, had proof that their noble house was not likely to die out in the male line. The Duke, too, has a son and heir. This has increased his affection for Jemima, who, though she has accommodated herself to greatness more readily than her princely husband, retains all her native Hazeldean simplicity of heart and is adored by the Italian villagers around her. The Squire and his wife still flourish at Hazeldean, and Mrs. Dale and her parson are as happy as they deserve to be, which is saying much.

WHAT WILL HE DO WITH IT? (1858)

The title of this story belonged to the third of a series of novels in illustration of English domestic life which Bulwer-Lytton undertook about the middle of his literary career. He had already made his fame as poet, dramatist, and novelist in fields so radically different that the three domestic novels—*The Caxtons, My Novel,* and *What Will He Do With It?*—were greeted as a surprise and treated as if they had marked the appearance of a new writer in the field of fiction. Their success was enormous, but, having written them, the peculiarly versatile author wrote no more in that particular style. The story was first published as a serial in *Blackwood's Magazine.*

IONEL HAUGHTON, an enthusiastic boy of seventeen, and Francis Vance, a rapidly rising artist ten years older, were on a walking trip.

At a fair in Surrey they encountered two strollers. One was William Waife, an old and dignified vagabond, crippled, blind in one eye, and called "Gentleman Waife," because in manner, education, and bearing he showed that he had once been a gentleman. The other was Waife's grandchild, Sophy. Both were attached to the theatrical company of one Rugge, Sophy being the chief attraction.

Vance was fascinated by the little maiden's beauty and agreed to pay her three pounds for the privilege of painting her as Titania. During the sittings Lionel, in a boyish way, fell in love with Sophy, who was in all respects as lovable as she was beautiful. The two agreed to correspond, but as soon as the sittings were over Waife and his grandchild disappeared, leaving behind a dignified note from Waife suggesting that it might be better to end the acquaintance.

Lionel was a young man of uncertain place in the world. His father, Charlie Haughton of the Guards, had been an aristocrat; his mother was a linen-draper's daughter whom the Captain, at a time when he was reduced by gambling and extravagance, had married under some species of compulsion.

At this time Lionel's mother was living on her widow's pension, eked out by the letting of lodgings. In response to her appeal, Guy Darrell, a wealthy, celebrated misanthrope and recluse, who was by birth the head of both the Darrell and Haughton families, had paid the cost of Lionel's education thus far. When the boy left school Darrell wrote coldly to the mother, asking Lionel's choice of a profession, and offering to maintain him in college, to buy him a commission in the army, or to secure an India appointment for him, as the boy might himself elect.

The mother indiscreetly showed the letter to Lionel, who resented its tone and regarded the offered benefaction as a mere bone thrown to a dog. He wrote angrily to Darrell, declining further favor and declaring his own purpose to repay the debt already existing. It was at the time of Waife's disappearance with Sophy that Lionel received an answer to this letter. Darrell replied coldly but not angrily. He stated it as a fact that as yet the young man owed him nothing, for the reason that in his own youth and poverty he had received like help from Lionel's grandfather, so that in bearing the expense of the young man's education he himself had only been discharging a debt. For the rest, he would press nothing upon Lionel, but suggested that before deciding upon a final breach it might be well for the young man to visit him at his country place, Fawley. He thought it likely, he said, that they two would dislike each other, but, both being gentlemen, their mutual dislike need not involve any open unpleasantness; and after becoming acquainted they could part without feeling, particularly as at one time in the past Lionel's father had been Guy Darrell's warmest friend.

At Fawley, Lionel found his distant kinsman living the life of a proud and bitter recluse. In youth poor, but of high lineage, it had been his ambition to restore his house to great influence. He had achieved both fame and fortune as a lawyer, and boundless influence as a statesman to whom men deferred and parties made obeisance. As if Fate itself would make him its favorite, his wealth, already great, was multiplied by an enormous inheritance from a distant kinsman.

He married, after a love disappointment. His wife was a

sly, intriguing person, who ended by deceiving him. Fortunately she died before disgrace. His son died in childhood, and his daughter, who inherited her mother's qualities, completed the ruin of his life.

Lionel learned few of these details at the time of his visit. Such knowledge came to him later, in explanation of a misanthropic cynicism which at this time puzzled and distressed him.

At Fawley, Darrell had servants in plenty, but only one companion, his secretary, a peasant but a scholar, named Fairthorn, who shambled in his gait, was of meanly jealous mind, had no manners, worshiped Darrell, and played divinely upon the flute.

In mid-career Darrell had purchased lands for a dozen miles around, and had collected many pictures and art objects. He had begun the construction of a palace adjoining the manor-house. Suddenly he abandoned law, statesmanship, and life. He ceased to buy lands or pictures. He boarded up the windows and doors of the unfinished palace, and became a recluse. All visitors were turned away, with the formula, "Mr. Darrell is not at home."

His reception of Lionel was coldly courteous. His formality was so excessive that when, a little later, a proposed benefit was added the young man revolted and, telling his benefactor that he did not like him, resolved to quit the place. But if Lionel did not like Darrell, Darrell liked Lionel not the less for his manly spirit, and a truce was made. Lionel had learned little by little from Fairthorn the history of the Darrell and Haughton families, and something of Guy Darrell himself. More important, he had learned for the first time the history of his own father, Charlie Haughton. Darrell had so managed the heavily encumbered Haughton estate as to free it of debt and leave a goodly income to Captain Haughton of the Guards. But Captain Haughton had gambled his patrimony away, sold out his commission in the Guards for a place in the line, squandered the proceeds of the exchange, and, as already related, married the linen-draper's daughter, Lionel's mother. A breach occurred then between Darrell and his old friend, and the two saw no more of each other.

Then it was that, in loyalty to his mother, Lionel decided to

break with Guy Darrell forever. Darrell, admiring his spirit, apologized; the two made friends, and Lionel stayed on. The two presently came to know and appreciate each other, until at last Lionel ventured upon a passionate appeal to Darrell for the rescue of Sophy from vagrancy, if he, Lionel, should ever again find the charming young girl. This appeal was made in behalf of Sophy Waife, but it was powerfully influential in behalf of Lionel Haughton. It revealed the boy's winsome character and awakened in Guy Darrell a new interest in a young kinsman for whom he had intended only to secure an appointment, as a thing owed by the head of a house to an uninteresting scion of the family. Guy Darrell appreciated the manhood of Lionel Haughton and had power to make his appreciation a matter of lasting consequence.

In his newly awakened affection for Lionel, Darrell became interested in all that concerned the boy. Not only would he promise aid for Sophy when Lionel should find her, but he would set his own solicitor to search her out. Meanwhile, he would put himself in touch with Lionel's mother, and make amends to her for a neglect which had been prompted by the thought that she had been the cause of a heartbreaking quarrel between himself and his dead friend. Darrell had known nothing of her poverty. He had provided for Lionel's education in the confident belief that his mother's relatives were wealthy tradespeople who provided abundantly for her support. Now that he learned the facts, he decided to establish Mrs. Haughton in a way becoming to the widow of his friend.

He sent Lionel back to London with two letters. One was to the boy's mother, advising her of an ample provision, enabling her to set up a house of her own, with an adequate provision for its maintenance; the other was addressed to Colonel Alban Morley, man of the world, accomplished in all that pertained to life. It asked the Colonel to introduce Lionel to society in order that he might learn to know the world before deciding on his own career. To the boy himself Darrell said that he had not decided to make him his heir—that he might even marry again—but that at any rate he would make adequate provision for him, so that he might be entirely free to choose his own career.

Meanwhile Waife and Sophy wandered. With the three pounds Vance had paid Waife bought a marvelously accomplished poodle, which he named Sir Isaac. Changing his own name to Chapman, he won the confidence of Mayor Hartopp of Gatesboro, and gave a profitable performance with the dog and Sophy. Then Sophy fell ill, and, in spite of the little trick played upon him, Mayor Hartopp became interested in the child and placed her in his own bailiff's cottage for recuperation while Waife should be absent.

When Guy Darrell was left a widower with a daughter, Matilda (who inherited her mother's instincts of intrigue), a young woman named Arabella Fosset was employed as her governess. Arabella was a woman of large ability. Her father, after a life of ease, had died bankrupt. Her friends and former schoolmasters interested themselves in Arabella and secured for her the engagement as governess. Arabella had a lover, Jasper Losely, a man of unusual strength and physical beauty, but altogether a scoundrel. She had become to him what she called his "wife in the eyes of God." He had refused to marry her, but from time to time visited her when his funds were low, and then, notwithstanding his abandonment, she ministered to his financial needs.

In her walks with Matilda she encountered Jasper Losely. Matilda appeared hardly to notice the handsome villain, but notes passed between the two behind Arabella's back, and presently Losely ran away with Darrell's daughter.

The breach with Darrell was instantaneous and complete, but by his own marriage settlements to the sum of ten thousand pounds must go to Matilda's husband in the event of her own death and the death of any child born to her. Matilda gave birth to a daughter and died. According to the papers presented, the daughter also died in infancy, in charge of a nurse. The money was paid to Losely. Later Losely brought a child to Arabella Fosset, the little Sophy, representing that she was in fact Matilda Darrell's daughter, and that her pretended death had been only a ruse by which to secure the ten thousand pounds.

Angry and resentful, Arabella (who in the mean time had received a large property by inheritance from a relation named

Crane and had taken the name of Mrs. Arabella Crane) took the child of her hated rival, treated her cruelly, and at last let her fall into the hands of "Gentleman Waife," Jasper Losely's father, and the little girl's grandfather.

About the time of Lionel's visit to Fawley, Jasper Losely was sorely pressed for money. He visited Arabella Crane and demanded to know what had become of the child, upon whose beauty and gifts he wished to trade.

Arabella entreated him to marry her, but he refused. She then decided to adopt him as her son, determining sooner or later to secure full control of his life by making herself his sole dependence for money.

They advertised for Sophy, with a promise of something to her advantage. Innocently a young man named George Morley responded with information. He was of aristocratic lineage, a scholar, and a devotee to the work of the ministry, for which an impediment of speech unfitted him. He had accidentally met Waife and Sophy in their wanderings, and, sincerely believing that he was conferring a benefit upon both, he informed Arabella Crane of their whereabouts. Thereupon Arabella and Losely went to Gatesboro, informed the Mayor that Waife was a convicted felon, and secured the delivery of Sophy into Losely's hands. Losely promptly sold her to Rugge, whose theatrical ambitions were dependent upon the girl's genius and beauty.

But Sophy obstinately refused to act, and no persuasion or threat could move her. Then Arabella Crane intervened. She had recognized Waife in the throng, disguised as a blind man and led by Sir Isaac, whose doggish identity had been hidden by skilful dyeing. Arabella had repented and determined to save Sophy from Rugge and Losely. To that end she went to Sophy and promised her that if she would act for that one occasion she should be restored to her grandfather. The two were brought into communication and Sophy escaped her bondage. A little later Arabella completed the work of rescue. She found two emigrants bound for America and paid their passage-money on condition that they should register themselves at the steamship office as William and Sophy Waife. Then she refunded to Rugge the one hundred pounds he had paid Losely

for Sophy's services, thus effectually baffling further search for the child. But her scheme also baffled the search of Guy Darrell's solicitor.

To complete her "works meet for repentance," Arabella, through her agent, enabled Waife to rent a cottage with an osier-ground, and to set himself up as an ingenious maker of baskets.

There he fell in with George Morley again and rendered him the supreme service of training him out of his speech impediment, thus enabling him to do the work of a clergyman, to which his whole soul aspired. He and Waife became friends, and Morley promised to respect the ex-vagabond's reserves with all a gentleman's sincerity, because he recognized in Waife the soul of a gentleman.

Darrell went abroad for some years. Then he returned to England, giving it out that he might reënter public life and—still more important—might marry again. Would-be brides were pressed upon him, but his one demand was for a woman whom he could love, and he already loved Caroline, Lady Montfort, who had deceived and betrayed him, as he believed. All London flocked about him—all social London, all political London. But presently he withdrew once more to Fawley. Life had no further charm for him. He remembered the past. He remembered Caroline and her treachery. He remembered the daughter who had run away with Jasper Losely. He remembered Jasper Losely as the son of his old friend, William Losely, who had fallen into crime and had been sentenced to seven years' transportation. It was all bitter, and Guy Darrell gave up the thought of resuming life. So he retired to Fawley, after giving it out that, whether he should make Lionel Haughton his heir or not, he had settled an ample fortune on him.

Caroline Lyndsey had been loved by Guy Darrell in his youth, and she had loved him. Under family influence, and deceived by falsehoods, she had married instead Lord Montfort, the head of the Vipont family, to which Darrell himself belonged. Her marriage had been unhappy, and when she was left a widow she went to live in her dower house at Twickenham. Through George Morley, her cousin, to whom fluent speech had been given by Waife, she became interested in Sophy.

She came to love the girl tenderly, almost as a daughter, and she tried to interest Darrell in her. He, regarding Sophy's claim to be his grandchild as fraudulent—for he had investigated it—and resenting Lady Montfort's former treatment of himself, rejected with scorn the appeal in the girl's behalf.

Lionel meanwhile had grown to manhood and Sophy to womanhood, and they loved each other. But the truth had been learned, by all but Sophy, that Waife was really William Losely, confessed criminal and ex-convict, and that her father was Jasper Losely, adventurer and thorough scoundrel.

Arabella Crane, monomaniac now in her purpose to save Jasper from crime and its consequences and to make him helplessly dependent upon herself, relentlessly baffled one after another of his criminal undertakings. In desperation at last, he decided to bring his brute force to bear upon Guy Darrell. He went to Fawley and made his way into Darrell's remote upper room. Darrell having left the chamber for a time, Losely locked the door by which he had entered, pocketed the key and cut the bell-rope. When Darrell returned Jasper locked the other door, and the two men stood face to face, the one with the physical strength of a tiger unrestrained by any moral consideration, and the other armed only with intellect and courage.

Losely knew that there was a large sum of money in the house, paid in as rent that day. He demanded it. Darrell calmly explained that the money was in a remote part of the house which could be reached only by passing through occupied rooms. Then Losely declared his purpose to take Darrell by the throat and compel him, upon pain of death, to lead the way to the hoard. Darrell refused, saying that Jasper had certainly not come thither merely to commit a profitless murder, and that his murder must be profitless, inasmuch as he peremptorily declined to reveal the hiding-place of the money even to save his life. Then Jasper demanded a check, and Darrell appeared to acquiesce. He wrote. Then he wrapped the slip of paper around an antique seal and dropped it from the window upon a ledge below, inaccessible except through an occupied room. Having done this, Darrell coolly faced his antagonist and told him what had been done. That slip of paper would be found upon the opening of the casement in the morning.

It bore the statement that if Guy Darrell should be found dead, Jasper Losely was his murderer.

Baffled, desperate, Losely lost all self-control and attempted a murder of mere rage. Darrell fenced him off with a firebrand, and the issue of the combat was still in doubt when the door was assailed from without, and presently burst open to admit Alban Morley, Lionel Haughton, and a servant, all armed. Darrell coolly contrived to let Losely escape, and then thanked his friends for the rescue. They introduced the real rescuer, Arabella Crane. The minute watch she kept upon Jasper Losely had revealed his purpose to her, and she had at once summoned Alban Morley and Lionel Haughton to the rescue. When Darrell tried to thank her she repudiated the claim of obligation, on the ground that her purpose had been to save Jasper Losely, not Guy Darrell.

Jasper sought out his father and a passionate scene occurred between the two, in the course of which it was made clear that William Losely—otherwise Waife—never had been a criminal at all, but had self-sacrificingly sought to save his son Jasper by taking upon himself the responsibility for his son's crime and paying the penalty of seven years' penal service with lifelong disgrace to follow. Jasper now pleaded with his father to save the one from the hulks, the other from the workhouse, by revealing the whereabouts of Sophy and by permitting him, Jasper, to make a last, desperate attempt to compel those who might be sheltering her to pay for the privilege of saving her.

Waife was resolute in refusal.

By accident the conversation was overheard from first to last by the Rev. George Morley and Mayor Hartopp. When they revealed themselves to Waife, after Jasper had gone, the old man's sole pleading was that they should spare his guilty son, for whose sake he had done so terrible a penance.

Jasper Losely had caught a hint at least of Sophy's whereabouts. He determined to visit Lady Montfort. But first he visited, and by brute force conquered, the criminals of his gang, who had planned, as he knew, to depose and kill him. Having successfully carried out that purpose, he made his way to Arabella Crane's house. A stroke of paralysis seized him, and at last he lay helplessly dependent upon the grim, gray woman.

George Morley and his uncle, Colonel Alban Morley, made haste to rehabilitate Waife. Summoning Lionel, they went to Fawley, telling Lionel meanwhile the fact, hitherto unknown to him, of his own father's wrong to William Losely—a wrong that had ruined his life.

Darrell was resolute in refusing to let Lionel marry the daughter of the criminal Jasper, but he sanctioned his act in providing an annuity for Waife as an atonement for his father's wrong.

Lionel and Sophy were broken-hearted. So was Waife, and so was Lady Montfort, who had adopted Sophy and taken upon herself all a mother's tender concern for the girl's happiness.

Darrell set to work at once, and with all his sagacity, to accomplish two purposes: first, legally and completely to free William Losely's name of the taint of crime; and, secondly, to find Jasper, and so adequately provide for him that he might never again bring disgrace upon his father.

Lionel entreated Waife to go to Fawley and with Darrell search out finally the mystery of Sophy's birth. The search could not hold out much of hope, for if it showed Sophy to be Darrell's grandchild, it must show her also to be Jasper Losely's child, and Darrell would never consent to Lionel's union with the daughter of that criminal. Darrell's own investigations, previously made, had satisfied him that Sophy was not his grandchild, but the daughter of Jasper Losely and Gabrielle Desmarets, a notorious adventuress. If that should prove to be the fact, Darrell would still more resolutely refuse his consent to the marriage that alone could make Lionel and Sophy happy. A remote chance remained that further investigation might show Sophy to be the child of honest parents, peasants perhaps, who for trading and blackmailing purposes Jasper had falsely put forward as Matilda Darrell's daughter. In that case Darrell would make no objection to the humbleness of the girl's birth.

Lionel and Waife went to Fawley, and Darrell rejoiced to receive with honor and affection the old man who had self-sacrificingly suffered so greatly for another's crime. But the strain proved too much for Waife's strength, and he collapsed. Darrell telegraphed for a great physician, but for a time the issue was in doubt. When partially recovered, Waife did not

further yield to treatment, and the wise physician read the cause aright. He was pining for Sophy, and when Darrell knew this he sent for the girl.

Just before her arrival Lionel quitted the place and went to join the regiment into which he had exchanged solely because it was presently going off to war, and Lionel, in his despair of happiness, courted danger as a relief.

Sophy was wounded to the heart by his failure to leave so much as a message for her. Without knowing, she began to suspect the truth, that Darrell was the kinsman who proudly refused to recognize her kinship; that it was he who, while treating her with every gentleness of courtesy, and manifesting a tender friendship for Waife, nevertheless forbade Lionel's desire to make her his wife, as a thing degrading to the house of Darrell, to which he had made Lionel the heir.

About this time Colonel Alban Morley and his nephew, George Morley, joined forces in an assault upon the citadel of Guy Darrell's pride. Alban Morley, soldier, decorated fighter, and accomplished man of the world, pleaded for Lionel; George Morley, man of God and irresistibly eloquent preacher, sought to fulfil the promise he had years ago made to William Waife, that in return for his service in giving him the speech wherewith to fulfil his godly mission, he would use all his powers in Sophy's behalf if ever the time of need should come. Looking at the matter from opposite points of view, the man of the world and the man of God were agreed in their purpose to compel Guy Darrell to put aside his pride and consent to a marriage which meant happiness to Lionel and Sophy. Their task was difficult, but in the end they succeeded. Darrell sent an express for Lionel, and proceeded to give his orders to Fairthorn. The pictures were to be placed in a museum, together with the archæological collections of Guy Darrell's father. The manor house was to be pulled down and its materials deposited in the lake. The lake itself was to be filled up and turfed over. Lionel was to have all of Guy Darrell's wealth, except that the manor lands were to go to the foundation of some college fellowships. Darrell, with Fairthorn for sole companion, would retire to Sorrento.

Fairthorn rebelled, not openly but with effect. He sought

out Sophy and told her all he knew of her shameful origin. He bitterly taunted her with her agency in destroying an old and honorable house, thus cruelly torturing her sensitive soul.

Then Lionel came. Darrell sent him to make his life's peace with Sophy. Sophy, with a pride as resolute as Darrell's itself, rejected his suit, and there seemed no possible solution of the difficulty, for the reason that Sophy proudly refused to give reasons but obstinately adhered to her decision.

Arabella Crane had been ceaselessly at work during all this time, and her work had borne fruit. She had unraveled more than one mystery, and she had secured incontestable proof of the solutions she had reached.

Sophy was the daughter neither of Jasper Losely nor Matilda Darrell nor Gabrielle Desmarets, but of the poet Arthur Brandthwaite and his wife, the sister of Frank Vance, the artist who had paid Sophy three pounds for the privilege of painting her portrait as Titania, and whose fame had been made by his female heads, the original of all of them being Sophy. The story was a simple one—its details of no consequence. It was perfectly confirmed in every particular, and there now remained no reason why Sophy should not accept Lionel's suit with head as erect as it had been in rejecting it.

Meantime Guy Darrell had ceaselessly labored for the complete clearing of William Losely's name. He had secured that special pardon upon proof of innocence, which removes all disabilities and utterly obliterates all memory of an offense untruthfully charged.

But among the papers that thus cleared up mysteries, there was one that Guy Darrell was not meant to read. It fell into his hands by accident, and it revealed to him for the first time the treachery that had deceived Caroline Lyndsay and led her to desert the man she loved and marry Lord Montfort instead.

An accident brought Guy Darrell and Caroline, Lady Montfort, together. An accident forced the revelation, and the love these two had cherished for each other found expression at last in a reunion.

Lionel and Sophy were married. So were Darrell and Lady Montfort. Darrell canceled his orders for the obliteration of the manor-house, and even Fairthorn played his flute again.

A STRANGE STORY (1862)

This novel first appeared in *All the Year Round* in 1861, long after Bulwer had fully demonstrated his versatility. In his preface, Bulwer says: "Of course, according to the most obvious principles of art, the narrator of a fiction must be as thoroughly in earnest as if he were the narrator of facts. But when the reader lays down this *Strange Story*, perhaps he will detect, through all the haze of Romance, the outlines of these images suggested to his reason: Firstly, the image of sensuous, soulless Nature, such as the Materialist had conceived it. Secondly, the image of Intellect, obstinately separating all its inquiries from the belief in the spiritual essence and destiny of man, and incurring all kinds of perplexity, and resorting to all kinds of visionary speculation before it settles at last into the simple faith which unites the philosopher and the infant. And, Thirdly, the image of the erring but pure-thoughted visionary, seeking overmuch on this earth to separate soul from mind, till innocence itself is led astray by a phantom, and reason is lost in the space between earth and the stars."

IN the year 18— Dr. Fenwick settled in the great English town, L——. He had studied at Edinburgh and Paris, made a tour of the principal cities of Europe, and in the Tyrol had cured an English traveler of acute inflammation of the lungs. The latter proved to be Julius Faber, a physician of great distinction, who proposed that the young doctor should come to L—— as his partner. At the end of two years Dr. Faber retired and was succeeded by Dr. Fenwick, whose chief rival was a Dr. Lloyd. The latter proclaimed himself not only an enthusiastic advocate of mesmerism as a curative process, but an ardent believer in the reality of somnambular clairvoyance as an invaluable gift of certain privileged organizations. To these doctrines Dr. Fenwick was sternly opposed. When invited to attend Dr. Lloyd's *séances* to witness his cures, he wrote a small pamphlet in which he exhausted all the weapons that irony can lend to contempt. Dr. Lloyd was demolished. His practice was gone, as well as his repute. Mortification, or anger, brought on a stroke of paralysis, which put an end to the controversy.

One winter's night Dr. Fenwick was summoned to attend Dr. Lloyd, who had just received a second stroke. The first glance told him that his art was powerless. Dr. Lloyd said:

"I have summoned you to gaze on your own work! You have stricken down my life at the moment when it was most needed by my children and most serviceable to mankind. . . . Do you believe me in error? Still you knew that my object was research into truth. You employed against your brother in art venomous drugs and a poisoned probe. Look at me! Are you satisfied with your work? Vain pretender, do not boast that you brought a genius for epigram to the service of science! Science is lenient to all who offer experiment as the test of conjecture. You are of the stuff of which inquisitors are made. You cry that truth is profaned when your dogmas are questioned. In your shallow presumption you have meted the dominions of nature, and where your eye halts its vision you say, 'There nature must close'; in the bigotry which adds crime to presumption, you would stone the discoverer who, in annexing new realms to her chart, unsettles your arbitrary landmarks. Verily, retribution shall await you! In those spaces which your sight has disdained to explore you shall yourself be a lost and bewildered staggerer. Hist! I see them already! The gibbering phantoms are gathering round you!"

Dr. Lloyd's vacant house was soon taken by a Mrs. Ashleigh and her daughter, Lilian. Dr. Fenwick was called in to attend the daughter, who was suffering from a mysterious nervous attack. When he spoke to her she said: "Can it be? Am I awake? Mother, who is this?"

"Only a visitor, Dr. Fenwick, darling; how are you now?"

"Better, strangely better."

In less than a fortnight, Lilian regained her usual health.

When, some time after, Dr. Fenwick declared his love for Lilian, she explained the cause of her strange illness:

"That evening when you first saw me seated here, I saw you also; but in a vision, far in the deeps of space; and near where your image grew out from the cloud I saw my father's face and heard him whisper: 'Ye will need one another.' But suddenly between my eyes and the two forms there rose from the earth, obscuring the skies, a vague dusky vapor, undulous

and coiling like a vast serpent, nothing of its shape and figure definite, but of its face one abrupt glare; a flash from two dread luminous eyes, and a young head like the Medusa's, changing, more rapidly than I could have drawn breath, into a grinning skull."

Mrs. Ashleigh and Lilian went away on a visit to relatives, and during their absence Dr. Fenwick made the acquaintance of a stranger, of whom he wrote as follows:

"Never have I seen human face so radiant as that young man's—large eyes, unspeakably lustrous, a most harmonious coloring, an expression of contagious animation and joyousness; and the form itself so critically fine that the welded strength of its sinews was best shown in the lightness and grace of its movements. He was introduced to me by the name of Margrave. My intercourse with him grew habitual and familiar. In his character there seemed no special vices nor virtues; but a wonderful vivacity, joyousness, and animal good-humor. He was singularly temperate; but his main moral defect was a want of sympathy, even where he professed attachment. The fascination which he exercised was universal."

Margrave cared nothing for love: youth and the joyous vitality of nature were what he sought. The rarest of all discoveries—eternal youth—he wanted the doctor to assist him in finding. He believed in the extreme powers of mesmerism, clairvoyance, second sight and all such gifts. He declared that there are certain temperaments in which the gift of the Pythoness is stored. "Where the gift exists to perfection," he said, "he who knows how to direct and profit by it should be able to discover all he desires to know for the preservation of his own life. He will be forewarned of every danger, forearmed in the means by which danger is avoided. For the eye of the true Pythoness matter has no obstructions, space no confines, time no measurements."

As he described the qualities, characteristics, and temperament of the true Pythoness, the doctor was terrified to recognize a description of Lilian, whom Margrave had not yet seen. Margrave ended by saying that, through the aid of a Pythoness, he might discover the process of an experiment, which the doctor's practical science would assist him to complete. When

the doctor scornfully rejected his offer of the knowledge of occult secrets, in return for the doctor's services in experiments for a month, Margrave, with a sinister, wrathful, and menacing air, said: "I abide my time."

The Mayor of L—— gave a ball in honor of the opening of a museum that contained Dr. Lloyd's famous collection of stuffed birds and animals. There Dr. Fenwick met Sir Philip Derval, a local magnate who had just returned from many years' wanderings in the East, where Margrave had known him. Sir Philip was glad to make the acquaintance of the doctor, who, at college, had gallantly saved the life of Richard Strahan, Sir Philip's nearest living relation. The Baronet was an adept in the occult sciences of the Orient; and the doctor was greatly impressed with his knowledge and conversation, in the course of which he declared that certain circumstances had imposed upon him the duty of discovering and bringing to justice a creature armed with terrible powers of evil. "This monster has by arts, superior to those of ordinary fugitives, eluded my search for years. Through the trance of an Arab child I have learned that this being is in L——. I am here to encounter him. I expect to do so this very night and under this very roof."

Margrave appeared at the door of the room where they were talking, and Sir Philip recognized him. The doctor was startled: "Eccentric notions—fantastic speculations—vivacious egotism —defective benevolence—yes, but crime!—no—impossible!"

Sir Philip hid in the shadow of a huge anaconda, and cast first Margrave and then the doctor into a mesmeric trance, and told the latter to view the tenement of clay as it was when three years before Sir Philip had seen it in the house of Haroun of Aleppo. The frame of Margrave at once seemed to change from exuberant youth to infirm old age. The joyous expression of the face passed into gloomy discontent and in every furrow a passion or vice had sown the seeds of grief. In the brain also was visible a charred and ruined moral world, though one of magnificent intellectual power.

On recovering from his trance, the doctor had further converse with Sir Philip, whom on his way home he met taking refuge from a storm in an archway. Sir Philip had with him a

casket which he prized as his life, since it contained Eastern essences and medicaments of talismanic virtues. On reaching home the doctor was summoned to a patient; and on his way back through the same archway stumbled across the body of Sir Philip stabbed to death. His purse and casket were missing.

Richard Strahan was the heir to Derval Court; and in his will Sir Philip had recommended Richard to search in his desk for a manuscript containing a record of the baronet's life, comprising discoveries in sciences now little cultivated. This was to be arranged for publication by some scientist who was accustomed to the study of chemistry in connection with electricity and magnetism. Strahan naturally selected his old friend, Dr. Fenwick, and carried him to Derval Court.

In the mean time, Lilian had returned. Margrave had taken lodgings opposite her residence, and while she and the doctor were taking a moonlight stroll in the garden, Margrave sang the song of the serpent-charmer from his balcony, which song Lilian declared she had heard the night before in a dream. On catching sight of the singer, she was greatly agitated and said that he was the same she had seen in the space the first evening she and the doctor had met. She immediately became *distraite* and cold to her lover, who took his leave in great concern.

After dinner with Strahan at Derval Court, Fenwick learned that Margrave, who had made Strahan's acquaintance, had heard of the manuscript, and taken great interest in it. The doctor was unwilling to express mere suspicions; but asked to examine it at once and read it after Strahan had gone to bed. The narrative showed that after delving in the old astrological works and many others on the borderland between natural science and imaginative speculation to be found in his old library, Sir Philip had determined to pursue his studies in the East. The name "Haroun of Aleppo" at once arrested the doctor's attention. Sir Philip stated that that wonderful man had mastered every secret in nature which the nobler, or theurgic, magic seeks to fathom; he had discovered the great principle of animal life: there was no disease he could not cure, no decrepitude which he could not transform into vigor. He said that he had thrice renewed his own life, and, having grown weary of living on, would do so no more. He took a great fancy

to Sir Philip, instructed him in all the arts of healing and imparted many secrets of the occult sciences.

To him came a decrepit Englishman, a millionaire outcast of European society, who had long maintained a luxurious court in the Orient surrounded by professors of the Black Art. He confessed the misdeeds of a vile life and demanded its renewal at any price. He boasted of the power to fascinate and destroy, which he had exercised by means of evil spirits. He spoke of the revelation, now too late, of aid which such direful allies could afford, not only to a private revenge but to a kingly ambition. Had he acquired the knowledge he declared himself to possess before the feebleness of the decaying body made it valueless, how he could have triumphed over that world which had expelled his youth from its pale! He spoke of means by which his influence could work undetected on the minds of others, control agencies that could never betray, and baffle the justice that could never discover. He spoke vaguely of a power by which a spectral reflection of the material body could be cast, like a shadow, to a distance; could glide through the walls of a prison and elude the sentinels of a camp. This power he asserted to be—when enforced by concentred will, and acting on the mind, where, in each individual, temptation found mind the weakest—almost infallible in its effect to seduce or to appal. And he closed these and similar boasts of demoniacal arts with a tumultuous imprecation on their nothingness to avail against the gripe of death. All this lore he would communicate to Haroun in return for life, common life—"to breathe yet a while the air, feel yet a while the sun."

Haroun refused to employ spells to lengthen the term of a pestilence or profane the secrets of Nature to restore youth and vigor to the failing energies of crime. However, on the man's promises of repentance, Haroun administered a few drops of an elixir, which immediately relieved his sufferings.

Sir Philip was sent by Haroun to Damascus on a mission of healing, and on his return found that the sage had been found dead in his solitary home with marks of strangling on his throat. Simultaneously the Englishman had disappeared, with two of his numerous suite; one, a beautiful Arab, Ayesha, his devoted nurse, and her follower, an Indian Thug. Sir Philip failed to

make the local officials share his suspicions; but he devoted himself to trace and end the course of the man he believed to have murdered Haroun for the sake of the elixir of youth.

Dr. Fenwick had read so far when a dim shadow fell over the page and a cold air breathed on him. Looking up he saw on the opposite wall the likeness of Margrave in luminous shadow. Overcome by an unaccountable spell, he fell asleep. When he awoke, the manuscript was gone. He immediately went to Strahan's room and told him of the loss. Strahan suspected him of stealing it for the sake of the secrets it contained.

The next morning the doctor was arrested for the murder on information of an individual who had seen him and Sir Philip together in the archway. His rooms had been searched, and in them the rifled casket and a blood-stained knife had been found. His suspicions of Margrave, who could easily have gained entrance to his rooms, were received with incredulity. That night on the prison wall the luminous shadow, or Scin-læca, again appeared. Margrave's voice offered to save him on conditions. The doctor indignantly spurned his aid. A few days later he heard from his lawyer that Margrave was a constant visitor at the Ashleighs.

Meanwhile, Lilian had not sent him a word of sympathy or encouragement. The next day the Scin-læca again appeared, and the doctor accepted the conditions of assistance, which were: "You will pledge yourself to desist from all insinuations against myself; you will not, when you meet me in the flesh, refer to what you have known of my likeness in the shadow. You will be invited to the house at which I may be also a guest; you will come; you will meet and converse with me as guest speaks with guest in the house of a host."

Three days later the doctor was released. Through Margrave's instrumentality a convict had confessed. He had escaped from a mad-house, and, at the behest of the devil, who appeared to him in the form of a beautiful youth, he had slain the Baronet and gained entrance to the doctor's room with the knife and casket, reserving the purse for himself. Strahan's housekeeper also confessed that, impelled by a similar devil, she had gone downstairs and found the doctor asleep. In her

prying curiosity, she had set fire to the manuscript with her candle, and, seeing it half-consumed, had carried it in her fright to her own room, where it was found. The part telling the story of the Englishman in Aleppo was consumed.

A chilling reception awaited Dr. Fenwick when he visited his betrothed. She denied her love, and, on being reproached with Margrave's visits, asserted that her feeling for him was partly awe and partly abhorrence.

The doctor was invited by Strahan to take a little rest at Derval Court, where Margrave was also a guest. While there the doctor had reason to become still more convinced of Margrave's occult powers and dealings with the powers of darkness. On his return to L——, he found no change in Lilian, whose mother determined to take her away for a change. On the day set for the departure, Lilian disappeared. The doctor set out to find her and traced her through lonely country ways where she went on foot to the seashore many miles distant. Whenever seen, she was reported to be walking as if in a trance. At length, at a lonely fishing-village, a man he knew informed him that Margrave was staying there, and that a yacht had arrived for his use the day before. That night the doctor confronted Margrave in a lonely inn, whose occupants he had cast into a mesmeric trance. In a fierce struggle between the two men, the doctor gained possession of a magic wand, and by its virtues put Margrave into a trance in which he forced him to answer his questions. Margrave had discovered the Pythoness, who could assist him to defy the grave. He was going to carry her off that night.

When Dr. Fenwick returned Lilian to her mother, she fell into a delirious fever. On the third day she awoke with all the old love in her eyes. She could not remember anything that had happened since the day she first saw Margrave.

When Lilian returned to the house after her wedding, she received a malicious, anonymous letter. It informed her of her flight, the knowledge of which had been carefully kept from her, and told her of her ostracism by L—— society. When Lilian recovered from a fainting fit, she recognized neither husband nor mother. Before long, Dr. Fenwick took his wife to Australia to join Dr. Faber, in the hope that the voyage might

benefit her. The great physician, however, could do nothing for her.

Many months had passed when one day Margrave arrived at Dr. Fenwick's ranch, asking shelter and rest. He stood leaning both wan and emaciated hands upon his staff and his meager form shrunk deep in the folds of his costly sable cloak. His face was sharp, his complexion livid yellow, his eyes shone unnaturally bright in their hollow orbits. He told the story of his search for the elixir. "I went to the East; I passed through the tents of the Arabs; I was guided to the house of a Dervish, who had for his teacher the most erudite master of secrets occult, whom I knew years ago at Aleppo. From this Dervish I forced the secret I sought. I now know from what peculiar substance the so-called elixir of life is extracted; I know also the steps of the process through which that task is accomplished."

This Dervish guarded every drop of his elixir for himself. He suspected his visitor's designs and fled. Margrave's Arabs chased the fugitive and he was traced to a hut which Margrave entered, where he saw the form of the Dervish on the floor. As he stooped to seize his prey, his hand closed on an asp. The Dervish had piled his clothes cunningly and fled again. When Margrave next overtook him, the former was stricken with the pest of the East, and hovered for weeks between life and death in Damascus. However, the secret of the elixir was his and all the ingredients, with one exception, which was only to be found in gold-bearing lands. He had come for the doctor's assistance in the concoction, and as a reward offered half the result, which would restore Lilian to her health and right mind.

The bribe was successful. The next night Margrave summoned his servants, including Ayesha and the Thug, got into the litter and was carried to a plateau where he succeeded in his search for the missing ingredient. Then he dismissed all his attendants, except Ayesha, and proceeded to mark out a space, planting at intervals lamps, which it was the doctor's task to keep burning. He then lit a fire under a crucible in the center, and made the mixture. For six hours, the fire and lamps were kept burning, while Margrave exultingly watched the success of the experiment.

Toward the close of the last process, the caldron was up-

set by a stampede of cattle. The doctor was knocked down and when he arose he saw the faint writhings of a frail, wasted frame over which the Veiled Woman was bending: "I saw, as I moved with bruised limbs to the place close by the lips of the dying magician, the flash of the ruby-like essence spilt on the sward, and, meteor-like, sparkling up from the torn tufts of herbage. I now reached Margrave's side, bending over him as the Veiled Woman bent, and as I sought gently to raise him, he turned his face, fiercely faltering out: 'Touch me not, rob me not! *You* share with me! Never—never! These glorious drops are all mine! Die all else! I will live—I will live!' Writhing himself from my pitying arms, he plunged his face into the beautiful, playful flame of the essence as if to lap the elixir with lips scorched away from its intolerable burning. Suddenly, with a low shriek, he fell back, his face upturned to mine, and on that face unmistakably reigned Death!"

Ayesha warned the doctor that Juma the Strangler had orders to kill him. On his way home, however, the doctor avoided the snare set for him, and on his agitated inquiry into Lilian's condition, Dr. Faber replied: "She lives—she will recover. For some hours in the night her sleep was disturbed—convulsed. I feared then the worst. Suddenly, just before the dawn, she called out aloud, still in sleep: 'The cold and dark shadow has passed away from me and from Allen—passed away from us both forever!' And from that moment the fever left her. The crisis is past; Nature's benign disposer has permitted nature to restore your life's gentle partner, heart to heart, mind to mind——"

"And soul to soul!" I cried, in my solemn joy.

KENELM CHILLINGLY (1872)

"Owen Meredith," Bulwer-Lytton's son, regarded the last three works of his father—*Kenelm Chillingly*, *The Parisians*, and *The Coming Race*—as a trilogy, in which was portrayed the influence of modern ideas upon character and conduct.

IR PETER CHILLINGLY, of Exmundham, England, a charming country gentleman, was singularly blessed in every respect but one. Fourteen years of happy married life found him without a son. A disagreeable distant cousin already showed by his actions that he regarded himself as Sir Peter's successor at Exmundham. Sir Peter's delight, therefore, may easily be imagined when Lady Chillingly at last presented him with a boy, although the infant was the first Chillingly to have black eyes and was a preternaturally solemn child, who neither cried nor cooed. As Sir Peter expected so much of this son, he wished him to have a fitting name. After looking through the family annals, he found one with a fine, virile resonance—Kenelm—and his precious son and heir was so christened.

The solemn baby grew up to be a thoughtful, silent child, who, at eight years of age, startled Lady Chillingly by the query, "Mamma, are you not sometimes overpowered by the sense of your own identity?" The lady was certainly overpowered by the question!

Kenelm promised to be a variation on his ancestors in more than name. He was educated at Merton school, thrashed a bully in his second year, and was head of the school at sixteen. He studied with a remarkable tutor named Welby, and made his university course at Cambridge. At every stage he was too old for his years. Without ambition or great interest in anything, he was graduated with honors, was the best gentleman

boxer in England, and at his coming-of-age festivities at Exmundham, paralyzed the guests by a Quixotic address, which he concluded thus: "I shall endeavor to walk to my grave with a tranquil indifference to what people may say of me." This was disturbing to the very conventional Lady Chillingly, and distressed his adoring father, who had the most ambitious hopes for his son and heir. When Kenelm was to start on an educational tour, Sir Peter said: "Amuse yourself, but come back cured of your oddities and preserving your honor."

"If I am tempted to do a base thing, may I remember whose son I am," replied the singular young man, with emotion.

With a sincere desire to rid himself of his singularities, he believed a marked change from his wonted habits and environment would help him to do so most effectively. He decided to travel quite differently from the way he would do as a rich man's son. So he set forth on foot, alone, with fifty pounds in his purse, which he thought would support him for a year, and bought at his first stopping-place a suit such as a tenant farmer might wear.

He had amusing adventures. The first man he met interested him, because he was a handsome stroller like himself, but who sang as he went and refreshed Kenelm by his simplicity of manner. Subsequently Sir Peter's grave heir assisted a boy to escape from a man who seemed trying to coerce him, only to discover later that he was aiding a romantic girl to elope with an actor. Kenelm found out that the actor was married, and restored the contrite niece to her uncle.

The next stage of his pedestrian course of studies elicited a more distinguished instance of gallantry. A farmer begged his help to get in his hay. In the evening of Kenelm's maiden-day as a haymaker his grateful employer warned him against a pretty girl who had made some remarks to him in the hayfield, as a big, handsome blacksmith, one Tom Bowles, was daft over the girl, and thrashed any fellow bold enough to pay her attentions. This, too, although the girl, whose name was Jessie Wiles, was in love with a cripple named Will Somers, a basket-maker, and loathed her Herculean admirer. When Kenelm went to bed that night he crooked his arm and felt his muscle. "I fear I shall have to lick Tom Bowles," he sighed

softly. He did, the very next day, having openly precipitated the bout by audacious interest in the lass. He made it a condition of the fight, however, that the conquered man should leave the village for good. Kenelm's strictly altruistic attitude in the matter was evidenced by his concluding a pact of lasting friendship with the overthrown gladiator, whose results made the future career of Tom Bowles read like a Sunday-school romance, and had consequences for Kenelm as well.

Sir Peter's heir had set out on his travels to try to find truth and to escape from shams, and with a firm conviction that the two things a wise man should avoid were Fame and Love. At the outset, Love had drawn him into a fight which secured him Fame. Squire Leopold Travers wished to see the knight who had relieved the neighborhood of its bully, and Kenelm, with a view to enlisting the wealthy Squire's interest in Jessie Wiles and her cripple, called on him and was presented to his daughter, Cecelia, a woman whose beauty and supreme womanly worth impressed even him. A friend of the Squire's recognized him, so he perforce was known in his true character, and consequently gratified Squire Travers's wish that he would be his guest for a while. Cecelia Travers's fine mind and lofty character were fascinated by the singular views, clear comprehension, and exotic sensibility of this genius with dark melancholy eyes and lithe, graceful figure.

One day, during his stay here, Kenelm ran across the portrait of a beautiful young woman, by Sir Peter Lely, hung in an obscure corner. When he asked Cecelia its history she told him with some reluctance this tragic tale. Alfred Fletewode, son of a distinguished but impoverished family, was led to commit forgery through his desire to restore it to its high estate. He was discovered, sentenced to penal servitude, and died by his own hand. His aged father succumbed to the shock of his son's disgrace. Fletewode's sister was engaged to a nobleman, but the engagement was broken and the young woman disappeared, rumor having it that she went to America. Alfred's wife, a woman of distinguished family, died within a few days of her father-in-law's death, heart-broken, too. She was a connection of Mr. Travers's, and this was the reason why her portrait had been hung where it would not be seen.

This poignant page of family history impressed Kenelm deeply. It was not long after this that, although the least vain of men, he felt that the friendly feelings that had sprung up between himself and his host's beautiful daughter rendered his departure advisable.

He left England at once and spent a year and a half on the Continent. He returned to London during the season and took his place in the great world, in which Miss Travers was one of the most striking figures, but he was still the melancholy philosopher whom life could not stir to enthusiasm for ambition or for love.

He was surprised one morning by a call from Tom Bowles, a greatly improved man and a grateful one. He learned from this *protégé* that Will Somers and his wife, Jessie, had been set up by him in a small shop at Moleswich, a village near London. They were ignorant of the identity of their benefactor, but Tom wished Kenelm to visit them and see whether they were happy and prospering. It was a mission after that worthy philosopher's own heart, and two days later found him in the Somers's prosperous shop. While they were renewing their thanks to him warmly for his generosity, a handsome young woman purchaser claimed his acquaintance. It was no other than the eloping girl of his first adventure, now a rich matron, Mrs. Braefield, mistress of a beautiful villa at Moleswich, to which she took Kenelm forthwith to a children's garden party. "I promise you," she said, as they drove to her place, "the sight of the loveliest face you can picture to yourself when you think of your future wife."

"My future wife, I hope, is not yet born," said Kenelm, wearily.

This paragon was a young girl, an orphan, barely seventeen, who lived with her aunt, Mrs. Cameron, a widow. Mrs. Braefield had told Kenelm that Lily's mind was quite "unformed," but that misogynist found himself enthralled by the young girl's ingenuous and bubbling talk, in which he detected flashes of the liveliest intelligence, the most poetic fancy, and truest sentiment. He was not surprised that her pet name with her older friends was "Fairy." She broke from him to capture a rare butterfly. She informed him that butterflies were the

souls of unbaptized infants, and that if they lived a year they became fairies. Kenelm learned that this lovely girl, with the innocence and trustfulness of a child and the soul of a poet, had a guardian, Mr. Melville, an artist, who seldom came to Moleswich, but who had made a great success that year at the Royal Academy. Lily had descanted on this guardian's worth and greatness, but confessed she did not know whether he was a relative or not.

"If he were the nearest relative on earth, I could not love Lion more," she had told Kenelm, with flushed cheeks and frank eyes that grew moist.

Whatever effect this feminine apparition had upon the impassive heir of Sir Peter Chillingly, it drove him to an abrupt departure from Moleswich. He fled to Oxford to consult with Decimus Roach, an admirer of John Henry Newman. His *Approach to the Angels*, an eloquent plea for celibacy, had deeply affected Kenelm in his University days. He had a doubt to propose to him. He found his answer in that worthy celibate's enthusiastic preparations for his impending marriage. After some listless days of wandering, an obsessing feeling he could not lay drew him back to Moleswich like a magnet. Kenelm Chillingly actually asked himself, "Can this strange mental illusion be Love?" He engaged charming lodgings—within easy reach of Grasmere, Mrs. Cameron's cottage. The next day he called on Mrs. Braefield, who invited him to dinner, and asked him to leave an invitation at Grasmere to the same dinner, for Mrs. Cameron and Lily.

He found the enchanting "Fairy" playing on the lawn with a snow-white kitten, Blanche. Lily promptly declined to go to a "grown-up" dinner, as she would have nobody to talk to. When Kenelm declared that he was going and that such would be his case, too, unless she were there, Lily promptly accepted. Mrs. Cameron invited him to luncheon, and Lily showed him her sitting-room and "Lion's" portrait of Blanche. Before he left them Kenelm had come to feel so strongly the sympathy that this untutored girlish soul awakened in his own strange innermost self that he could not trust himself to speak, but hurried away. Daily the charm grew stronger. He saw frequently this innocent girl, who caught butterflies, romped with

her kitten, and uttered thoughts which appealed to him as had no other human being's. She was ready to play with the curate's little girl, just as she was prompt to succor some old woman, or was diligent in caring for the grave of a child in the village churchyard, which was a favorite resort of hers.

"I love the sun," she said. "It is never too bright or too warm for me. But I do not think I was born in the sunlight. I feel more my native self when I creep into the shade and sit there alone. I can weep then." A grave expression settled upon her child-like eyes and pure lips. Kenelm felt a singular rush of feeling. This deep, womanly feeling in this gay, youthful creature stirred him to the depths, fathoming hitherto unconjectural regions in his own soul.

He soon recognized that this new emotion that swayed him was love. But he could not divine what Lily's sentiments were toward himself. He made up his mind promptly as to his only course. In accordance with his promise to that effect, the time had come in which he had to acquaint his father of his desire and his purpose. Without his sanction he would not seek to know Lily's feelings toward himself. But he knew well what that genial and devoted sire would say.

Before he set out on this mission, he gave a simple little turquoise ring to Lily, which he had seen her admire in Jessie Somers's shop. Her first instinctive movement of pride was disarmed by his grave, friendly words, which, without one word of love, were a tacit avowal. As the ring was placed upon her finger, each knew that the other was beloved.

At this juncture our hero was surprised by a request from Mrs. Cameron that he would discontinue his now frequent association with her niece, as she feared the villagers might gossip about it. Kenelm promptly told her that as soon as he should secure his father's consent he meant to win Lily for a wife. To his surprise, Mrs. Cameron showed the strongest opposition, basing it on the disparity in their conditions, while admitting, a little haughtily, that, though poor, Lily was of gentle birth. When Kenelm remained unmoved, she begged him, even should he win his parents' approval, not to speak to her niece until he had seen her again. He gave her this promise.

Sir Peter yielded to his son's desires, but with reluctance. How gladly would he have seen him turn to Cecelia Travers, who was then visiting at Exmundham. When Kenelm received Sir Peter's consent and blessing he said gratefully: "Father, all will be well. I will go into Parliament for your sake, if I win this treasure."

He walked back to Moleswich the next day. As he was resting on the banks of the Thames before entering the village he heard some one singing, and a moment later was greeted and joined by the strolling artist. From his talk, Kenelm found that he, too, was in love's toils.

"I have won fame, and now I can marry. If you saw the picture of a flower-girl in this year's Royal Academy, and looked for the artist's name, you found mine—Walter Melville." Lily's guardian! "Lion."

The next morning, when Kenelm went to Grasmere, Lily and her guardian were out, but Mrs. Cameron received him. He told her of his father's approval. "I have met Mr. Melville," he said. "If he aspires to his ward's hand, it is still Miss Mordaunt's choice which must determine the issue."

"I have now no choice but to tell you why my niece's choice should fall on her guardian," said Mrs. Cameron in great agitation. "I did not think your father would consent to your marriage with a poor, humble orphan. Listen!"

The dreadful associations in connection with her niece which Mrs. Cameron set forth were a startling corollary to the family history Cecelia Travers had confided to him. Lily Mordaunt was the daughter of Alfred Fletewode, the forger and suicide, and Mrs. Cameron was his sister. Walter Melville, as a young man, had been enabled to pursue his art studies through the generosity of Lily's grandfather. After the wreck of the family fortunes, he provided for the father, wife, and sister. Lily, an infant at the time of her father's crime, had been reared in utter ignorance of it.

"I did not know until you left that Walter Melville entertained the feeling of a lover for his ward. Then, in a letter, he told me that he had received an important commission. On Lily's answer to his offer of marriage would depend his under-

taking it or not. 'If she should refuse me,' he had written, 'the youth of my life would be gone.' 'Hush! I hear their voices,'" Mrs. Cameron concluded, agitatedly.

Melville entered, his face radiant, with Lily's hand resting on his arm. He shook Kenelm's hand warmly. "I learn that you have been a visitor here. Long may you be one, say I—say we, for my fair betrothed, to whom I need not introduce you, will join me in that wish."

Lily placed her hand in Kenelm's, which trembled like a leaf. His quick glance at her face showed all its bloom departed, though the expression was wondrously tranquil.

"I wish you joy. All happiness to you, Miss Mordaunt! You have made a noble choice," he said haltingly.

As he made his way toward the door, and vanished, with eyes set like a sleep-walker's, Melville followed him, and said he would walk with him to the bridge. As he was preceding Kenelm along the lane, Lily's pale face showed through the evergreens, and she stretched forth her hand, which he grasped reverently.

"Good by," she whispered. "Forever, in this world. You understand—you do understand me. Say that you do."

"I understand. God bless you! God comfort me!"

Their eyes met. Oh, the sadness, and, alas! the love, in the eyes of both!

A year and a half after this, Kenelm Chillingly and Tom Bowles, who had been the companion of his wanderings, were sitting on the slope of Posilippo one winter day. They had been talking of Tom's engagement to a young Englishwoman. "And you tell me, then," said Kenelm musingly, "that your love for Jessie Somers ceased to torment you, that it died out, when you had seen her another man's happy wife in her home?" The next day they returned to England, and Chillingly went at once, alone, to Moleswich. It was an intensely cold, clear evening, with a light, dry snow powdering the ways. Arrived at Grasmere, he stole across the lawn and looked in at the window. "Let me see her and her happiness, and I can enter and say firmly, 'Good evening, Mrs. Melville.'"

Melville, with a prosperous and contented air, sat by the hearth, reading a letter. With a smile Mrs. Cameron entered,

her hair grayer and her calm intensified. He showed her the letter with a spirited air. The maid brought in the tea-things, and drew down the shades. Kenelm wandered away, perplexed. The part of the porch reserved by Lily for her butterflies was dark and neglected. He could not go in yet. So he walked slowly along the familiar path till he found himself at the pretty graveyard where they had so often sat and talked. There was the child's grave, which she used to care for; but there were no flowers on it now. "She is too happy," thought Kenelm, "to think of the dead."

As he was turning away, a new grave, near the child's, with a white marble headstone caught his attention. He drew near, and bending, read:

TO THE MEMORY OF
L. M.
AGED 17
DIED OCTOBER 29, A.D. 18—

THIS STONE ABOVE THE GRAVE TO WHICH
HER MORTAL REMAINS ARE CONSIGNED, BESIDE THAT
OF AN INFANT NOT MORE SINLESS, IS CONSECRATED
BY THOSE WHO MOST MOURN AND MISS HER.
ISABEL CAMERON,
WALTER MELVILLE.

"Suffer the little children to come unto me."

Mr. Emlyn, the curate, passing the graveyard the next morning, saw a man stretched as if dead above one of the graves. "Poor wretch! Drunk, I suppose," he murmured, as he went to raise him up. Wild-eyed, haggard, his pale face stamped with anguish, Kenelm exclaimed passionately: "Varus! Varus! What hast thou done with my legions?" Then recovering himself, he linked his arm in the rector's and said: "I was weary. The night was cold. So it is a year, and more, since Mr. Melville lost his wife?"

"Wife? He never married."

"'L. M.?' Whose grave is that?"

"Alas! It is our own poor Lily's."

"And she died unmarried?"

He raised his head, and the sun broke forth from the clouds.

"Then," he thought, "I may claim thee, claim thee as mine, when we meet again!"

"Yes," said Mr. Emlyn, "Mr. Melville went to Germany to make studies for his great painting, and they were to have been married on his return. But Lily simply faded away, and he returned only a day or two before her death. It was a rapid decline that baffled all medical skill. Poor Lily! how everybody mourned her. I was with her when she died."

"At the last? The end? Tell me—was she resigned to die?"

"Resigned is not the word. The smile on her lips was more than human resignation. It was the smile of a divine joy."

Kenelm strolled on toward Grasmere. As he stood mournfully regarding Lily's home, Mrs. Cameron, who had seen him from the cottage, came out and joined him. She spoke in agitated tones. "I have a great weight on my heart, though, God knows, I acted as my conscience told me. I did not dream until nearly the end that it was—you, for whom she grieved. If I erred, forgive me. She did. It would be her wish."

"Could I then fail to do it? I forgive if there is aught to forgive," he said, slowly, and bent to kiss her brow. She threw her arms around him, gratefully, bursting into tears. When she rallied, she said: "Now I can give you this, which she gave me for you the day before she died. But never, I entreat you, never let Walter know how she loved you. She was so careful he should not conjecture it. He would never smile again if he knew it was the thought of union with him which killed her."

She pressed a little note into Kenelm's hand and, with a sob, turned and hurried back to the cottage. He looked at the handwriting, the delicate, tremulous handwriting which he saw for the first time. Slowly, still clasping the message, he made his way back to the graveyard. Where could he read the sole letter he could ever receive from her, so reverently, so lovingly, as at her grave?

He sat down near it, and broke the envelope. The little turquoise ring rolled out. This was the letter:

"The ring comes back to you. I could not live to marry another. I never knew how I loved you until I began to pray that you might not love me too much. Darling! Darling! Good-by, darling! LILY."

"Don't let Lion ever see this, or even know what it says to you. He is so good and deserves to be so happy. Do you remember the day of the ring? Darling! Darling!"

One evening nearly two years later, Kenelm Chillingly and Sir Peter left the House of Commons after listening to a stirring debate. They strolled toward Westminster Bridge. The occasion spurred Sir Peter to an ardent attempt to rouse an ambition for his country's good in his adored but singular son. He glanced toward the Abbey and said:

"How much of the history of England Nelson summed up in the simple words, 'Victory or Westminster Abbey.' Kenelm, you grieve me. You might as well have been christened Peter. Will you always be a dreamer?"

"Father, no longer a dreamer! I have come to think it is time for the old Kenelm with the new ideas to give way to a new Kenelm with the ideas of old! I have learned what I have in common with my race. I have known Love. I have known Sorrow. My choice is made, father. No deserter, but a soldier in the ranks. Victory or Westminster Abbey!"

"You will soon rise from them," cried Sir Peter; and with that gladdening thought of his son, duly risen to ambitious heights, there was a hope unuttered, in his father's heart, that another change might come to his son's stricken heart. Cecelia Travers was made to be a statesman's wife, and, despite many suitors and vigorous wooing, he reflected, proudly, that she was still—Cecelia Travers.

LUCRETIA; OR, THE CHILDREN OF NIGHT (1847)

The tragedy and gloom of *Lucretia* aroused such protest at the time of its publication that Bulwer modified the catastrophe in a later edition, and defended himself against his critics. "Incredible as it may seem," he wrote (1846), "the crimes related in *Lucretia* took place within the last seventeen years. In the more salient features I narrate a history, not invent a fiction." He declared that he had the same ethical intention in *Lucretia* which he had in *The Caxtons*, to wit: the effect of early circumstances and example upon character and conduct. Two notorious criminals of his day served him as models. He also appended to later editions a lengthy essay on "The Artistic Principles and Ethical Designs of Fiction," styled "A Word to the Public," intended to defend his method in his own fictions.

SIR MILES ST. JOHN, an English baron of Norman descent and intensely proud of his family, had experienced a cruel disappointment in love when a young man, which prevented his ever marrying. Having reached old age, and wishing to provide an heir for Laughton, his Hampshire estate, he invited there, with a view to her adoption, his niece, Lucretia Clavering, the daughter of his only sister, whom he had disowned on her second marriage, because the husband, Dr. Mivers, was a silk-mercer's son. But as, despite his pride of race, Sir Miles had the kindest of hearts, when the only issue of this marriage, Susan Mivers, was left an orphan, he provided for her and even gave a start in life to Dr. Mivers's nephew, Walter Ardworth.

Still actuated by these qualities, Sir Miles had also invited to Laughton a cousin of his, Charles Vernon, in hopes that family interests would be promoted by Lucretia's marriage to this young guardsman. Other guests at the same time were William Mainwaring, a handsome young *protégé* of Sir Miles, and Walter Ardworth.

Lucretia's tutor was a French refugee, Olivier Dallibard, a brilliant but utterly vicious man, who had been Sir Miles's secretary. Gabriel Varney, his illegitimate son (though Dallibard said that he had adopted him), was also at Laughton.

This handsome boy with charming manners was as depraved as his father. He detested Dallibard for his cruelty to his mother, but fear and policy made him his father's tool. That crafty adventurer aspired to his pupil's hand, and he had fostered Lucretia's pride of intellect. He suspected her of loving Mainwaring and reproached her with meditating an alliance beneath her.

"And if I do?" said Lucretia, drawing her tall form to its utmost height. "He wants but wealth; I can give it to him. He has education, eloquence, and mind. If his temper is gentle, I can prompt and guide it to fame and power."

Sir Miles discovered this passion of Lucretia's and banished Mainwaring from Laughton. Through Dallibard he later came across a letter of Lucretia's to her lover, and the cold-blooded calculations on his demise, and her profit from it, which it revealed, turned her uncle's heart against her. He made a new will in favor of Charles Vernon, decreeing, should he die without issue, that Laughton was to revert to Susan Mivers. Only in case of her death without children was Lucretia to inherit Laughton. Just even in his terrible resentment, Sir Miles left ten thousand pounds to each of these nieces. But the rude shock of having fostered such a viper as Lucretia, and her frustration of his desires, proved too much for the aged Baron. He was found dead of a broken heart the morning after he had drawn up this will.

Nothing could have been better for William Mainwaring than this turn in events, for that unassuming youth had from the first been in love with Susan Mivers. Dallibard's diabolical craftiness not only made him master of this secret, but also enabled him to furnish indisputable proofs of it to Lucretia, who furiously discarded Mainwaring. Dallibard seemed her only refuge now, and his passionate wooing was crowned with success. He took her and Gabriel Varney to Paris, where the political complications following the Revolution afforded his desperate cunning abundant scope.

Gabriel Varney's hatred for his father made him a spy on his movements. Thus he was a valuable ally of Madame Dallibard. Through him Lucretia learned that her husband was not only a poisoner, but that he was scheming to destroy

her in order to marry a wealthy widow. The master in crime who had developed her own evil nature reaped the reward of his training. Gabriel told Lucretia that Dallibard had caused George Cadoudal's death, and she betrayed this to a Chouan who had sworn to avenge it. He murdered her wretched husband. Among Dallibard's effects Lucretia found a treatise on poison, and an opal ring charged with *aqua tofana*, a deadly essence whose presence cannot be traced in its victims. The poison was injected by a steel point, which could be pushed out.

William Mainwaring had married Susan. In her early widowhood, Lucretia presented herself one day at their English home, apparently a stricken and penitent woman. They took her in. Before long Lucretia had acquired her old control over William. She inveigled him into speculations which ruined him, and the impoverished and threatened pair fled to France. Lucretia, when she had thus wrecked her benefactors, underwent a period of remorse. In her loneliness and fears, she encountered a religious enthusiast, Alfred Braddell, who fascinated her by his rude energy and force, and she became his wife. A son was born. But Lucretia's emotional phase disappeared when she realized the deceptions this zealot had practised on her, and bitter recriminations took place between them. He fell ill and imagined, not without reason, that he was a victim to poison. Lucretia, toward whom suspicion was directed, after a brief absence from him, returned to find him at death's door and her son secretly put away. She suspected that Braddell had used Walter Ardworth, his closest friend, as agent of this abduction. But she could not discover where her child was.

In her quest for him, she found herself one day, poor and disheartened, face to face with Gabriel Varney, in London. He was in trouble and resolved to form an alliance with her for their common good. Unless he could restore the money of a trust fund his maternal uncle had left him, and which he had fraudulently drawn by forged orders, imprisonment stared him in the face. He impressed upon Lucretia, with fiendish force, that only two lives stood between herself and the estate of Laughton, and promised to help her find her missing son. These lives were those of Percival St. John, Charles Vernon's

son, who had inherited it from his father, and Helen Mainwaring, the offspring of the pair Lucretia had ruined, who had since died in poverty. Susan Mainwaring had appointed Lucretia and Mr. Fielding, an old curate and friend of the family, guardians of her daughter.

Lucretia at once wrote to Mr. Fielding, with whom Helen Mainwaring had been placed, pleading that she might have this one remaining relative to live with her, and declaring that she was afflicted with a paralysis that deprived her of the use of her limbs. She also asked Mr. Fielding to tell her anything he might know about the infant which Walter Ardworth had left in his care as his own son. Mr. Fielding could not deny the stricken woman's request, and Helen became an inmate of Madame Dallibard's house in London.

Fate seemed to be assisting Lucretia in the events which followed. Percival St. John soon after came to London to learn something of the world and chanced to meet Lucretia's lovely ward. It was love at first sight with them both, and their engagement soon followed. Two other characters entered at this same time into this strange game of Fate. Percival had taken, as a servant, a poor crossing-sweeper in London, whose wretched condition touched his heart: a waif named Beck. He met also a young lawyer named John Ardworth, lately arrived in London to make a name for himself. This young man had been helped financially by some well-wisher unknown to himself. He had seen Helen and had been attracted toward her, and entertained a high regard for Madame Dallibard's intellect. She strove with almost feverish efforts to stimulate his ambition. One day he learned that she was his formerly unknown benefactress. Then Lucretia permitted him to read a statement from Mr. Fielding, who had brought him up, which seemed to show that he was John Walter Armstrong's illegitimate son, and that a certain sum of money had been set aside for him by his father.

"Courage! You have lost nothing," said Lucretia, struck by his self-control under this revelation.

"Nothing!" said Ardworth with a bitter smile. "A father's love and a father's name—nothing!"

"Listen! You are near to my own blood. I am investi-

gating this," said Lucretia, with emotion. "Patience for a while, and—and love me a little in the mean time."

Percival St. John met at the Mivers's not long after this a stranger who showed a singular interest in John Ardworth. He gave his name as Tompkins. In mentioning this to Lucretia, he told her that Mr. Tompkins had said he was acquainted with her! This threw her into a panic, as it seemed to threaten disclosure. So when Percival, who was alarmed at the delicate health Helen was betraying, suggested (on a hint from Varney) that it would be better if they all should go to Laughton, whose pure air would benefit Helen, and that this was feasible if Madame Dallibard would chaperon her ward there during the absence of Lady Mary, Percival's mother, Lucretia greeted the proposition warmly. In a few days they were all installed at Laughton. Here, surrounded by the beauty and wealth which as a girl she had felt would one day be hers, all her fiercest passions were rekindled. Another crime or two would insure her perpetual possession of the respect and peace she experienced in this beautiful environment.

One evening Beck had been summoned to Percival's room to answer certain questions which Ardworth had requested Percival to ask him. On leaving it, as he paused, confused in finding his way to the stairs, Beck saw a figure, robed in loose folds of black, noiselessly come forth from a room. Shrinking into a recess, he was not seen, while the moonlight revealed the pale face of Madame Dallibard to him. She entered another room. Thoroughly suspicious at discovering this supposed paralytic's activity—for she pretended to be pinned to her chair, unable to walk—and at seeing her abroad at such an hour, he followed, and through the open door saw her pour something into a vial on a table. He shrank back again as she returned. Then he secured the vial. If his statement should be doubted, that might tell something to corroborate it.

Letters of momentous importance arrived the next morning. Lady Mary wrote Percival how shocked she was that Sir Miles's niece was, despite her uncle's violent prohibition, again installed at Laughton. She said Greville would come there at once. When Percival told Varney this Gabriel persuaded him to go to London, to meet Greville there rather than

at Laughton. Varney received news that his uncle's trustee would arrive in London in a few weeks. This meant that his defalcation would soon be known.

Varney told these things to Lucretia, whose morning's letter from Walter Ardman had announced that he would bring her the son whose presence she craved. She listened to her late accomplice in ominous silence. Then she said with grim emphasis: "When St. John returns he will find Helen—dead! Grief sometimes kills suddenly. There are drugs whose effect simulate the death-stroke of grief!"

"But this rapidity! Two deaths, so soon. The inquest! This man Greville, so deeply prejudiced against you!" stammered Varney, whose face had become livid.

"I shrank before, and you urged me on," said this terrible woman, her full energy and awful aspect when thus at bay terrifying Varney's inferior villainy: "These halls are rightly mine. I will fight for my rights, and for my son's. Perish those who oppose me!"

Helen was much worse at noon the next day. Madame Dallibard had herself wheeled into her room. Varney called her out to suggest that another doctor should be summoned.

"Get down-stairs, you!" she said to Beck, whom she remarked loitering near. In pretending to do this, Beck suddenly concealed himself in Lucretia's room. There, when Varney had wheeled Lucretia back to it, he heard him urge her to complete her full work. She declared that he must do the work! A tender kiss from the trusting Helen had unnerved her. Varney selected what he wanted from her poison cabinet and destroyed the rest. The opal ring Lucretia kept. "If detection comes, it may save me from the gibbet," she said, despairingly. When Varney left her, Beck tried to glide out, but Lucretia, chancing to look up, detected him. Realizing what this meant, she frantically sprang forward and clutched him. He struck her to the ground, but before he had shaken off her hands, he felt as if her nails had pierced his flesh. Then he rushed to saddle his horse and rode madly to London, where Sir Percival had gone to see Greville.

Lucretia told Varney the situation at once, and he set out in hot pursuit of Beck, only to overtake him as he was getting

into a chaise coming from the opposite direction. Varney rode on to a small town, where he halted till his reeling brain could plan some way out of this desperate crisis.

Lucretia, left alone at Laughton to face what might come, was keyed up to the inexorable need of playing her execrable part. When Walter Ardman entered her room to bring her news, calculated, he thought, to cheer her, he was appalled by the ghastly black-robed creature whom he recalled as the imperious, beautiful Lucretia Clavering.

"My son! My son!" she cried. "These moments are precious. You have brought me my son? Is he there?" she wailed, glancing toward the door.

Humanely, and as briefly as he could, Ardman told her that the woman to whom her son had been confided had abandoned him to another woman, but that he had been traced and identified beyond a doubt by the initials "V. B." which Ardman himself had burned into the infant's wrist.

"Madam," concluded Ardman, "the person I employed to trace your child worked with the more zeal because he not only knew you but believed you fancied that *he* was your long-lost son. You may thank my son for the restoration to you of yours."

Shuffling steps and a cracked, vehement voice were heard in the corridor at this moment. The next instant, Beck, supported by Captain Greville, tottered in, his features convulsed, and, pointing to the awful figure quailing in her black robes, he shrieked: "Seize her! I accuse her face to face of her niece's murder! Of—of—you know, sir—I told you," he concluded wildly, leaning heavily on Greville's arm.

In one last rally, scorn on her lips and her eyes fierce with defiance, Lucretia, ignoring all else, demanded of Ardman: "Where is my son? You say he is within these walls. Call him forth to protect his mother! Give me, at least, my son. My son!" Her whole soul went into this appeal.

Her last words were drowned in the torrent of hideous, revolting invective poured upon her by the raging Beck. His passionate execrations were clothed in the coarsest language of the slums. Ardman, who had gripped him by the wrist to remove him by force, pierced by a sudden suspicion, suddenly pushed back the sleeve from Beck's arm. The letters "V. B.,"

burned upon his wrist, proclaimed him the long-lost Vincent Braddell.

"Hold, unhappy man!" he cried with a groan. "It is your own mother whom you are so horribly denouncing."

Lucretia sprang to her feet, caught hold of the menacing arm, and saw between the letters that proved him her child, the small puncture surrounded by a livid circle which marked him as her victim. This maddened, dying man, a London crossing-sweeper, reared in the slums, now calling down on her the hatred of earth and the justice of heaven, was her son, and she was his murderess!

As she dropped the accusing arm and sank into her chair, Beck, with a low cry, tumbled forward, the blood that gushed from his mouth staining Lucretia's black robe, as his head rested for a moment on her lap before he sank to the floor.

The two men raised him. His eyes opened, his throat rattled, and as he fell into their arms, a corpse, a loud laugh rang through the room. In that laugh fled forever, till the judgment-day, from the black ruins of her lost soul, the reason of the murderess-mother.

Gabriel Varney, when he had regained courage enough to return to Laughton, contrived to minimize everything in the whole affair as Beck's insane ravings. There was nothing to bear out the hideous charges of this maniac. Helen was already much improved. He was only too willingly permitted to remove Lucretia to London for a consultation. Long before he reached London he saw that the doors of a mad-house must close forever on Lucretia Dallibard. Varney's arrest for forgery followed, at Dover, whither he had hastened that he might embark for France. On the advice of his lawyer, he pleaded guilty, and was transported for life.

Thus these two arch-criminals met a fate which they richly deserved. Varney dragged out a frightful existence for years in the company of vile criminals, and Lucretia, who, thanks to Varney's statement that she was dead, was deprived of all aid, lived as a pauper lunatic to an advanced age.

John Ardworth never married, but applied himself strenuously to his chosen field. He had never known a more ardent love than that bestowed on him by Lucretia.

THE COMING RACE (1871)

This story was written as a skit on certain assumptions of science, but many of its predictions have found fulfilment. Bulwer had great faith in the possibilities of electricity, whose wonders he described under the name *vril*.

N the year 18—, an engineer, whose acquaintance I made while in a certain town of the United States, invited me to visit a mine. I soon became so interested in my friend's search for richer deposits that I went to the mine almost daily. In piercing a new shaft, we had come upon a chasm that appeared to have been caused by some volcanic eruption, and in order to investigate this opening my friend had himself lowered therein in the mining-cage.

On his return he seemed bewildered, and confided to me that he had seen strange lights in the chasm. These lights appeared to be gas-lamps placed at regular intervals along a broad level road. Moreover, he had distinctly heard the hum of voices.

The next morning we set out for the chasm again to satisfy our curiosity, carrying plenty of rope. The miners lowered our cage, and from the ledge we prepared to let ourselves down into the deep fissure. I went first and my friend followed. To my horror the rock to which our staple was attached gave way, and he fell a lifeless mass at my feet. Before I could recover from this shock, a huge monster came from a dark fissure and devoured the body. There was now no chance of return, and I could not linger in that spot. Slowly and cautiously I went down the lamp-lit road till I found myself before a building similar to an early form of Egyptian architecture. From the building came a very tall figure with the outlines of a man, but folded over its breast were wings, on its head was a sort of tiara sparkling with jewels, and in its right hand a bright metal staff.

The stranger accosted me in an unknown tongue, evidently

trying to reassure me. I followed him into the building, where my guide proceeded to touch an automaton in dress and figure very like himself. The figure glided away, and soon a boy apparently about twelve years old appeared, who regarded me as if I were some new animal. Presently the roof of the entrance hall opened and a platform descended. We stepped upon it, and were quickly borne to an upper floor.

The stranger conducted me into a chamber fitted up in a splendor like that of the Orient, and placed me beside him on a divan. Soon I felt sharp pain from a wound made by a splinter of the rock which had struck me, and went off into a swoon. When I recovered, a group of forms, all having a general resemblance to my tall guide, was seated around me. They were plainly at a loss to understand how I had come among them, so I drew from my pocket a memorandum-book and sketched on its blank pages the ledge of rock, the rope, and my unfortunate companion, not forgetting the head of the dreadful reptile. The first stranger then said a few words and the child, going to the window, spread its wings and launched itself into space. He soon returned, bringing the rope, which confirmed my tale.

All seemed satisfied, and one of the group touched an automaton standing near, which glided away to do his bidding. The platform soon reappeared, and one of the men led me to it. We were borne down to the street, and my companion led me along past many buildings, separated by bright gardens, till we came to one that formed three sides of a vast court. Passing through several halls in this building, we came to a room where sat what was apparently the family of my guide. The wife wore no wings, but the daughter's pinions were longer than those of either of her brothers. After a few words from my guide, they saluted me in their own style and welcomed me to their table. The mistress heaped a golden platter for me with viands, that impressed me more with their delicacy than with their strangeness of flavor. I learned later that these people ate no carnivorous food. After the meal my host stepped to the window and spreading his wings joined a host of other beings, who seemed to be pleasantly soaring about for exercise. On returning, my host dropped his wings to dispel my fears

and to show that they were mechanical contrivances; but the strangeness of all I had seen temporarily crazed me. I sprang at his throat, but in an instant was felled to the ground by an electric shock.

I remained unconscious for some weeks, and upon my recovery I was surprised to be addressed by my host's daughter. "How do you feel?" she asked, with a slightly foreign accent. I was so astonished to find them all speaking my language that I begged them to tell me what had happened. They showed me thin metallic sheets, on which I had evidently during my trance made crude drawings, with the names of the objects underneath, and then had passed on to making sentences. Similar sheets, with their characters, implied that they had in the same way conveyed to me a knowledge of their own language.

My host, having found that I was willing to converse, began to question me on the habits and modes of life among the races on the upper earth. They did not seem at all impressed or pleased with what I told them of New York and of our democracy, and I was strictly enjoined to tell these things to no one else. Zee, the daughter, and a member of the College of Sages, reminded her father that should anyone in the community be led to explore this upper world, a wave of the *vril* must wash away even the memory of what was told.

"What is *vril* ?" I asked.

Therewith Zee began an explanation of which I could understand very little, as we have no synonym for *vril.* I should call it electricity except that it includes much more. It was through the agency of *vril* that my language-instruction had gone on during my trance. From every sleep my mind grew stronger, and I was better able to interchange ideas with my entertainers.

According to tradition, the progenitors of this strange race had once lived above ground, but were forced into caverns by inundations and floods until the fugitives had come into these nether regions. They had no record of ever having lived here in darkness, and appeared always to have had the art of extracting light from gases. The early communities were in fierce competition with one another until the discovery of *vril* made them all at peace. *Vril* can destroy or, differently applied, can replenish life. By it they rend solid substances and

from it extract light. *Vril* brought the art of destruction to such perfection—since in the hands of a child it might shatter a fortress—that utter annihilation or perfect harmony had to ensue. Therefore the *vril* discoverers split into communities, and when their numbers were in excess volunteers would emigrate to other quarters. The government was very mild. There were no laws, yet obedience was the general custom. The chief magistrate was an autocrat, who nominally held office for life, but usually retired with old age, as no honors or emoluments were attached to the office.

The boys and girls performed the same work, and to both was assigned the destruction of hostile animals. The girls were preferred for the task, as being more ruthless under the incitement of fear or hate. The women wooed the men and proposed marriage; therefore such a phenomenon as an old maid did not exist. This system worked well for the male, who was thus sure that he was ardently loved. Their language bore a resemblance to the Sanskrit. By the position of a single letter in a word, they could express whole sentences. They had a religion which recognized a Deity and they believed in a future state; but the doctrine of reward and punishment was vague, as they had no rewards and punishments among themselves. They held that where life was once given it never was destroyed.

Though all in the household were very kind to me, I found the young daughter, Zee, the most thoughtful. She suggested that I clothe myself like the other inhabitants, and this I did except that I did not adopt the wings. But this was not conspicuous, as in their ordinary movements the men usually preferred to use their feet.

Because of the general use of wings and other mechanical contrivances, these people had no use for the horse; and as dogs were not needed for protection or the chase, they, too, had disappeared, and the only pets I observed were multitudes of singing birds. These underground beings were very fond of music, and each room had some mechanical contrivance for making melodious sounds.

I went with my host and Zee over the great public museum, and saw many of our own recent achievements preserved only

as specimens of ignorant experiments. They showed me many complicated pieces of machinery, which were quickly put in movement when touched with a *vril* staff. I was much interested in a very ancient collection of portraits; some of them, belonging to a prehistoric age, bore a close resemblance to frogs, which their philosophers looked upon as superior creatures and made it a subject of debate whether man descended from a frog or whether the frog had been in some remote period the improved development of the Human.

As there were no heavenly bodies for them to observe, their division of time was necessarily unlike ours. They subdivided their day of twenty hours into three periods: eight hours, called the "silent hours," were for repose; eight hours, called the "earnest time," for the occupations of life, and four hours, called the "easy time," allotted to recreation. Out of doors they maintained the same degree of light at all hours, but within doors they lowered it to a soft twilight during the silent hours.

The boy I had seen on my arrival often came to me, and at one of these times he informed me that he was expected to discover and destroy the reptile that I had seen on my descent into the chasm. It had been giving further proof of its existence by great devastation in that neighborhood. Rather than acknowledge my fear of it, I set out with him toward the lonely lake, where the monster was then supposed to be. To my consternation, the lad asked me to sit on the shore as a decoy that he might kill the beast when I had lured it forth. The lad was at some distance from me with his *vril* staff, when I saw the reptile emerge from the water and come toward me. There was but a moment between me and this grim death, when I saw what seemed a flash of lightning dart through the air and envelop the monster. When the flash vanished, the creature lay before me, a charred mass. The child was not in the least disturbed, but led me back through the town to show the station from which emigrants to other communities took their start. The conveyances were of two kinds: comfortable portable houses for land travel, and boats with winged paddles for aerial voyages. All vehicles were worked by the potent *vril*.

Shortly after this, I essayed to try flight with the much-used wings, but my trials were in vain, and I was somewhat con-

cerned by the great anxiety betrayed by Zee over my accident. I knew that should her fancy direct itself toward me, a marriage would not be countenanced, and I should probably be put to death. Therefore I sought an early opportunity to explain my situation to her father. I found this occasion when he took me to his country house to see its beauties and the wonders performed by the automatons established there. The father seemed unwilling to interfere in his daughter's affairs, but kindly tried to suggest that I might avoid her advances by wedding another. I reminded him that, as I had carnivorous teeth, to wed any one of their women and risk rearing carnivorous children would be an equal harm to the community.

"That is true," he said, "and I say, with the respect due to a guest, that if you yield you will become a cinder." This meant that the *vril* would do its work.

On our way back, we were met by Zee, who seemed greatly distressed that her father had risked my life in an air-ship, when I might have fallen overboard; and by many touching attentions she showed her deep regard for me.

On alighting from our vehicle my host was summoned to the funeral of a relative. I begged to be allowed to accompany him, and to my surprise I found that the house to which we went had the appearance of celebrating a joyful event. After a simple hymn, expressing no regret, but rather a greeting to the new world, the body was borne to a dark metallic box at one end of the room. There was a *whishing* sound as the box was closed, and presently a handful of ashes fell into an urn at the other end. My host could not understand our form of interment.

"What! to degrade the form you have loved to the loathsomeness of corruption!" he said.

Following the funeral there was a banquet. Here Zee evidently sought to excite my jealousy by avoiding me, and meanwhile I met the daughter of the chief magistrate and the sister of my boy companion. We chatted pleasantly, and when I bewailed my lot at not being able to use the wings she reminded me the time would come when she and Zee would no longer use theirs, as the married women usually gave up these aids to locomotion. I startled her by saying that no man she

could choose would ever use his wings to fly away from her. As a man does not pay such bold compliments there until the woman has declared her passion for him, she was quite dumfounded but not at all displeased. I was distressed at witnessing her growing fancy for me, and thought again of becoming a cinder when Zee appeared and bore me away.

The following day Zee came to me and proposed that she should use her influence with the College of Sages to sanction our marriage; she was confident of securing this by promising that it should be a wedding of souls. I made all manner of protestation, explained to her how unwise it would be, and finally said that I could not return her love. Thus we parted as friends, and I assured her there was no other for whom I entertained a deeper affection.

Life was becoming less pleasant, and I was brooding over its changes one day when my boy companion came to me and took me out for a walk. He confided to me that his sister had spoken of me to her father that morning, and that he had ordered my death. He had said to his son, "Take thy *vril* staff and seek the stranger who has made himself dear to thee. Be his end painless and prompt."

The boy was much astonished to learn that I feared death. I begged to be allowed to return, but he showed me that the place through which I descended was now solid rock. The chasm was closed. However, he promised to try to prevail upon his father to save me, and we went back to the city, conversing by fits and starts.

In the midst of the silent hours, I started from my sleep and beheld Zee standing beside me. She knew of my danger. "I will save thee," she said. "Rise and dress."

She had for me the clothes that I had worn on my entrance among them. Clad in these, I walked with her to the chasm. A fresh opening had appeared. "Fear not," said she, "thy return is assured. I began this work when the silent hours commenced; believe that I did not pause until the path back into thy world was complete."

My heart smote me with remorse, but even as she spoke she spread out her wings and, clinging to her, I was borne aloft. The light from her forehead penetrated the darkness. She

bore me to the flooring of one of the galleries of the mine, and kissing me ardently on the forehead bade me farewell forever.

I reached the mouth of the mine, and shortly after this I left the town, where I could not long have escaped inquiries, to which I could have given no satisfactory answers.

The more I have thought of people, hidden from our view and developing such powers of destruction, I have felt it my duty to place on record these forewarnings of The Coming Race.

THE PARISIANS (1873)

This novel, to which several chapters near the end were still lacking at the time of its author's death, was begun about the same time as *Kenelm Chillingly* and had its origin in the same central idea; one that, with Bulwer, first found fantastic expression in *The Coming Race*. These works, their author's latest, were directed against certain social and political theories, and *The Parisians* was designed to illustrate the effect of "modern ideas" upon a community then the most "advanced" in Europe. The three books form a group apart in any thoughtful classification of his fiction.

ON a bright day in the early spring of 1869, when all Paris seemed to have turned out to enjoy itself, Alain, the young Marquis de Rochebriant, found himself in that gay city. His errand was not a happy one. His father, a legitimist expatriate and a *viveur* as well, had left him with naught save a noble name and a much-encumbered estate, and he sought to save the second as a duty he owed to the first.

Frederic Lemercier, an old school friend, ran across him puzzling over the difficult problem. The son of *bourgeois* stock, a *boulevardier*, and a successful speculator by the aid of the great Duplessis, one of the kings of Parisian finance, Frederic was both willing and able to aid the young provincial, encumbered as he was by antiquated notions of the restrictions his birth laid upon money-making and his legitimist views upon seeking employment under the Empire; but Alain was slow to adapt his principles to the conditions of the times. Even the knowledge that his cousins Enguerrand and Raoul de Vandemar were conducting, through an agent, a shop for the sale of gloves and perfumes served but to shock his sensibilities.

One only of the men he met or heard of through Lemercier appealed to his liking: Graham Vane, a young Englishman, to whom Alain's sentiments were not incomprehensible, for Vane possessed a delicacy of feeling and a sense of honor none too

common in days of money-making and shifting allegiances. He was the sole heir of a certain Richard King, who had been Vane's friend and benefactor, and was in France to fulfil a mission committed to him: to make search for a certain Louise Duval, whom King, in his youth, had married. The marriage, legal under English law, had proved to be illegal under French, and Louise, who had soon wearied of her husband, had left him on that pretext, though he would gladly have amended the defect. Later, he had heard that she had died, and he had married in England, only to discover that his former wife was living and that a daughter had been born soon after their separation. For his English bride's sake, who was thus, indeed, no wife, he had kept the facts secret; but, dying, and still unwilling to blast her name by disclosures in his will, he had relied on Vane's good faith to find the wife or the daughter of his youth and to convey to the latter, under some pretext, the bulk of his inheritance. That his heir-at-law should solve the problem by marrying that daughter, would be, he had intimated, the solution dearest of all to him.

To return to the Marquis, his first aim was to seek M. Gaudrin, a lawyer to whom his provincial attorney had recommended him, with a view to consolidating, at a lower interest, the mortgages that oppressed his land; but Gaudrin unfortunately was deep in the interests of the great financier, M. Louvier, one of Alain's mortgagors, who had hated his father for a fancied wrong of past years, and who desired only to get the son and his estate into his power. Louvier was delighted, received the young man with all seeming friendliness, took the consolidated mortgage on most generous terms, and paid a large bonus on condition that Alain should spend a year in Paris in a manner befitting his rank. Louvier felt confident that the affairs of the inexperienced young nobleman would become hopelessly involved; and to make doubly sure he recommended, as a purchaser of the lumber products of Rochebriant—on which its revenues depended—an irresponsible speculator, whose failure would precipitate the hoped-for ruin. Alain's noble relatives, the De Vandemars, innocently ministered to Louvier's ends by introducing their cousin to the fashionable set in which fast living and high expenditure were well-nigh a necessity.

Meanwhile Vane had prosecuted his search earnestly, but to little effect. A wide acquaintance was calculated to aid him, and, being handsome, brilliant, rich, and well-bred, all the social functions of Parisian fashion were his to enjoy. Only once had a personal interest distracted him. Walking one day in the Bois de Boulogne, he had seen a girl whose intellectual beauty and gentle charm had affected him deeply, and on inquiry he had learned that she was an Italian, an orphan, the Signorina Isaura Cicogna, and that she was living in Paris with a view to the cultivation of a voice that bade fair to place her high in the ranks of *prime donne*.

At M. Louvier's *conversazione* was gathered a distinguished company. Graham Vane was there; Savarin, the brilliant writer; Mr. and Mrs. Morley, wealthy Americans, and, to Vane's delight, the Signorina Cicogna. He met her at the supper-table, and the delicacy of her nature, the intelligence that spoke in every word she uttered, more than fulfilled the promise of her face.

The next day a dinner at the Morleys' again brought them together. When Vane spoke, Isaura was struck with what seemed to her a nobleness of sentiment that elevated his theme above the level of commonplace polemics. When they parted he had accepted an invitation to call upon her.

Then it was he first heard her sing, and he recognized with a pang the wonderful beauty of her voice. That she affected him deeply he realized, but all the traditions of his breeding forbade his making a public singer his wife; nor, he deemed, could so great a one as Isaura promised to be readily forego her career.

At the Savarins' he met her once more, and there, too, Gustave Rameau, a young poet of much brilliance and popularity but of doubtful depth and sincerity, was presented to Isaura, and his attentions and the sting of jealousy made Vane still more conscious of his interest in the young girl.

He turned eagerly to his mission for distraction, and he learned by chance that the Louise Duval he sought was the niece of a cousin of Alain and the De Vandemars, by name Victor de Mauléon, who, twenty years before, had been a leader among Parisian young men of fashion; a dare-devil

duelist, an irresistible lover. Then an accusation of stealing the jewels of a lady of high rank, though never fully established, had made him an outcast and an exile. Vane discovered that this De Mauléon had returned to Paris, and was to be found at a certain café frequented by revolutionists and their followers. He was known there as Jean Lebeau.

Much encouraged, Vane sought the place. To conceal his own identity he passed himself off as a Mr. Lamb, a London lawyer's clerk, but in an artfully managed interview with the disguised De Mauléon he gained nothing save his statement that he had once known a Louise Duval, but that for twenty years he had heard nothing of her whereabouts. Every failure seemed to bring Vane nearer to freedom and wealth, neither of which he could feel were rightfully his until his dead benefactor's wishes were proved to be unrealizable. Again he allowed himself to fall under the spell of Isaura, and her sensitive nature, divining that he loved her, responded with all its fulness. Becoming conscious of his feeling about an operatic career, she cast the ambition from her, but of his quest she knew nothing, nor that it still stood between them. To Rameau she granted her friendship, with a sort of maternal affection inspired by his very weakness.

Victor de Mauléon had returned to Paris armed with full evidence to clear his name and compel his social reinstatement, and this he soon accomplished. To gain the place in politics to which he aspired he found impossible, since, however complete his vindication, the mere knowledge that he had been suspected of such a crime would be fatal to his ambition. Already he had been in touch with revolutionists and "reds." Now, masquerading as Lebeau, he organized a secret council of different elements united only in their disaffection to the rule of Louis Napoleon. Well provided with funds, he launched a journal, of which Gustave Rameau was made nominal editor, but which De Mauléon provided with brilliant and subtle editorials, written under the pen-name of Pierre Firmin, and designed to undermine the Imperial cause.

At this time Savarin learned, from a chance glance at a manuscript, that music was not Signorina Cicogna's only accomplishment. What she had written was merely by way of self-

expression, yet its manifest merit was so great that he hastened to proclaim her a literary genius, and her romance was promptly bought for De Mauléon's publication. Rameau had already begun to imagine that he loved her. Now he made love in good earnest, and in the midst of his declaration Vane appeared.

The spectacle of Rameau, whom he despised, clasping Isaura's hand, the news that the surrendered operatic career was to be replaced by publicity of a different kind, but equally distasteful to his taste and traditions, combined to plant firmly in his mind a conviction that he must allow no further serious thought of her to trouble him.

Why his manner was so cold; why he announced his intention to return to England, Isaura could not divine, but her tender heart was deeply wounded.

The ball at the Duchesse de Tarascon's was a brilliant affair, and there Alain first met Valérie Duplessis. Her youthful limitations did not attract him, but she felt the fascination of his handsome face and well-bred manner.

Isaura's romance was published and attained rapid success, adding much to the prestige of De Mauléon's journal; but no word of Vane reached her and at this she wondered. There had been love on his part, that she was sure of; love enough to justify her own pride in whispering to herself, "And I love, too." But that last parting—how changed he was—how cold!

As for Rameau, his vanity was deeply involved in his suit. He was known to be the lover of Julie Caumartin, a popular dancer whom he had called in his verse, "The Undine of Paris"; but of this Isaura knew nothing, and he felt that he must free himself from the embarrassment of the dancer's passion for him.

Meanwhile De Mauléon prosecuted his political aims, using his journal and his secret council, of which an *ouvrier* (or workman), Armand Monnier, was the most sincere and able member, to advance a cause of which his *confrères*, each full of his own widely divergent views and purposes, knew nothing. De Mauléon was part egotist, part patriot, but his immediate design went no further than the overthrow of the Second Empire. Having at last disclosed his identity with Pierre Firmin, the author of the striking editorials in his newspaper, he organized,

still as Lebeau, a series of petty riots against the Plébiscite the Government had taken. His motive was only to feel the public pulse, and he checked the demonstrations before they went too far or could commit him prematurely. That the Government was strengthened by the Plébiscite few doubted. Isaura wrote to her friend, Madame de Grantmesnil: "I see a thousand phantom forms of Liberty, but only one living symbol of Order —that which spoke from the throne to-day."

For poor Alain, however, these matters were overshadowed by the ruin that now menaced him. His inexperience had involved him deeply in debts, as Louvier had planned, and the failure of Collot, the purchaser of his lumber, overwhelmed him with despair. It was then that Lemercier, his old friend, insisted that he should place his affairs in the hands of Duplessis, who, knowing how deeply his idolized daughter loved the young Marquis, was quite willing to help him. He soothed Alain's fine sense of honor by putting his aid on the ground of old scores he had to settle with Louvier. Moreover, Valérie had developed charmingly in her first season, and Alain soon came to regard her with warmer feelings.

Gustave Rameau was seriously ill. The life of dissipation he had led had undermined his health, but Isaura knew nothing of this. All she felt was that the man loved her, that Vane was lost to her forever, that she regarded Rameau with a tender maternal sentiment, and that it was, perhaps, in her power to save his life. Moved by such motives, she at last yielded to his entreaties and became engaged to him.

Graham Vane still urged, through his agents, the search for Louise Duval or her daughter. He learned that the story of Madame Duval's death had been the result of her changing names with a friend, Madame Marigny, who had indeed died. He learned, too, that the shadow of coming war with Germany was growing darker with each day. Peril menaced, and his love for Isaura drew him again to Paris.

Alain had come to love Valérie Duplessis, and her father's plans for his daughter's happiness were soon crowned with her engagement to the Marquis. As for Vane, his misery was complete when he learned that Isaura was pledged to Rameau.

The outbreak of war threw all De Mauléon's plans into

confusion. He dissolved his secret council, despite their bitter reproaches and accusations, and gave his services to his country, as did Enguerrand de Valdemar and Alain. Still the tide of Prussian invasion rolled on. The Empire fell, but De Mauléon found no satisfaction in such a fall and its results. He had devised a new Constitution based on that of the United States, but it seemed only a hope—a dream.

Vane was devoting himself with feverish energy to the pursuit of the clues he had found. He had journeyed to Germany and Italy, and at last some light began to dawn on his search. He found that Louise Duval had married Signor Cicogna, Isaura's father. For an instant he turned pale, but no one knew of any child of Signora Cicogna by a former husband, whereas the Signor himself had been a widower with one child or more. He had died, and his widow had married an Englishman named Selby, but later had deserted him. Selby had always been a second father to Isaura Cicogna, whom his wife had left in his charge. Vane's informants did not know whether the girl was the daughter of Cicogna by Louise or by his earlier marriage. In his own mind the young Englishman was convinced that Isaura was, indeed, the daughter of his old friend, and it was with indignant grief that he contemplated the possible necessity of placing Richard King's fortune in the hands of Gustave Rameau.

The siege of Paris had begun, and the beleaguered city writhed in the toils of the enemy. Our friends fought and starved. These conditions had saved Isaura thus far from fulfilling her engagement to Rameau, and he, finding in her a love that irritated rather than flattered his vanity, had come to treat her with not unwelcome neglect. The still strong devotion of Julie Caumartin, of which he had endeavored to rid himself, seemed to him much more satisfying than the maternal loyalty of a pure woman, his superior in intellect.

Meanwhile De Mauléon, through the instrumentality of Raoul de Vandemar, had stumbled upon the discovery that Vane had sought so long to make. Louise Duval still lived. Before her marriage to Cicogna she had surrendered Richard King's child to a Madame Surville, a retired professional dancer, and the stings of conscience had driven her to desert Selby and

search for her daughter. Success had not attended her efforts, and she became a *religieuse*.

The engagement between Rameau and Isaura was now but a feeble bond, maintained only by the man's vanity and the woman's loyalty. What he considered his heart had gone back to Julie Caumartin. When it was finally revealed to him that the girl was not the daughter of Madame Surville, as she had always believed, but the long-sought child of Richard King and Louise Duval, and that money was held in trust for her well-being, his inclinations followed the promptings of his feelings.

Need we say that, from this moment, the freedom of Isaura was assured? A letter of release came from Rameau.

"I am free, I am free," she murmured—"joy, joy!"

Enguerrand de Valdemar had fallen, fighting bravely. For Victor de Mauléon was reserved a less glorious fate. He died by the hand of an assassin, Armand Monnier, one of those he had used to advance his ends, selfish or patriotic.

As for Alain de Rochebriant, he was happy in the love of his wife, and in the restoration of the ancient home of his race, which Valérie's father had so ably accomplished.

It was a lovely noon on the Bay of Sorrento, toward the close of the autumn of 1871; upon the craggy shore reclined the young bride of Graham Vane. They were in the first month of their marriage. Isaura had not yet recovered from the effects of all that had preyed upon her life from the hour in which she had deemed that, in her pursuit of fame, she had lost the love that had inspired her dreams. As she rested upon the small, smoothed rocklet, Graham reclined at her feet, his face upturned to hers with an inexpressible wistful anxiety in his impassioned tenderness.

PAUSANIAS THE SPARTAN (1875)

Not until two years after Bulwer's death was the fragment of *Pausanias*, left unfinished by its author, edited and published by his son. From the part of the story written, and from memoranda of the destined contents of the second and third volumes, the romantic motive was to be drawn from the story, told by Plutarch and repeated by Grote, of the love of the Spartan regent for a maiden of Byzantium, of her coming to his couch in a darkened chamber, and of his slaying her, under the fear that she was some secret foe. It is also apparent that Plutarch's account of how Pausanias was haunted by the ghost of the girl he had mistakenly slain was to have been utilized in this story, which would have ended with the discovery of the hero's treason and with his disgrace and death.

HE allied Grecian fleets lay in the harbor of Byzantium under the command of Pausanias, the Spartan admiral. The laurels of Platæa clustered about his brows, and Persia, defeated and crushed, but still sullen and revengeful, had fallen back into her Asiatic domains.

When was it, though, that the mutual animosities of Grecian states, caused by the inability of her great men to bear success as they bore misfortune, did not stand between Hellenism and the full utilization of the victories her talent and her valor won?

At Byzantium, dissensions reigned instead of unity of purpose against the common foe. The Ionian captains, seamen from birth, resented the command of a landsman, while the harshness and pride of the Spartan nature could seldom lend itself to those arts that gain popularity. Pausanias was no exception to this rule. He had sentenced a free Chian to stripes because he had ventured to contest with a Laconian the right to a wine-cask; he had placed Helot slaves with scourges around the springs to drive away all others until the Spartans had slaked their thirst. Worst of all, he had adopted the flowing garments of the Mede; an affectation the free Greeks looked upon as little better than treason.

Of the Ionians, Athens alone held aloof from murmurs of

open mutiny. Her leaders, Aristides and Cimon, equally discontented with the others, were more far-seeing and patriotic.

They felt, however, that complaint of Spartan outrages was not mutiny, and in such complaint they joined Antagoras the Chian and Uliades the Samian captain. Haughty as ever, Pausanias replied:

"You have prepared a notable scene for the commander of your forces. Far be it from me to affect the Agamemnon, but your friends are less modest in imitating the model of Thersites. Enough!" Changing his tone, the chief stamped his foot and continued: "We owe no account to our inferiors; we render no explanation save to Sparta and her ephors."

"So be it, then," said Aristides gravely; "we have our answer, and you will hear of our appeal."

Pausanias changed color.

Inspired by ambition and urged on by Gongylus, an Eretrian formerly in the employ of Xerxes, Pausanias was already deep in plots to obtain by Persian aid the tyranny over Greece. All he feared was to be recalled ere his plans could be matured, and he determined, therefore, on private measures of conciliation. Publicly he could bring his pride to no concessions.

Even his Spartan companions had criticized his treatment of the allies, but they knew not that Pausanias, realizing Athens's strength and Sparta's weakness at sea, had provoked deliberately the Ionian discontent. If, disgusted, the islesmen sailed home, the war would have to be shifted to the land, where his country's preëminence was undisputed.

Pausanias reclined on a couch in his galley and listened to the flattery and temptings of Gongylus, whom he had made Governor of Byzantium. To the conquerer of Xerxes it seemed insufferable to return to the black broth of the Spartan public mess and the harsh *régime* of Spartan life, yet love for his country and for liberty had not quite gone from him.

"Call you this liberty?" cried the Eretrian. "Better be chieftain to a king than servant to a mob!"

Pausanias knew well that he had but one resource other than Persia. The oppressed Helots loved him, and it might be possible, he dreamed, to arm and lead them to the overthrow of the Spartan oligarchy.

On the shore to the right of Byzantium lay the villa of Diagoras. Rich, cowardly, unprincipled, father of the fair Cleonice, he had known that Pausanias had seen and loved the girl; and though, by the Spartan law, no legal marriage could be hoped for, yet both avarice and timidity prompted the Byzantine to the sacrifice of his daughter's honor.

That night, even while he talked with her of the regent's love, and almost grew brave and virtuous from the inspiration of her purity and nobility of soul, Pausanias came.

There was something that spurred, repelled, and puzzled the Spartan in the girl's demeanor.

"Why fear me?" he said, as he took his leave.

"I do not fear thee," said she, in a very low voice. "I fear myself."

Pausanias had left her at a signal from without, and in the thicket below he found Gongylus, with Ariamanes, kinsman of Xerxes, and Datis, the Mede, two prisoners of high rank. Their conference was short and ominous. It was decided that Gongylus should help them escape, and that they should bear word to the Great King that Pausanias was his friend. Fifty thousand Persians would be placed under his command, and Xerxes should receive earth and water from every state in Greece save Sparta. Pausanias would be lord of Hellas.

He took his way back to the boat where his friend, the young Lysander, waited; but Lysander had seen a star fall from the heavens and was troubled.

On the morrow news of the escape of the prisoners was rife, and with it deep suspicions of the Greek who had stooped to wear the gown of a Mede. The captains demanded audience, and they accused Gongylus of contriving the escape, not without strong suggestions of Pausanias's privity. The moment was full of peril, for the evidence in the hands of Antagoras was very incriminating; but the cunning of Gongylus and the skill of the regent averted discovery, though he could not overcome the growing distrust.

Antagoras, the Chian, loved Cleonice. As his wife she would be safe, even from Pausanias, and Diagoras gave him leave to plead his suit. He declared his love, urging her father's will.

"Spare me, O generous Chian!" she cried. "Let not my father enforce his right to obedience."

"Answer me but one question," interrupted Antagoras. "Dost thou love another?"

The blood mounted to the virgin's cheeks. "Thou sayest it," she replied.

"And that other is Pausanias. Alas! thy silence answers me."

Antagoras groaned aloud.

"To love Pausanias is to love dishonor," he exclaimed.

"Hold, Chian! Not so. Our hearts are not our own, but our actions are."

Then he pleaded for the right of a brother to protect her from peril, and their hands clasped.

The love for Cleonice was the one spur needed to remove all hesitation from the soul of the regent. As he was a Spartan citizen, she could never be his wife. As tyrant of all Greece he resolved that she should be his queen.

Pausanias and Cleonice sat by the fountain in the gardens of Diagoras, and Alcman, the Helot poet, foster-brother of the regent, sang to them song-legends of the life that had no ending and of love that survived death and won its crown in other worlds. Pausanias spoke lofty words of vague hopes that filled the gentle heart of Cleonice with fear, and she talked with him of his glory; how she revered and counted it above all, and how, undimmed, it would meet her love when life was done.

They were interrupted by the summons of Gongylus.

"What brings thee hither, man," demanded the regent haughtily.

"Danger," answered Gongylus.

"Where?"

"Before thee!" said Gongylus, and his hand pointed to the ocean.

There lay the fleet of the Greeks. The Eretrian told of a mutiny on the eve of outburst, and of how a ship had sailed bearing a demand to the ephors for Pausanias's recall.

"If the ephors recall thee before the Asian army is on the frontier," said the tempter, "farewell to the sovereignty of Hellas!"

Pausanias took his resolve quickly. He felt able to meet the mutiny, and as for the complaints, Lysander, his friend, who loved him and would believe no ill of him, should go to Sparta and represent him there.

In Byzantium the chiefs of the Ionians held high revel. Urged by his love for Cleonice and by the fears for her that love inspired, as well as by a patriotism that was convinced of the treasonable designs of Pausanias, Antagoras had bidden them to a banquet. The Athenian did not come, but the rest were eager to join in whatever plan might be proposed. To-morrow was to be a day of review. Antagoras and Uliades, it was determined, should give the signal by some act of open rebellion, and the islanders would place their ships under the rule and protection of the Athenians. To such a summons they felt sure that even the caution of Aristides and Cimon could not be deaf.

Pausanias had laid his plans. Lysander had sailed, the ships of all the Greeks were drawn up in a great crescent, and the Admiral's trireme sailed down the line. To the Athenians on the right he paid compliments and bade them maneuver and show their skill at the oar, a skill so great that, ere the show had ended, the regent could not but feel conscious that he had erred; but when he gave orders to separate the triremes of Chians and Samians, and to place them apart from Athens and the men of their race, the plot broke out. All the ships of the islands rowed swiftly past and ranked themselves under the Athenian ensign, while those of Antagoras and Uliades made straight for the Admiral.

The Chian's brass prow smote the gilded shield that hung upon Pausanias's trireme and rent the red banner from its staff. At the same time the *Chimera*, under Uliades, struck the right side of the Spartan, and the stout vessel reeled.

"Know, Spartan," cried Antagoras, "that we Ionians hold together. He who would separate means to conquer us."

"Oh!" cried Pausanias, in powerless wrath. "Oh, the accursed element! Oh, that mine enemies attacked me on the land!"

"How are we to act?" said Aristides.

"We are citizens of a republic in which a majority govern,"

answered Cimon. "Hark to the shouts of our men, as they open way for their kinsmen of the isles."

The sun sank, and with it sank the Spartan maritime ascendency over Hellas.

Lysander and the Ionian envoys had reached Sparta and laid their plans before the ephors. The council hesitated, and planned to delay action; but, while Lysander sought his home and the converse of Percalus, fairest of the Spartan maids, word of the revolt came to the ephors, and with it the determination, arrived at too late, to send out Dorcis to take command.

To the close questioning of his father, Agesilaus, Lysander had admitted that he deemed Sparta too small for such a man as Pausanias.

"What, then, is his ambition," asked Agesilaus, "if Sparta be too small for him?" Lysander made answer:

"I think his ambition would be to make Sparta as big as himself."

Now, when the disturbing news had come and their resolve to recall the Admiral was taken, Agesilaus muttered uneasily:

"And if Lysander is right, and Sparta is too small for Pausanias, do not we bring back a giant who will widen it to his own girth and raze the old foundations to make room for the buildings he would add?"

(*Left unfinished by the author.*)

FRANCES HODGSON BURNETT

(England, 1849)

THAT LASS O' LOWRIE'S (1876)

This story appeared first in *Scribner's Magazine* as a serial. The author made her reputation with this book, which has passed through many editions.

NE evening a group of "pit-girls" was standing around the mouth of a Lancashire mine. "They did not look like women—those pit-girls, as they were called. They wore a dress more than half masculine; they talked loudly and laughed discordantly; and some of them had faces as hard and brutal as the hardest of their collier brothers and husbands and sweethearts. They had lived among the coal-pits, and had worked early and late at the 'mouth' from childhood. It was not strange, therefore, that they had lost all bloom of womanly gentleness and modesty. Their mothers and grandmothers had been pit-girls; they had been born in coarse homes; they had fared hardly; they had worked hard; they had breathed in the dust and grime of coal, which stuck to their natures as it did in their unwashed faces. There was no element of softness to influence them in their half-savage existence."

These women were laughing, gossiping, and joking—the subject being a young woman, "as roughly clad as the poorest of them, but who wore her uncouth garb differently. The man's jacket of fustian, open at the neck, bared a handsome, sunburned throat. The man's hat shaded a face with dark eyes that had a sort of animal beauty, and a well-molded chin."

"I'll tell thee, Joan," said one woman, "we 'st ha' thee sweetheartin' wi' him afore th' month's out."

Joan faced them defiantly, with dashing eyes. "Leave th'

engineer alone, an' leave me alone, too. It'll be th' best fur yo'," were her concluding words, as she turned and strode haughtily away. She took no notice of the derisive laughter that followed her, nor of two men that passed and turned to look at her as she went by, and who commented on her fine appearance.

These were the engineer, Fergus Derrick, and the Rev. Paul Grace, curate of the parish, the latter a refined, restless, conscientious little gentleman and an Oxford graduate, who seemed hardly the man to cope with the town of Riggan. " Derrick strode by his side like a young son of Anak—brains and muscle evenly balanced and fully developed."

"That girl," said Grace, "has worked at the pit's mouth from her childhood. Her father is a collier and lives as most of them do—drinking, rioting, fighting. Their home is such a home as you have seen dozens of since you came here; the girl could not better it if she tried. She has borne, they tell me, such treatment as would have killed most women. She has been beaten, bruised, and felled to the earth by this father of hers, who is said to be a perfect fiend in his cups. And yet she holds to her place in their wretched hovel, and makes herself a slave to the fellow with a dogged, stubborn determination. What can I do with such a case as that, Derrick? 'That lass o' Lowrie's,' as she is always called—Joan, I believe her name is, Joan Lowrie—is a weight upon my mind. She stands apart from her fellows. She seems to defy all the world."

Derrick accepted Grace's invitation to have a cup of tea in his lodgings, and Grace showed him a concise letter from Anice Barholm, the rector's daughter, with whom he was in love. The rector had recently removed from Ashley-Wold, Kent, to Riggan, and Anice was soon to arrive. Grace described her as "nineteen, self-reliant, very pretty, and with the force and decision of a dozen ordinary women hidden in her small frame."

Derrick lived on the outskirts of the town, and while walking home, as he reached the Knoll Road, he saw the dark, shadowy form of a pit-girl, sitting in a dejected posture. It was Joan Lowrie. He spoke to her and noticed that blood was trickling from a cut on her cheek. Derrick bandaged her wound and

tried to care for her. She was proud and defiant, but finally took the lines he wrote recommending her to Thwaite's wife for the night.

"If I was a lady," she said, "happen I should know what to say to yo'; but bein' what I am, I dunnot. Happen as yo're a gentleman, yo' know what I'd loike to say an' canna—happen yo' do."

"I may need help some day," Derrick said, "and come to you for it."

"If yo' ivver need help at th' pit, will yo' come to me?" she asked. "If yo'll promise *that*—"

"I will promise it," he answered her. "An' I'll promise to gi' it you," eagerly she replied. "Now I'll go my ways. Good neet to yo'."

The living at Riggan had never been happily managed, and no one was so little qualified to govern the Rigganites as the Rev. Harold Barholm. He was "a good-natured, broad-shouldered, tactless, self-sufficient person," totally unable to deal with the Lancashire miners and was much hated by them. "Owd Sammy Craddock," a Riggan institution, often mimicked and held him up to ridicule with great applause. Mr. Grace was not held in quite such disfavor.

Miss Barholm arrived, and Derrick, at the station by accident, escorted her home. He then went to the mine and found a knot of women around Liz, a pale, haggard young woman clasping a baby to her breast, and weeping at their taunts. She called on Joan Lowrie, who bore down on the group, took the child and championed Liz. Then she took mother and babe to her hovel to dwell with her.

When Grace called at the rectory that evening he found Derrick there discussing Joan Lowrie with Mr. and Mrs. Barholm and Anice. The rector was in favor of taking Joan as a household servant; but Anice would not hear of this. The rector called the next day at Lowrie's cottage and made poor Liz supremely unhappy by a lecture. Joan, coming in while his tirade was in progress, disconcerted him by her sensible and strong remarks; and the rector on arriving home told his daughter that Joan Lowrie was a vixen.

Anice Barholm had exactly the sympathy that her smug

father lacked. The rough, hard-featured men and women soon lost their prejudice as she circulated among them to bestow upon them charity and kindness in every way that she could. One evening, when she was in the garden gathering lilacs, she was conscious of someone standing outside of the holly hedge. It was Joan, weary and coal-stained from her day's work.

"She's inside o' th' hedge," she said to herself. "I'm outside, theer's th' difference. It a'most look loike the hedge went aw' around an' she'd been born among th' flowers, and theer's no way out for her—no more than theer's a way in fur me."

Their eyes met. Anice gave Joan some flowers, and they made friends.

Anice told Derrick that she had seen Joan Lowrie, for Derrick had manifested his deep interest in this "Junolike collier lass."

Derrick found the miners hard to deal with. They were so used to casualties that they had become careless, and they opposed Derrick's precautions and innovations for safety. He discovered also that some of them had "false keys to their Davys and used the flame to light their pipes."

The worst man in the mines was Dan Lowrie, and he conceived a violent hatred for Derrick because the latter enforced the rules. Derrick confided his troubles to Anice.

The curate visited the Lowrie cottage, and Joan and Liz did not repel him. Liz cared little for the child that had occasioned her so much distress and humiliation, and Joan took care of it. She held it in her strong arms when she returned from her day's work, and a new tenderness was developed within her. Anice also visited the cottage and took an interest in Liz and her puny babe.

Lowrie, mad with drink, attacked one night the "Lunnon engineer," who defended himself so well that he overcame the brutal miner; but when he fell exhausted into a chair at Grace's he found that his wrist had been broken in the fight.

Anice was greatly overcome when she heard the news; and when Grace called at the rectory, the next day, she asked to hear the details. Grace was alarmed at the expression in her eyes. When Derrick was able to call, Anice betrayed her feeling, which he did not observe.

On the way home, Derrick noticed that a tall figure stepped out into the moonlit Knoll Road. It was Joan Lowrie, who had been waiting for the engineer. She told him that her father was lying in wait for him, and that she had come to offer him protection. He did not wish to avail himself of this, but she insisted; and every night after that for a long period Derrick was conscious of a woman's figure following and protecting him.

Anice had been growing more and more popular in Riggan. A little boy, Jud Bates, who adored his dog, Nib, whom she had befriended, was her devoted slave, and her visits to Liz brought a little cheer to the Lowrie cottage. Grace, in the mean time, had started a night-school, which Jud and Nib attended. Anice offered her services. One day, when Joan went to see Anice, she was greatly impressed by a picture of the Crucifixion; and, at her request, Anice explained it and also gave Joan her Bible; Joan then asked whether she might join the night-school, to Anice's great delight.

One day Derrick caught Lowrie with his Davy safety-lamp open and his pipe applied to the flame; Derrick made him give up the key and reported him. Lowrie was discharged. When Derrick next met Joan on the road, he begged her not to blame him for what he had done. "I conna blame yo' fur doin' what were reet," she answered.

Joan's progress was rapid. Miss Barholm began to regard the girl as a wonder; and when she asked her: "Dost tha think a working lass could learn as much as a lady?" Anice replied: "I think that *you* can do anything you try to do."

Anice made a discovery. She had noted the mutual attraction of Fergus Derrick and Joan Lowrie; and she was startled. "This man and woman could scarcely have been placed at a greater distance from each other and yet, through some undefined attraction, were veering toward one another. Neither might be aware of this; but it was surely true. Little as social creeds influenced Anice, she could not close her eyes to the incongruous, the unpleasant features of this strange situation. And, besides, there was a more intimate and personal consideration. Her own feeling toward Fergus Derrick was friendship at first, and then she had suddenly awakened and found it something more. After that she saw what both

Derrick and Joan were themselves blind to." She was glad that she had made the discovery before it was too late. "I have made a mistake," she said to herself; but she did not visit this on any save herself. Anice and Joan were drawn into a deeper friendship and the stoical Joan melted every day into greater tenderness as she tended the neglected child of the weak and unhappy Liz.

Old Sammy Craddock now fell into hard luck, and Anice got him the place of gate-keeper at Haviland Park, the country-seat of a member of Parliament, thereby earning his undying gratitude. Joan came to see her one day and professed the Christian faith. Anice was greatly affected, and entering the rectory, told her mother and Derrick, who was calling there, "Mr. Derrick," said she, "what *now* is to be done with Joan Lowrie?" "What now?" he said. "God knows! For one, I cannot see the end."

One night, on his way home, Derrick dropped in to see Grace, as usual. The curate read his mood. Loving Anice as he did, he thought Derrick loved her, too, and that he was generous enough to shrink from the prospect of success with the woman his friend had failed to win. Derrick was equally absorbed by his passion for another woman—Joan Lowrie—and he wanted Grace's advice. Without mentioning names, Derrick asked: "Ought love to be stronger than all else? I used to tell myself so before it came upon me—and now I can only wonder at myself and tremble to find that I have grown so weak."

The curate, thinking he had reference to Miss Barholm, with a pallid face and gentle smile, said: "My answer is this: When a man loves a woman wholly, truly, purely, and to her highest honor—such a love is the highest and noblest thing in this world, and nothing should lead to its sacrifice, no ambition, no hope, no friendship."

"That lass o' Lowrie's has made a bad bargain i' takin' up wi' that wench," said one of the Riggan women to Grace. "She's noan o' th' soart as'll keep straight. She's as shallow as a brook i' midsummer. What's she doin' leavin' th' young un to Joan, an' gaddin' about wi' ribbons i' her bonnet? Some lasses would na ha' th' heart to show theirsens."

The fact was that Liz was tired of the monotony of her existence. One night, when going down a lane, she met her old lover. She hastily claimed Joan's protection, who, on a subsequent occasion, sought out Mr. Ralph Landsell and returned the money to him that he had given Liz, and commanded him to leave Riggan. One stormy night Dan Lowrie awakened Joan. She responded, threw on her clothes and went out into the black rain of midnight. Her brutal father told her that he quite understood how she was trying to save the gentleman engineer, his enemy, but that notwithstanding her stubborn obstinacy he was going to fulfil his purpose and "if it wur murder itsen an' yo' wur i' my way, theer mowt be two blows struck i'stead o' one—theer mowt be two murders done—an' I wunnot say which ud coom first—fur I'll do what I've set my moind to, if I'm dom'd to hell fur it."

Joan defied him; and, with an oath, he felled her to the ground. When she rose to her feet she broke into sobs and said to herself: "I shall bear th' mark for mony a day. I mun hide mysen away. I could na bear fur *him* to see it, even tho' I getten it fur his sake."

Soon after this Derrick, walking along the lonely road at night, noticed Joan and spoke to her. She told him of the danger that menaced him. "She could only express her love by braving darkness and danger, and, at need, interpose herself between violence or death."

Jud Bates overheard Dan Lowrie and several men planning to throw vitriol on the engineer. When these desperate characters discovered that the boy had been behind the hedge, they, by threatening the life of his beloved dog, made him promise secrecy. However, Jud managed to give a hint of what was in the air to the people at the rectory.

That night Lowrie hid in the grass behind the hedge on the roadside. He heard footsteps and thought Joan was approaching. He went out to meet her, and was in the Knoll Road in a minute. "I'll teach her to go agen me," he muttered. "I'll teach her, by ——." But the sentence was never ended. "There was a murmur he did not understand, a rush, a heavy rain of blows, a dash of something in his face that scorched like liquid fire, and, with a shriek, he fell writhing."

Two men, Joan, and Fergus Derrick now rushed forward. They carried Lowrie to his cottage, and Joan hurried in to prepare Liz. To her surprise, however, she found a slip of paper pinned to the child's breast with the words: "Dunnot be hard on me, Joan, dunnot— Good-by!"

Lowrie died in a few days, cursing Joan. She now had the entire charge of Liz's baby, but the poor little thing soon closed its eyes forever.

Derrick was disturbed about the mines. "I am convinced of the danger constantly threatening us," he said to Anice one day. "I am convinced that the present system of furnaces is the cause of more explosions than are usually attributed to it. The mine here is a 'fiery' one, as they call it, and yet day after day goes by and no precautions are taken." Derrick resolved to resign. He was unwilling any longer to lead the men into danger. He had an interview with the owners of the mine and resigned.

Only two more weeks now remained for him to stay in Riggan. One night, when calling on Grace, the latter told Derrick that Joan was going to give up working at the mines; and in the confidences that followed Grace learned that Derrick had referred to Joan in their former conversation, and not to Anice. The next day Derrick went to the mine as usual. As he stepped into the cage and descended, it seemed to him as if the sky had never been so blue. A few hours later an explosion shook Riggan, a booming sound which brought people flocking out of their houses, with white faces. Some of them had heard it before—all knew what it meant. Grace hurried to the mine to search for Derrick. Suddenly Joan appeared and insisted on going down with the rescue party.

"The curate protested. 'It may be death. You are a woman. We cannot let you risk your life.'

"She turned to the volunteers.

"'Lads,' she cried passionately, 'yo' munnot turn me back. I—sin' I mun tell yo'—' and she faced them like a queen—'theer's a mon down theer as I'd gi' my heart's blood to save.'

"They did not know whom she meant, but they demurred no longer.

"'Tak' thy place, wench,' said the oldest of them. 'If tha mun, tha mun.'

"She took her seat in the cage by Grace, and when she took it she half turned her face away. But when those above began to lower them, and they found themselves swinging downward into what might be to them a pit of death, she spoke to him.

"'Theer's a prayer I'd loike yo' to pray,' she said. 'Pray that if we mun dee, we may na dee until we ha' done our work.'

"It was a dreadful work indeed that the rescuers had to do in those black galleries. And Joan was the bravest, quickest, most persistent of all."

At last they found "a still face with closed eyes and blood upon it." Grace, like Joan, knelt down, his heart aching with dread.

"Joan Lowrie laid her hand upon the apparently motionless breast and waited almost a minute, and then she lifted her own face, white as the wounded man's—white and solemn, and wet with a sudden rain of tears.

"'He is na dead,' she said. 'We ha' saved him.'"

When the cage ascended to the mouth of the pit, "Joan Lowrie came with it, blinded and dazzled by the golden winter sunlight as it fell upon her haggard face. She was holding the head of what seemed to be a dead man upon her knee. A great shout of welcome rose up from the bystanders."

Derrick was laid on a pile of coats and blankets. The doctor said that he had a fighting chance for life. Grace insisted that his friend should be taken to his own lodgings, and there he was tenderly nursed by the curate, Joan, and Anice Barholm. In his illness Derrick raved about Joan. He must tell her he loved her before he died.

Joan, knowing now that Derrick loved her, resolved to go away. Anice protested, but Joan answered: "Am *I* fit wife fur a gentlemon? Nay, my work's done when the danger's ower. If he wakes to know th' leet o' day to-morrow morning, it's done then."

When Derrick regained consciousness he was told that Joan had been nursing him; and he was in despair when he learned that she had gone.

Anice, on seeing her determination, insisted on sending

Joan with a letter to her grandmother, Mrs. Galloway, in Ashley-Wold, Kent, and two weeks later Joan arrived in that village on foot. With the exception of an occasional lift by a wagoner, she had made the journey in this manner. Mrs. Galloway received her with affectionate kindness and engaged her as a companion.

Anice now learned that Liz had returned to Riggan, and she went to Mr. Grace, for the habit of referring everything to him was growing stronger every day. One of the old wives of Riggan told them that she had seen Liz, who was ill. She had asked about her child and Joan, but she seemed to care the most about news of Joan.

"Did you tell her where we buried the child?" asked Grace.

"Ay," said the woman. Grace and Anice went to the churchyard, where they found Liz's shawl; and when they continued their walk to Lowrie's cottage, they found Liz lying with her face downward and her dead hand against the closed door.

Before very long Mrs. Galloway had a visitor, who announced himself as Mr. Fergus Derrick from Riggan. "Joan is in the garden," she said. "Go to her."

There, amid the blue violets, Joan was standing, a motionless figure in heavy brown drapery. Derrick told his love and asked her to be his wife.

"He would have caught her to his breast, but she held up her hand to restrain him.

"'Not yet,' she said, 'not yet. I conna turn yo' fro' me, but theer's summat I must ask. Give me th' time to make myself worthy—give me th' time to work an' strive; be patient with me until th' day comes when I can come to yo' an' know I need not shame yo'. They say I am na slow at learnin'—wait and see how I can work for th' mon—for th' mon I love.'"

LITTLE LORD FAUNTLEROY (1886)

Mrs. Burnett wrote *Little Lord Fauntleroy* for children, but, like many another "juvenile" masterpiece, it found an equally appreciative audience with mature readers. Her own dramatization of the story was quite as successful as the novel, being continuously on the stage of this country and England for several consecutive years. It is a story of the present day, with scenes in New York City and rural England.

EDRIC ERROL, seven years old, knew only that his father was dead, and that his mother, "Dearest," as he called her, after the paternal manner, was sorrowful and needed comforting. He was too young to understand the family history, and when extraordinary circumstances made it necessary to reveal some portion of it to him, he learned no more than a part of it. The whole, as his wise mother knew, would have mystified him and made him unhappy. But when Mr. Havisham, the lawyer, came to New York to see Mrs. Errol, the intelligence he brought had to be communicated in some measure to the little boy. They had to tell him that his father was a Briton, third son of the Earl of Dorincourt. He had met "Dearest" on his travels. and married her without the Earl's consent or knowledge. The Earl thereupon had disowned him, for he had the most violent prejudice against all Americans and was convinced that his son's wife was a vulgar adventuress with only a mercenary interest in her husband. Of course they did not tell this unpleasant detail to Cedric, but they gave him to understand that now both the elder brothers of his father were dead; and, as neither had married, the Dorincourt title and the vast Dorincourt estates would necessarily fall to the third son's son, none other than Cedric himself, who was already, by the operation of English law, not merely Cedric Errol, but Lord Fauntleroy, that being the courtesy title of the Earl of Dorincourt's heir-apparent.

Furthermore, it was incumbent on him to proceed to England to get acquainted with his grandfather, and learn many things which a future peer of the British realm must know in order to acquit himself properly in his high station.

All this was quite as astonishing to Cedric as it would have been to any other American boy, for he was a firm believer in the Fourth of July, and had imbibed not a little Anglophobia from his most intimate friend, Mr. Hobbs, the corner grocer. Mr. Hobbs, who always enjoyed talking with his little friend, had told him a great deal about Bunker Hill and George Washington which was historically true, and as much more about the atrocious villainy of earls and other titled personages, which was just as true, so far as Mr. Hobbs knew and as he implicitly believed. It was a severe blow to the grocer to learn that Cedric was already a lord and destined to be an earl; but after they had talked it all over, Mr. Hobbs saw a possible bright side to the picture. "You've got to go," he said; "there's no getting out of it, but you can show 'em what a good earl is like." Cedric agreed and declared that, come what might, he would not be a tyrant.

But he was able presently to report to Mr. Hobbs that not all earls were necessarily bad. He had discovered a good one in his own family. His grandfather, the Earl of Dorincourt, was the very kindest man you could think of. This discovery was due to Mr. Havisham, who was much more astounded by it than was the little lord; for Cedric took all men's goodness for granted until he found the contrary, which he seldom did, whereas the lawyer knew that the Earl of Dorincourt was nicknamed "The Wicked" by his acquaintances; that he was hated alike by his tenants and by those who should have been his friends; that he had hated his elder sons, and that he was now consumed with an ungovernable hatred of Cedric's mother.

"You'll probably find my heir to be an impertinent brat," was substantially what the noble Earl said to his family lawyer before the latter's departure for America. "Convince him that he can have anything he wants. Make him understand as soon as you can that he has come into wealth."

It was the Earl's sincere belief that this was the only way to

wean the little fellow from cheap American notions. There was not the ghost of kindly feeling in it. On the contrary, the Earl of Dorincourt was prepared to hate Cedric as heartily as he had hated his elder sons. He sent for him simply because he had to. The boy was bound to be his successor; therefore, for the honor of the family, which was very ancient and of which the Earl was very proud, he must be trained to make the best of him, "which will be bad enough," thought the Earl, bitterly.

Mr. Havisham had come to America with much the same prejudices as those of his patron. He was wholly surprised, first, by Mrs. Errol's refinement and utter lack of self-seeking; she assented to the proposals made to her with regret, but without opposition, because she knew that Cedric's father would have wished his son to take the title and its responsibilities if fortune extended them to him. The lawyer's second surprise was with regard to the little lord. He found a boy of perfect physique and excellent though quaint manners; and when he began to execute his patron's commands, he had a glimpse of native character that gave him unending surprise and not a little amusement.

"My lord," he said, early in his acquaintance with the lad, "what would you do if you were very rich?"

Boylike, he would do "lots of things," but he particularized without the slightest vagueness. He would provide a certain old apple-woman he knew with a tent to shelter her when it rained; he would buy out Dick Tipton's partner, and set Dick up in independent business, with a proper sign. Dick? Oh, he was a bootblack; a splendid fellow; he saved Cedric's ball at a time when Cedric was only a little fellow and couldn't venture out into the crowded street to get it. Dick was one of his very best friends, but his partner was mean, and he ought to be bought out. And then, there was Bridget. She had ten children and an invalid husband. Often she came to tell her troubles to Dearest, and it would be such fun to help her.

And so it went; and the lawyer, after thinking it over very slowly, as was his lawyerlike duty, decided that he would be literally within his instructions if he enabled Cedric to be charitable. "You could do such a lot of good if you were rich, you know," said Cedric. And so money was put into his hands. He was

given to understand that his grandfather sent it to him to do with as he pleased; and his first disbursement was on account of Bridget's rent. He gave the old apple-woman a tent and he set Dick up in business.

From all these matters the little lord derived a certain conviction. He did not come to it by any process of reasoning, for it was self-evident that his grandfather was a very good and generous man. He had the deepest satisfaction in telling Mr. Hobbs so; and it was this conviction which he took to England, and with which he entered his grandfather's presence. He was informed during the journey that he was not to live with his mother, a detail that she had advised Mr. Havisham not to mention early for fear it would set the boy's heart against his grandfather. The lawyer assented to the delay, marveling at this American mother who sought nothing for herself but made an evident sacrifice for her son's good. Cedric was grieved indeed when he was informed, and he uttered the child's "Why?" with painful earnestness. Mrs. Errol did not undertake to tell him why; she assured him that he would understand when he was older, and that for the present he could see her every day. His lip quivered, but his mind was made up to do what Dearest said would be right, and he bravely kept back his tears when he left her at the pretty house the Earl had assigned to her use and set forth with the lawyer for the castle, four or five miles distant.

It was characteristic of the Earl that he had forbidden Mr. Havisham to write him about his observations and discoveries in America. The sour old man was so sure that a young beast, or an imbecile, was coming to him that he wanted to postpone knowledge of the reality till the last possible moment. And that moment had come. Lord Fauntleroy was in the castle, and the Earl sat with one foot on a gout-stool, dreading his entrance. He was so charged with hatred for everybody and everything, and so especially bitter on account of the circumstances that had made the coming of this youngster a necessity, that he could not raise his head when a footman announced "Lord Fauntleroy."

Cedric stepped into a large, lofty room, dark with books, and at first did not see the stern old man who sat by the fire; but he did see a huge dog which rose and approached him.

The lad put his hand on the dog's neck and went on across the floor.

"Are you the Earl?" he asked, at last. "I am Lord Fauntleroy, your grandson, you know. I hope you are well, sir," and he held out his hand in the friendliest way.

Then the Earl looked, and astonishment whisked away his power of speech. Instead of the uncouth figure he had anticipated, here was a handsome little fellow, perfectly built, friends already with the brute who had his master's aversion to the vast majority of human beings. Dorincourt took Fauntleroy's proffered hand, with a commonplace greeting, and Cedric climbed into a chair. The dog put his head on the boy's knee.

"I've often wondered what you looked like," said the little lord, and the Earl cynically suggested that his grandson was disappointed. The cynicism escaped Cedric entirely, but he hastened to assure the Earl that not only was there no disappointment, but that there was abundant affection. "Any boy would love his grandfather, especially one who had been so kind to him as you have."

The Earl was startled. Kind? He never had been kind to anybody, so far as he was aware. Nobody except sycophants, whom he read easily and despised, had ever accused him of kindness. And affection! This was something he had not bargained for, and he knew not what to make of it. Fauntleroy proceeded calmly to explain some of the things that mystified his grandfather. He thanked him for his kindness in enabling him to help Bridget and the apple-woman and Dick; and, as these names aroused the Earl's curiosity, Cedric told him all about them. They talked for a long time, that is, Cedric talked, and the Earl had come to glow with a strange sense of amused pride before the footman announced dinner. Then the boy offered to help his grandfather walk to the dining-room, and the Earl tried his strength and endurance by resting his weight on the youngster's shoulder instead of the arm of the footman. It was a severe test, and Cedric was very red in the face and moist before the task was completed; but he never flinched and only remarked that it was rather a warm evening.

Thus began a friendship such as Castle Dorincourt had not suspected as among the possibilities of lordly life within its

walls. Fauntleroy had begun by ingenuously setting his grandfather on a pedestal of kindness and generosity. It was palpably clear that these qualities aroused not only the lad's affection but his admiration; and the Earl, who could not fully appreciate affection, or credit it, did understand admiration. He shrank, therefore, from doing or saying anything that would tend to lessen the boy's regard for him. When they drove together in the country, and the people lifted their hats to the Earl and smiled in a pleased way at the boy, in whom all were interested, Cedric took none of their homage for himself. "How much they think of you!" he would say. "It must be fine to be loved by everybody as you are." And the Earl, who knew how bitterly opposite the truth was from the boy's understanding, wrinkled his heavy brows and made no comment. Cases of distress among the tenantry came to Cedric's ears. He promptly assumed that his grandfather would relieve them, and the Earl had not the courage to pursue his habitual course; he forgave arrearages in rent, sent medicines and dainties to the sick, and demolished unsanitary buildings whenever Lord Fauntleroy showed that such would be his action if he controlled the property. It was all done as if the Earl were amusing himself in gratifying the whims of a pretty child; he could not endure that his agent should think that he really cared for the tenants' miseries; but the little lord never permitted anybody to be deceived. It was his kind, generous grandfather who ordered all these reforms, and it was no wonder the people loved him.

Dorincourt's health improved, to the amazement of himself and his physician, but the Earl was too sensible not to know that credit belonged to the boy. His presence and steady admiration suppressed the frightful outbursts of rage for which the noble lord was infamous over more than the whole county, and which would have made a stronger man than himself an invalid. They were inseparable companions, which means that the Earl accompanied Fauntleroy in horseback rides about the country and actually played games with him in the castle. The Earl had begun by being proud of the lad's physical beauty and his absolute ignorance of fear; he then coveted the boy's admiration and affection; and love for the boy came last, but it came exceeding strong. The general bitterness with which he

had viewed the necessity of meeting his heir had disappeared, but there remained one sting; for the Earl was jealous. He wanted the boy all for himself, and Cedric would insist on loving his mother also. He went to her cottage daily, and always eagerly. The Earl questioned him sharply once about what his mother said to him; and the boy's frank answers, absolutely convincing, showed that the American mother's first care was that her boy should have no knowledge of anything bad about his grandfather. Dorincourt knew that his course in separating mother and son was heartily condemned by all people, high and low, but condemnation never swerved him; neither did the evidence that Mrs. Errol was a strength rather than a hindrance to his plans for Lord Fauntleroy. An obstinate old man, this Earl! He seldom talked of his mother with Cedric, but whenever he did that feeling of jealousy was strengthened.

"Do you still think of her?" he asked, after Cedric had been an inmate of the castle for several weeks.

"Always," replied the little lord, at once. "Don't you suppose I'd think of you if I had to live away from you?"

The shaggy white brows of the noble lord came together in a portentous frown, which meant on this occasion merely that he was staggered. "Yes," he replied weakly, "I suppose you would."

The time came when he invited those who should have been his friends about the county to visit the castle for the purpose of meeting its future owner. Word of him had traveled far by this time, and everybody that received an invitation forgave past offenses of the present Earl for the sake of looking at him who gave such promise of being a credit to the title. Fauntleroy charmed them all with his self-possessed but unaffected demeanor, his quaint remarks straight to the point, his beauty, his affection for everybody, and especially for his grandfather. Indeed, he made it clear to them that in his understanding they had not come from the slightest interest in him, but because they admired his grandfather so much.

There were many broad smiles, many jokes to the effect that Dorincourt would find it difficult to live up to the reputation Lord Fauntleroy had made for him; and everybody was happy, with one exception. Mr. Havisham, who came strangely late

to the festivity, was so much perturbed that his friends noticed it, and the Earl knew that something of grave importance had occurred. The lawyer explained after the last guest had departed. A woman had called at his chambers that very morning to say that she was the wife of Bevis, Lord Dorincourt's eldest son. She had married him six years ago, had quarreled with him, and he had paid her to live apart from him. She had a five-year-old son, and until recently she had not known what she could claim in his behalf, for she was an ignorant, low-class American. Now she did know, and she demanded recognition for herself as Lady Fauntleroy, and the Dorincourt title and estates for her son upon the death of the present Earl.

Dorincourt fell into one of his old-time furies of rage on receipt of this information. He swore that it was all a lie, but the lawyer told him the woman had proofs of much that she asserted. There was no doubt about the marriage to Bevis. Nevertheless, there was just a chance that she was an impostor, and the Earl bade him proceed along the lines of that possibility. "If what she says is true," he said between clenched teeth, "her son is Lord Fauntleroy, and this boy whom I have come to love as I never loved human being is merely the son of Captain Errol. But fight to the last, Havisham. Use every pretext for delay the law allows. Make her establish her claim beyond the shadow of a doubt."

Havisham did as he was bid, and when the wife of Bevis came to the castle she was not permitted to enter. The Earl would not see her. She therefore took quarters in the village inn, and there began what promised to be one of the most sensational lawsuits that the kingdom had known in a generation. Of course Cedric had to be told. He was quite depressed at first. "I had come to think it was a pretty good thing to be an earl," he said ruefully. Dorincourt assured him that he should not be ousted if the law could prevent it.

"But," said Cedric, "will they take away Dearest's house?"

"No!" replied the Earl, emphatically.

"Well, this other boy, if he is Lord Fauntleroy, he will have to be your little boy, just as—just as I was, won't he?"

"NO!" thundered the Earl, and when he saw Cedric's face lighten with relief, and heard him say that it didn't matter about

not being an earl if only he could continue to be his grandfather's little boy—ah! Castle Dorincourt, you supposed that love had taken flight from your ancient walls when the present incumbent came to his own, did you? "You'll be my little boy as long as I live," said the Earl; "by George, I believe you're the only boy I ever had."

There was a great stir all over England about the claim to the Dorincourt title. The newspapers took it up and the stir sped across the ocean. Enterprising journals printed pictures of the various parties concerned; and so it came about that Cedric's friend, Dick, saw a picture that he recognized. It was not one of his little friend, oh, no! A much more important picture than that. "Mother of Claimant (Lady Fauntleroy)" was the under-line, and Dick recognized a handsome young woman who had married his elder brother and afterward deserted him, taking with her their little son. Now Cedric had kept in touch with his New York friends, Mr. Hobbs and Dick, and these two had become friends through their common affection for the little lord. Both had been apprised by him of his fallen fortune, and each was ready to offer Cedric a partnership in business. But here was matter that suggested something better than bootblacking at a busy corner, or even the grocery business; and they wisely consulted a lawyer.

The result was some correspondence with Mr. Havisham, and, as soon as it could be arranged, a journey across the ocean for Dick, his brother, and Mr. Hobbs, for the grocer felt that he must go along to see that his little friend should not be imposed on and defrauded of his rights by any lingering rascality in the British nobility. And one day Mr. Havisham and the Earl visited the wife of Bevis, unannounced, taking with them Dick Tipton and his brother. The woman's case fell with a crash, for she was not so shrewd as she was wicked, and it was impossible for her to mask her instant recognition of her husband. The pretended Lord Fauntleroy was the son of Tipton, not of Bevis, and one feature of the clearing up that followed was the restoration of the child to his father, who loved him and wanted to take care of him.

The real little Lord Fauntleroy benefited to the highest degree by this trying episode; for the Earl learned in the course

of it the truly noble character of his mother, and thereafter she lived with her son at the castle. Dick came in for the reward of education at the Earl's expense, and Mr. Hobbs rewarded himself by selling out his business in New York and setting up a grocery in the village, which prospered because the castle patronized it. He actually acquired the habit of reading the court news in the papers, and excused himself on the ground that he wished to look after his young friend.

A LADY OF QUALITY (1896)

This was the second book by Mrs. Burnett to be dramatized. Its true dramatic power made it peculiarly adapted for the stage, where it achieved a great success, although it never equaled the popularity of its predecessor, *Little Lord Fauntleroy.*

ON November 24, 1685, the sun was shining, faint and red, through a light fog; dogs were baying and horses were neighing and trampling in the courtyard of Wildairs Hall, from which Sir Jeoffry Wildairs, its roistering, choleric proprietor, was about to go forth a-hunting with his boisterous companions. His wife lay in a gloomy canopied bed in a huge tapestried chamber, with a new-born and unwelcome daughter by her side. Neglected by her husband, as well as by her attendants, Lady Wildairs died; and when the old nurse returned to the room, she found the motherless infant screaming lustily. The girl was named Clorinda, and was taken to a lonely wing of the house, where her two older sisters, Barbara and Anne, lived with their attendants and never risked seeing Sir Jeoffry, who hated them. Anne and Barbara were spiritless; but Clorinda early gave evidence of a passionate disposition as well as great beauty. She commanded the servants, and they obeyed and humored her. They liked to torment her until she raged and roared and stamped and beat them unmercifully. Inheriting her father's taste for horses and dogs, she spent most of her time in the stables, where she learned the language and songs of the grooms and stable-boys and became a fearless rider. Her father's fiery steed, Rake, was her favorite; and one day when she missed this horse from the stable, in her search for the man who had taken him out, she made her way into the house, and passed through rooms and corridors that she had never seen before until she reached the great hall.

The carved black oak panels, hung with fox-brushes, antlers, and arms, delighted her; and on an oaken settle she found a hunting-crop and powder-flask, which she was examining when Sir Jeoffry entered. He sprang at her in a fury, snatched the powder-horn from her and boxed her ears, ripping out oaths. To his surprise, she picked up the crop and beat his legs with all her strength, pouring forth a return volley of oaths, which amazed and delighted him. She also threatened to cut his liver from his body. The servants, hearing the tumult, came in and answered Sir Jeoffry's question "Who is this young she-devil?" by replying that she was his daughter, Mistress Clorinda. With a rough, jovial laugh, he gazed delightedly at the beautiful child. If he admired her brown complexion, her cheeks burning with fire, her black eyes, her lips red as holly-berries, her fine body, her strength of limb, and great growth for her six years, how much greater was his delight when he put her on Rake and saw how she could ride! He immediately ordered her mother's old apartments to be prepared for her, and installed her in them as his companion.

Thenceforth Mistress Clorinda ruled over Wildairs Hall and tyrannized over Sir Jeoffry. She was his pride and his boast, and when he introduced her at one of his carousals and set her in the center of the table while his guests drank her health standing, to their amazed delight she joined in their jovial and ribald song, which the stable-boys had taught her. Sir Jeoffry went to London and bought her rich clothes, most unsuitable for a child. He had a wardrobe made for her such as the finest lady of fashion could hardly boast—brocades, rich lace, fine linen, farthingales, swansdown tippets, and little slippers with red heels. He also decked her in her mother's jewels. Moreover, he had the fantastical notion to have made for her suits of boy's clothes: pink and blue satin coats, little white or amber or blue satin breeches, ruffles of lace, and waistcoats embroidered with colors and with gold and silver. A small, scarlet-coated hunting-costume completed the outfit. He loved to have her women dress her as a boy and bring her to the table when he was entertaining his convivial friends. She ruled over all and over every person.

Clorinda grew in grace and beauty, and by the time she was

fifteen years old she was the talk and scandal and toast of the county. She had a strong, clear wit, an unconquerableness of purpose, and was adroit, brilliant, and resourceful. One day a member of her mother's family sent his chaplain to Sir Jeoffry to protest against her wearing man's attire. The chaplain was met by a beautiful youth, dressed in his scarlet hunting-costume, playing with a dog and swearing roundly. The youth escorted him to Sir Jeoffry and listened to his complaint. Sir Jeoffry was furious, but Clorinda took the matter to heart. "I mean to make a fine marriage," she said, "and be a great lady, and I know of none hereabouts to suit me but the old Earl of Dunstanwolde, and 'tis said he rates at all but modest women; and, in faith, he might not find breeches mannerly. I will not hunt in them again."

On Clorinda's fifteenth birthday, Sir Jeoffry gave a dinner-party. With the exception of Clorinda, no ladies were present. The girl had announced that this was to be her last appearance in the old *rôle* of hoyden. She received the guests with bold swagger and jaunty manners, dressed in knee-breeches of white satin, white silk stockings, shoes garnished with diamond buckles, a pink satin coat embroidered with silver roses, and powdered hair.

Among her father's elderly guests a newcomer was introduced—a young London gallant, Sir John Oxon, a beau and a rake, who darted many a fiery glance at Clorinda before the first course was removed. Clorinda's fame had reached London, and the young man had determined to secure an invitation to this feast. In the midst of the dinner the young girl sprang upon a chair, called for a bumper, sang a stable-boy's song, sprang down, and left the room. She soon returned in a gorgeous brocade gown of crimson and silver, with a great hooped petticoat, her black hair rolled high and ornamented with jewels, and her throat blazing with diamonds.

"Down upon your knees!" she cried to the guests, "and drink to me kneeling. From this night all men must bend so —all men whom I deign to cast my eyes on."

Thenceforth Mistress Clorinda became a belle. Her tire-women were kept busy, and when they did not please her she boxed their ears and flung pots of pomade at them, swearing

roundly. Her two plain sisters and her duenna, Mistress Wimpole, attended her to church; but she shone alone at the balls, dinners, and routs at fine houses, queening it among the fops and rakes, country knights and squires. Sir John Oxon paid a visit to Wildairs Hall, and Anne, who had no part in the social life, discovered his miniature among Clorinda's possessions. Presently she saw the original, and fell in love with him herself. She adored her sister Clorinda, who condescendingly permitted her to hover about her, to darn the old tapestries, change the fashions of her gowns, and arrange her ribbon-knots.

One day the dashing belle introduced Anne to the gay company at the Hall. Sir John was present, and his gallant bow conquered Anne's timid heart forever. That night, when gazing out of the window, thinking of her sister's lover, Anne heard stealthy footsteps. A dark, draped figure was standing on the path. The moon, bursting through the clouds, illumined his face: it was Sir John.

After a two weeks' visit at the Hall he departed. A night or two later, when Mistress Wimpole was combing Clorinda's hair, she discovered that a great lock of it was gone. The furious Clorinda raged and swore, and beat the woman, whom she suspected of having cut it off.

In two years, news came to Wildairs Hall that Sir John was engaged to a West Indian heiress. The suit of Lord Dunstanwolde appeared then to advance, for he had offered Clorinda his hand. An important ball was given in the county, at which Sir John Oxon was present; but earlier in the day he had met secretly, in the old rose-garden of Wildairs Hall, Mistress Clorinda, who dismissed him proudly. She appeared in great beauty at the ball, and giving her answer to Lord Dunstanwolde, she walked through the rooms on his arm as his affianced wife. The latter introduced his kinsman, the Duke of Osmonde; and "for the first time in her life Mistress Clorinda's lids fell, and as she swept her courtesy of stately obeisance, her heart struck like a hammer against her side."

The Countess of Dunstanwolde took her place in the great world with dignity. As she had ruled the servants' hall, the kennel, the grooms' quarters, and later her father and his boisterous friends, so now she amazed everyone by her bearing.

She was gracious and sweet to her husband, and he adored her. The Duke of Osmonde had fallen in love with her and she with him, but they had met too late. He avoided his kinsman's home and wife. Not so, however, Sir John Oxon. He was still unmarried, and his love for Clorinda flamed anew; but Lady Dunstanwolde spurned his attentions. Lord Dunstanwolde died, and, after a year's time, the Duke of Osmonde offered his heart and hand to Clorinda, who deeply loved him; but while preparations were being made for their wedding, the jealous Sir John pursued my lady, who was incensed with the annoyance. Anne, the gentle, timid Anne, was her support and comfort, although her heart was breaking with love for Sir John. In the absence of the Duke, and maddened by the threats of her old lover, Clorinda bought a fierce horse named Devil, which she tried to tame, and rode in Hyde Park every day. The vicious Sir John also rode, and one day, overtaking her, threatened her again. His Grace the Duke returned suddenly, and matters were brought to a crisis. Sir John pursued Clorinda to her boudoir, and infuriated her by showing her the long raven tress he had cut from her head years before, to win a bet. He told her that she should never be the wife of the Duke, but that she should be "the wife of Sir John Oxon, as you once called yourself for a brief space," he added, "though no priest had mumbled over us." When he threatened to go to Osmonde and expose the story, insulting her with taunts, she caught her whip that lay on the table and whirled it in the air. "She was blind with the surging of her blood, and saw not how she caught or held it, or what she did—only that she struck! And 'twas his temple that the loaded weapon met, and 'twas wielded by a wrist whose sinews were of steel; and even as it struck he gasped, casting up his hands, and thereupon fell and lay stretched at her feet."

Horror-stricken, Clorinda saw that she had killed Sir John. She hid his body under a couch and kept the terrible secret even from Anne. She entertained afternoon guests here and also had a dinner-party, at which she shone brilliantly. Anne, white, pale, and frightened, was her companion through this trying ordeal.

Clorinda's marriage with the Duke took place. He was a

noble character, and their happiness was complete. Their union was blessed with four sons and two daughters, who loved Anne, the gentle aunt, as a mother. She gradually faded away; and just before her death the two sisters had an affecting conversation, in which Clorinda learned the depth of Anne's devotion. Anne had been her guardian angel; she had kept watch over her in the days of her trysts in the rose-garden with Sir John; she had seen the murder of the young man and had followed her sister when, alone, she bore in her strong arms his body to the cellar at midnight. Anne was relieved to find that the murder was accidental and advised Clorinda to keep the sad story from the Duke. The Duke and Duchess lived till ripe years, beloved for their noble deeds by prince and pauper.

FRANCES BURNEY

(England, 1752–1840)

EVELINA (1778)

Evelina is a sequel to the *History of Caroline Evelyn*, which the author destroyed, together with other manuscripts, at the age of fifteen. *Evelina, or a Young Lady's Entrance into the World*, was begun when the author was about seventeen, but was not published till she was twenty-six, and then by stealth. She disposed of it through her brother to Dr. Lowndes, for twenty pounds, and the first knowledge she herself had of its publication came to her in an advertisement in the newspapers after it had been universally favorably reviewed. Dr. Burney informed Mrs. Thrale of the identity of the anonymous writer, who was at once welcomed in the literary circle that revolved around Dr. Johnson. *Evelina* is probably a picture of Fanny Burney herself at the age of seventeen. The author informs us that it was her purpose to present "a pleasant broad comedy of manners," and to picture the various types of society from the high to the low in station. In her original preface she defines her purpose as follows: "To draw characters from nature, though not from life, and to mark the manners of the times, is the attempted plan of the following letters. For this purpose, a young female, educated in the most secluded retirement, makes, at the age of seventeen, her first appearance upon the great and busy stage of life; with a virtuous mind, a cultivated understanding, and a feeling heart, her ignorance of the forms and inexperience in the manners of the world occasion all the little incidents which these volumes record, and which form the natural progression of the life of a young woman of obscure birth, but conspicuous beauty, for the first six months after her entrance into the world."

ON receipt of a letter from Madame Duval, in Paris, Lady Howard, of Howard Grove, Kent, communicated its contents to the Rev. Mr. Villars at Berry Hill, Dorsetshire. "Madame Duval has lately used her utmost endeavors to obtain a faithful account of whatever related to her ill-advised daughter; the result of which, giving her some reason to apprehend that upon her death-bed she bequeathed an infant orphan to the world, she most graciously says that if you, with whom, she understands, the child is placed, will procure authentic proofs of its relationship to her, you may send it to Paris, where she

will properly provide for it. Her letter has excited in my daughter Mirvan a strong desire to be informed of the motives which induced Madame Duval to abandon the unfortunate Lady Belmont at a time when a mother's protection was peculiarly necessary for her peace and reputation."

In reply, Mr. Villars refused to surrender his ward, being satisfied that "Madame Duval is by no means a proper companion or guardian for a young woman. She is at once uneducated and unprincipled, ungentle in temper and unamiable in manners." Mr. Villars then proceeded to acquaint Lady Howard with the particulars her daughter desired to know. Mr. Villars had accompanied the grandfather of his ward (Evelina) as traveling tutor. His unhappy marriage with Madame Duval, then a waiting-girl at a tavern, contrary to the advice and entreaties of all his friends, among whom Mr. Villars was the most urgent, induced him to abandon his native land and fix his abode in France. He survived this escapade but two years. At his death the young father, Mr. Evelyn, left Mr. Villars a legacy of a thousand pounds and the sole guardianship of his daughter till her eighteenth year, leaving her, however, wholly dependent on her mother with regard to fortune. When she was eighteen her mother sent for her and endeavored to force her to marry a nephew of her second husband, Monsieur Duval. Enraged at her noncompliance, the mother treated her with the grossest unkindness and threatened her with poverty. Miss Evelyn, growing weary of such usage, rashly consented to a private marriage with a profligate youth, Sir John Belmont, who basely destroyed the evidences of the marriage when disappointed of the money he expected from the Duvals. She flew to Mr. Villars for protection and was tenderly welcomed by her old guardian. She died on giving birth to her infant. Thus the education of the father, daughter, and granddaughter had devolved on the Rev. Mr. Villars, and he firmly refused to desert the sacred trust.

Lady Howard's next letter to the Rev. Mr. Villars proposed a plan that she and Mrs. Mirvan had formed in their wish to manifest their regard for the unfortunate Lady Belmont by proving serviceable to her child. Mrs. Mirvan proposed to spend the spring in London to introduce her daughter (Lady

Howard's granddaughter) to society. She wished Mr. Villars's ward to accompany them, she to share equally with her own daughter the care and attention of Mrs. Mirvan. In reply Mr. Villars strongly objected to having his ward introduced to the gayeties of London life. He pointed out that, though rightfully the heiress to two fortunes, she had too little wealth to be sought with propriety by men of the fashionable world. He had always called her by the name of Anville, and reported in the neighborhood that an intimate friend had left her to his guardianship, but he had thought it right to let her know the real facts of her origin. He sent Evelina to Howard Grove, escorted by his housekeeper, Mrs. Clinton, and recommended her to Lady Howard's tenderest care. "Restore her but to me," he concluded, "all innocence, as you receive her, and the fondest hope of my heart will be amply gratified."

Mr. Villars received an enthusiastic reply from Lady Howard, praising the beauty and mental and moral graces of his ward, for whom her granddaughter had immediately developed a strong affection. Shortly afterward she wrote again, announcing that Captain Mirvan was expected home after an absence of seven years, and Mrs. Mirvan was going to London to meet him, taking her daughter with her, and she asked permission to take Evelina also. Evelina herself wrote, expressing the pleasure the trip would afford her if her guardian would consent, which he finally did, with some reluctance.

Evelina's letters to Mr. Villars described in detail her impressions of London. She went to Drury Lane Theater and went into raptures over Garrick. She attended service in Portland Chapel and afterward walked in the Mall in St. James's Park, where "the ladies were so much dressed that Miss Mirvan and I could do nothing but look at them." On Monday she went shopping for silks, caps, and gauzes, had her hair dressed full of powder and black pins, and a great cushion on the top, and went to a private ball at night. Two very large rooms were full of company; in one were cards for the elderly ladies, and in the other were the dancers. Evelina's ignorance of fashionable etiquette led her to refuse to dance with a self-satisfied fop and afterward to dance with a Lord Orville. Mr. Lovel, the beau, avenged himself by publicly sneering at Eve-

lina's rusticity, to her great mortification. On the following day she went to the opera, and considered it "of all entertainments the sweetest and most delightful." The next evening she went to Ranelagh, and almost thought she was in some enchanted castle, or fairy palace. There she saw Lord Orville, but avoided meeting him. The following days were devoted to seeing sights, auctions, curious shops, etc., and on Thursday she was made very sad by the play of *King Lear*. On Friday Captain Mirvan arrived, regarding whom Evelina wrote: "I have not spirits to give an account of his introduction, for he has really shocked me. I do not like him. He seems to be surly, vulgar, and disagreeable."

On the following Monday they all went to a ridotto, and there Evelina was pestered by the attentions of Sir Clement Willoughby; and, to get rid of him, in desperation, she told him that she was already engaged to dance with Lord Orville. The latter good-naturedly told her that his name was honored by her making use of it. Thoroughly upset at having to make a mortifying explanation, Evelina went home in tears, and in her letter to Mr. Villars told him: "I am too inexperienced and ignorant to conduct myself with propriety in this town, where everything is new to me and many things are unaccountable and perplexing."

The next day she was taken to a puppet-show, which hugely diverted the whole party except the Captain, who had a fixed and prejudiced hatred of everything that was not English. When they left the show in a shower of rain, a rather overdressed elderly Frenchwoman, who had lost her escort, appealed to the party for advice in finding her lodgings. The brutal Captain, after some persuasion, allowed the ladies to invite her into his coach. His jibes and insults soon excited a violent altercation between himself and the lady, in the course of which it transpired that she was Madame Duval. On discovering that Evelina was her granddaughter she wished to take charge of her, but this the Mirvans would not permit.

The next day, when Evelina dutifully called on her grandmother, the latter announced her intention of taking her back to France. Evelina's fears, however, were allayed by her guardian's reply that he would not permit it.

On the morrow, Madame Duval, escorted by a Monsieur Du Bois, took five o'clock tea with the Mirvans, during which Sir Clement Willoughby called and ingratiated himself with the Captain by baiting Madame Duval. A party was made up for Ranelagh, where, much to Evelina's confusion, they ran across Lord Orville. In the confusion occasioned by the scramble for the carriages in the rain on leaving for home, the malicious Captain contrived to upset Madame Duval and M. Du Bois in the mud.

The next day Evelina called on her grandmother, who inveighed bitterly against the Captain's barbarity and introduced her to a Mr. Braughton, her nephew, and his children, a son and two daughters—ignorant, giddy, and common city people. Mr. Braughton had a silversmith shop on Snow Hill. Visits were interchanged by Madame Duval and the Mirvans, and parties were made up for the theaters and Cox's Museum, during which Evelina saw a good deal of Sir Clement Willoughby and Lord Orville, and the Captain outrageously persecuted Madame Duval. Mr. Lovel, the fop, who had been slighted by Evelina on her first entrance into society, tried to avenge himself with sarcastic speeches; but was effectually silenced by Lord Orville. On one of these occasions Evelina became separated from her party in a crush at the opera, and was forced to accept the escort of Sir Clement to reach home. During the drive he urged his suit and by his conduct earned her righteous indignation. On arrival she found Lord Orville, who had called to express his anxiety regarding her plight. Madame Duval insisted on taking charge of Evelina; but the Captain was just as insistent, and on taking her back to Howard Grove, as she had been entrusted to Lady Howard's care. Before they went Sir Clement received a cordial invitation to visit Howard Grove, to which Madame Duval also was reluctantly invited.

Madame Duval next terrified Evelina by asserting her intention of going to law to prove Evelina's birth, name, and title to the estate of her ancestors. Lady Howard dissuaded her, and herself wrote to Sir John Belmont, asking him to own his daughter, but received only an insulting reply.

It was not long before Sir Clement Willoughby appeared at

Howard Grove and joined the Captain in tormenting Madame Duval. On one occasion they played the part of highwaymen, dragged her out of the coach, tied her legs, and dumped her into a ditch. They had told her that M. Du Bois had been arrested as a spy, and she was on her way to the nearest justice of the peace to do what she could for her countryman. Before concluding his visit Sir Clement again took an opportunity to urge his unsuccessful suit.

Madame Duval was enraged at Sir John Belmont's reply, and declared her intention of taking Evelina to Paris to demand justice for her. Lady Howard insisted that she was responsible for Evelina's movements, and therefore Madame Duval journeyed to Berry Hill and called Mr. Villars to account for the authority he had assumed. At the end of the interview, in which she insisted that Evelina should live with her in London until Sir John Belmont's return, Mr. Villars was obliged, though very reluctantly, to compromise with this ungovernable woman by consenting that Evelina should pass one month with her. Madame Duval took Evelina to London, where Mr. Braughton secured them lodgings in High Holborn. Madame Duval's rage was ungovernable when she found that M. Du Bois had never been in any trouble; and, accompanied by the Braughtons, she went to a justice of the peace, from whom she got very little encouragement on account of the expensive, tedious, and hazardous nature of the lawsuit.

Evelina spent many unhappy days under the chaperonage of her grandmother and in the company of her vulgar relatives and their lodgers. One lodger, however, aroused her sympathy. He was a Scotchman, Mr. Macartney, a starving poet. She prevented him from committing suicide, and with great delicacy relieved his dire need from her purse. In his gratitude he wrote the story of his life for her information. The main facts were that he was an illegitimate son of a dearly beloved mother and had accompanied a wealthy friend to Paris, where he had fallen in love with a beautiful girl. Their meetings were discovered by her father, who called him "a beggarly, cowardly Scotchman." They drew their swords in their anger, and the father fell. Macartney immediately fled to Scotland, and when he confided in his mother she was struck with horror

and cried: "My son, you have then murdered your father!" However, he soon learned that the wound was not fatal, and, furnished with a letter from his mother to prove the truth of his assertions, he went to London to convince the father that he had nothing more to apprehend from his daughter's unfortunate choice. His finances were soon exhausted, and before long he received tidings of the death of his mother. He then determined to pocket his pride and seek assistance from the wealthy friend who he was sure would be only too glad to afford it.

Evelina's relatives took her to various common pleasure-resorts in London, and on one occasion in Marylebone Gardens she became separated from the party, and was seized upon and forced to parade arm in arm with two vile women. In this predicament she was recognized by Lord Orville, who asked to be allowed to call and pay his respects, and called on her in Holborn the next day, when Evelina had an opportunity of setting herself right in his eyes.

Poor Evelina's troubles were multiplied by professions of love from M. Du Bois and by Madame Duval's plans to marry her to young Braughton.

Being caught in the rain one day in Kensington Gardens, the Braughtons saw Lord Orville's coach and had the impudence to send in Evelina's name to ask for the loan of it to get back to town. Permission was readily granted, and on her arrival in Holborn, where Sir Clement Willoughby was calling, she was so disturbed that she wrote a note of apology to Lord Orville.

The next day Madame Duval caught M. Du Bois on his knees before Evelina, and in her rage said she would neither take her to Paris nor interest herself in her affairs unless she would instantly agree to marry young Braughton. Evelina firmly refused, and wrote to Mr. Villars, who was only too glad to order his ward's instant return to Berry Hill.

In reply to her apology Evelina had received a letter from Lord Orville which was exceedingly hurtful to her self-respect, and when she and Mr. Villars had a confidential talk over the matter, he accounted for it on the score of intoxication.

Evelina pined and became so ill that her guardian accepted the invitation of Mrs. Selwyn, a neighbor, who had taken a

great fancy to his ward, to take her to Bristol Hot Wells for a change of scene. Mrs. Selwyn was extremely clever, had a masculine mind, and was addicted to unmerciful satire, though she had a good heart. While at Bristol Evelina met her old acquaintances and some new ones, including Lord Merton, a dissipated nobleman, who was engaged to Lady Louisa Larpent, the lackadaisical sister of Lord Orville. This nobleman did not hesitate to force unwelcome attentions on Evelina whenever Lady Louisa was not present.

Notwithstanding Evelina's retiring disposition, her beauty and charm soon rendered her the belle of the Pump-Room, though the mystery surrounding her birth and station in life caused her many slights. Mrs. Selwyn was acquainted with her story, and thought it was time to take up the cudgels in Evelina's behalf, when a young heiress arrived at the Wells, who was said to be the only daughter of Sir John Belmont. One morning, while taking a stroll before breakfast, Evelina met the unhappy Mr. Macartney, who had come purposely to see her to express his gratitude and return the money she had given him. Lord Orville happened to see them together, and Evelina was distressed at not being able to satisfy his curiosity, as this would betray Macartney's confidences. Two days later Evelina took a walk to the Hot Wells with Mrs. Selwyn and Lord Orville. There she met Macartney and apologized for not having kept an appointment with him, which he had earnestly desired in order to return the money. While they were talking Sir John Belmont's reputed heiress entered the Pump-Room, and at sight of her Macartney turned pale as death; and Evelina had no opportunity for further conversation. She told Lord Orville she would give the universe for a few words with Macartney, and he was generous enough to assist her to that end. He sought an interview with Macartney, and arranged a call for him the next morning. When she learned that the lady was the daughter of Macartney's father, Sir John Belmont, Evelina now understood her involuntary sympathy for a brother; and Mrs. Selwyn, entering the room, drew from Evelina the details of the acquaintanceship.

Meanwhile Evelina had received a letter of warning from her guardian, in which he laid open to her the condition of her

heart and warned her of her dangers. In reply she acknowledged the justice of his words and promised to avoid Lord Orville.

Sir Clement Willoughby now appeared on the scene and made a last ineffectual appeal, with protestations of undying affection. Lord Orville overheard part of the interview, and called Sir Clement to account, after which he took the first opportunity to come to an understanding with Evelina. She learned that he had never written the letter which had caused her so much pain. Her letter had been intercepted and answered by Sir Clement. Evelina next received a visit from Macartney, who informed her that Sir John Belmont had refused to recognize him, whereupon she revealed their relationship. The Rev. Mr. Villars, on hearing that Sir John Belmont's heiress had arrived at Bristol, had forwarded to Evelina a pathetic letter written by Lady Belmont on her death-bed, to be delivered by her daughter to Sir John, when the occasion demanded. Mr. Villars added, "without any other certificate of your birth than that which you carry in your countenance; as it could not be effected by artifice, so it cannot admit of a doubt." Evelina had received a visit from Macartney, who informed her that when he called upon Sir John Belmont and presented his unhappy mother's letter, the Baronet had acknowledged him, but had refused to let him see his daughter. Mrs. Selwyn sought an interview with Sir John Belmont, and found him deaf to her appeals. She insisted on a second interview, and took Evelina, when Sir John was so struck with her resemblance to his dead wife that he was inclined to acknowledge her.

"Yes, yes," he cried, looking earnestly in her face, "I see thou art her child! She lives—she breathes—she is present to my view! Oh, God, that she indeed lived!"

The mystery was soon cleared up. The woman who had attended Lady Belmont in her last illness had disappeared with her own six weeks' old baby, and persuaded Sir John Belmont that it was his own child. He had tenderly cared for the infant and had it educated as his heiress. Mrs. Selwyn forced a confession from the mother of the reputed heiress, and Evelina was happy to learn that the neglect she had met with from her father was not the effect of insensibility, or unkind-

ness, but of imposition and error; and that at the very time her protectors concluded she was unnaturally rejected, her deluded father meant to show her most favor and protection.

Lord Orville had a very satisfactory interview with Sir John Belmont, who was delighted with his newly found daughter, and Mrs. Selwyn announced to Evelina that she was to be married privately, though not secretly. "The double marriage we have projected obviates all rational objections. Sir John will give you immediately thirty thousand pounds; all settlements and so forth will be made for you in the name of Evelina Belmont; Mr. Macartney will at the same time take poor Polly Green; and yet it will only be generally known that a daughter of Sir John Belmont is married." Evelina objected to the haste of the arrangements, but Lord Orville gained her consent by proposing that the honeymoon should be spent at Berry Hill. The Mirvans went to Clifton to assist in the preparations for the wedding, and there, as usual, the Captain distinguished himself by practical jokes at the expense of fops and beaux.

ENRICO ANNIBALE BUTTI

(Italy, 1850)

ENCHANTMENT

(*L'Incantesimo*)

This favorite Italian author is but little known outside of his own country, but the following tale has been translated into many languages, and dramatized for the Italian stage.

STRIDENT bell broke the silence. Young Count Aurelio Imberido awoke with a start. He had meant to study until dinner, but his frail constitution had caused him to fall asleep in his chair over a volume of political economy. It was sunset, and there was not enough light for him to read now. Incensed with himself for the wasted two hours he rose, hurled the book toward a distant table, and stepped out on the balcony. The sunset glow did not penetrate into the old garden of the palace on which his study looked, with its lofty firs, its great clipped cedars, and numerous white statues.

Aurelio Imberido, once seen, never could be forgotten. He was twenty-five years of age, of medium stature, rather thin, and had a singularly noble head, denoting aristocratic blood. He was the last scion of an ancient family, once wealthy, which had fallen upon evil days. Revolutions had engulfed the greater part of the property belonging to his grandfather, who had died gloriously in exile for the new democratic ideals, after marrying, for love, the daughter of a humble fellow-martyr. His father, a haughty and sensual man, had dissipated the remainder of his patrimony, as well as nearly all the dowry of his nobly born wife, who had died in giving birth to Aurelio. When

his father died also, Aurelio was left to the care of his grandmother.

From his earliest youth Aurelio had felt a desire to rule, to make a way for himself, to dominate the world by the force of his personal powers and virtues. He speedily perceived that, in our day, nothing but study could render him worthy of his name, and enable him to decorate it with a new aureole of superiority and force. The struggles of public life attracted him, and promised to bring his dreams to realization.

His ingenuous sincerity, the singularity of his ideas, and the brilliance of his doctrines, soon attracted to him malevolent attention. The sociological *Review* that he and several companions had founded was greeted with indifference, or was ridiculed. Nevertheless, he persisted in his effort to inaugurate a great work of social restoration, by reconstituting a new, militant aristocracy, which should consist of the remnants of the ancient aristocracy, together with the wealthy and the elect; in order to arrest, by their combined forces, the inroads of plebeian barbarity intoxicated with the successes already won, and eager for further devastation and rapine.

At the beginning of the hot season he had entrusted his *Review* to the most zealous of his collaborators, the young lawyer Zaldini, and had retired to a small village, situated between mountain and lake, intending to spend the summer and autumn in absolute isolation and study. He had leased the left wing of an ancient palace, which had previously been a monastery, and had installed himself there with his grandmother, Donna Marta. Donna Marta was a thin, waxy-pale old lady, afflicted with heart disease. Her fine teeth, ready smile, and large, brilliant black eyes, rendered her attractive in spite of her rather grotesque chin and large, cartilaginous nose, and the fact that she wore her abundant gray hair curled in a sad caricature of youth. She was of captious, uneasy temper, given to berating Aurelio for tardiness at meals and for many other offenses.

When Aurelio descended from the balcony to dinner, Donna Marta informed him that the occupants of the remainder of the palace had arrived, much earlier in the season than they had been expected. For the last ten years the Boris family had spent a part of the summer and the autumn there. Signor

Boris, of Milan, who was nominally an engineer and very wealthy, had charge of all the property in that neighborhood belonging to the Marchesa de Antoni. Aurelio was greatly perturbed when he learned that the family consisted of the father, mother, a tall, graceful, dark-haired daughter named Flavia, and her fair-haired cousin Luisa. He had counted upon solitude; and, while still a lad, he had learned to estimate the fatal power of the Siren—woman—and had resolved to avoid her, so profound and agitating had been the commotion caused by her in his soul. Still, he was deeply conscious that his self-imposed solitude and study did not satisfy him; that all the forces of his being were reaching out, with an irresistible impulse toward something obscure, but supremely necessary to his life.

Donna Marta immediately entered into friendly relations with the Boris family, but Aurelio saw nothing of them (except a fleeting vision of the two young girls running through the garden on the evening of their arrival) until ten days later. His friend Zaldini came unexpectedly to visit him, and at the door of the palace the young men encountered the Boris family, with whom they exchanged formal salutes. That evening at dinner Donna Marta scolded Aurelio for neglecting his guest in favor of his studies (she would have liked to see her grandson engaged in some lucrative profession, employing his knowledge of jurisprudence and his oratorical gifts), and complained of him to Zaldini. In order to avoid further discussion, Aurelio consented to make the acquaintance of the Boris family, on condition that he might seclude himself afterward if he pleased. Accordingly, they joined the Boris party at the usual evening gathering place, a level space in front of the palace door, where the Signora Boris and Donna Marta sat in armchairs, while the young girls contented themselves with the grassy slope. Aurelio stared at the landscape as he listened with disgust to the silly chatter of Zaldini and the ladies, until his grandmother's frown forced him to approach them. He promptly contrived to inform Flavia that he was a woman-hater, and that he never had loved. She exclaimed that he was happy, she envied him; presently admitting that she had suffered greatly through love: her fairest illusions had been destroyed, her purest

sentiments trampled upon. "Anyone who in the future shall knock at the door of my heart," she said, "will find it irreparably closed, or, rather, walled up." Aurelio listened to her as if to music, and admired her pale, beautiful face, her wonderful gray-black eyes, and heavy chestnut hair.

Zaldini soon took his departure. Aurelio, after contending with the most conflicting emotions, awakened by his ambition, his contact with people and nature, and with the violent temper of his nervous, autocratic grandmother, settled down to write industriously at his great work, *The Future of Human Society*. A few days later, during a stroll, he met Flavia in the fields, and she challenged him to a race up the hill, eventually leading him to the kitchen garden, which he never had entered. The old caretaker of the palace regarded it as his personal property; but Flavia proposed that they should steal some of the fruit, made Aurelio find a ladder, climb it, and drop the ripe clusters of cherries into her lap. The division of their booty led to a lively dispute, ending in a chase across the garden. Aurelio finally caught Flavia in his arms; after which they returned, in silence, to the palace.

That evening, the Boris family, accompanied by Donna Marta and Aurelio, walked to a neighboring village. In the course of the stroll Flavia, prompted by Luisa, told Aurelio that he resembled the man who had caused her to close her heart to men; that the man's family had passed five summers in the wing of the palace now inhabited by Aurelio, and that during three years she had been betrothed to this Federico, whom she also saw in Milan during the winters. But alas! the man had proved unworthy.

Twice, in the course of the evening, she took Aurelio's arm when she was frightened at the darkness. On reaching home Aurelio's thoughts were decidedly nebulous, and he postponed work on his great book until the morrow. One afternoon, on emerging upon his balcony with a book, the two young girls called to him to leap down into the garden and join them. After debating the matter with himself, he went down. They had disappeared, but he found them by the lake, and, at Flavia's invitation, he rowed her boat, while Luisa followed in another at some distance. Somewhat chilled by a remark from Flavia,

Aurelio made a minutely critical analysis of her personal appearance, her mental and moral qualities; and when, at last, she asked whether he were still an enemy of women, he replied, forcibly and defiantly: "More than ever, to speak the plain truth!" Yet he fancied he read in her eyes an arrogant and imperious look, in reply to his bitter discontent with himself, and his discouragement at his aimless life, which seemed to say: "I could succor you, I could love you!" And as he read in those eyes the promise of Enchantment, he thought of the long series of years to come, of himself fettered with iron chains to that mediocre and absorbing creature. Yet the idea held for him an irresistible fascination, akin to the dizzy attraction of an abyss. Despite his warning to himself, he began to grow intoxicated; he seemed to hear the rustle of the wings of Happiness, as she swept past him in the darkness; he felt the air agitated and perturbed by the eternal, protean-formed Chimera, in whose train men fly headlong, whirling wildly like leaves in the wind.

The relations between the two families in the palace grew more close and cordial. They dwelt in a sort of familiar communion, walking together, passing the hot afternoons together in the courtyard or in the garden. An obscure recrudescence of Donna Marta's maladies made it advisable to renounce their evening strolls; and thereafter, the slow summer evenings were spent in front of the palace, as at the beginning.

Aurelio usually sat mute and forgotten on a slab of granite attached to the wall, staring, dull-eyed, at the unchanging landscape, and making vain plans of escape from the empty chatter of the women. Occasionally, at the instigation of Donna Marta, he sat with the young girls on the grass; but he always placed himself beside Luisa. Since the unpleasantness on the lake with Flavia he was dimly conscious that some profound discord existed between their souls, which rendered them scornful of, or fearful of approaching, each other. A supreme repugnance rose up from the very foundations of his being at the mere thought that he could love that frivolous, disdainful creature. Suddenly, a new and unforeseen doubt stirred his inert mind. One evening an attack of asthma kept Donna Marta in the house; but she ordered Aurelio to go out to the evening as-

sembly as usual. He found that the Boris family had gone for a row on the lake, and, somewhat annoyed, he was about to return to the palace, when Flavia called him. She was waiting for the old boatman to put her new skiff in the water, but evidently he had no mind to forsake the inn. She invited Aurelio to accompany her, using Luisa's skiff. As they floated on the lake, Aurelio, in tender mood, spoke with unwonted frankness of his love for his grandmother; his apprehensions of loneliness after her death, which could not be far distant; of his future, beset with difficulties, and deprived of affection and a home. Flavia listened with intense sympathy, thanked him for confiding in her and convincing her that he was not cold-hearted, as she had supposed. Their skiffs lay close together, with the twilight brooding over them. Aurelio became conscious of their absolute solitude, their absolute sufficiency to each other, and laid his hand on that of Flavia, which spontaneously pressed his in a long, firm clasp.

That night Aurelio spent hours on his balcony, exulting in the thought that Flavia loved him. The next day he asked himself what ailed him, and called himself severely to account for having wasted a month. There was no denying it—he was changed, and another personality, primitive and elementary, seemed to have come to the surface in him. He told himself that all the most celebrated dramas of love had been destructive, never constructive; had been the ruin of distinguished men and illustrious families. "And I am in love," he exclaimed, "or, at least, I am on the point of falling in love." His grandmother would certainly refuse to leave the palace; he could not go without her, and if he remained how was he to avoid Flavia? Perhaps he could make his escape later. Marry her? What did he really know about her—her tastes, temper, mind, her intimate essence? And her family—was it suitable for an alliance with his? The Borises were of very humble origin, but recently emerged from the seething masses of plebeians, and had acquired affluence by the tortuous paths of speculation and intrigue. For such a family no doubt the marriage of their daughter with him would be a great triumph. But he had recently said, in articles for his *Review*, that the nobility must not surrender to enriched plebeian financiers and shop-

keepers the most secure of their privileges—those of name and blood.

For three days he kept his resolve to avoid Flavia. Then Donna Marta insisted upon his accepting an invitation to the young lady's birthday dinner. Signor Boris, whom he there saw for the first time, did not attract him. The man was coarse, and evoked in him a dull hostility and class antipathy. Luisa whispered to him that one of the guests, whom Signor Boris had brought with him from Milan—a wealthy Hebrew lawyer named Maurizio Siena—was a suitor for Flavia's hand, and that possibly a match would be arranged that evening. Aurelio gazed at the commonplace man, listened to his dull, affected conversation, and wondered whether Flavia could possibly love him. But he could learn nothing from her face or manner. Boris and some of the other guests ate with their knives and put their fingers in their plates. Aurelio could not eat, and was rendered still more miserable by Flavia's applause of a socialistic harangue delivered by Siena. He challenged the orator's statements, and a hot discussion ensued. Aurelio drank too much champagne, and felt that he would like to fall in adoration at Flavia's feet, and die there.

After that evening Aurelio could no longer fix his mind on his studies, but passed most of his time in analyzing his emotions and wondering what Flavia thought. He determined to put his fate to the test. Three days later, when the sound of Luisa's piano assured him that he would find Flavia alone, he betook himself to a nook in the pine grove which the girl had once shown him, where the ladies had arranged a kind of open-air boudoir. After a long preamble, he put his question, first exacting from Flavia a promise that she would be frank: "Is the door of your heart still closed, or, rather, walled up, as it was two months ago?" Offended by the form of the question, the girl replied, after a long pause: "To speak frankly, it is—more than ever." "I rejoice with you, Signorina," retorted Aurelio, in an ironical tone, "and I beg your pardon for having doubted your consistency."

At first he accepted Flavia's reply as signifying that she did not love him; but after overhearing her defend him against the complaints of his grandmother for neglect, and predict some

great future for him, he decided that the hour for the deep and genuine love of his life had arrived. He tried to impart this fact to Flavia by glances, silences, and veiled allusions; but Flavia declined to believe that he was in earnest, even when he was most expressive; and before he had succeeded in convincing her, her father returned with the Hebrew suitor and other guests. His own friend, Zaldini, who returned at the same time, informed him that Flavia would be making a magnificent match if she accepted Siena, as the latter had recently inherited a large income, besides being one of the cleverest and best-remunerated lawyers in Milan. Aurelio felt that his death-sentence was pronounced. But during an excursion made by the united families to a distant mountain for the sunrise view, he took advantage of an unexpected opportunity to declare his love in plain words. Flavia refused him, on the ground that to accept him would entail unhappiness for both, since it would compel him to sacrifice his glorious ambitions to solicitude for a wife, and so ruin his splendid career. She said that she had nothing to give him but a heart like "a poor flower, without perfume."

The next evening Signor Boris and all the visitors departed; and when Aurelio brought his grandmother home from the leave-taking at the lake, he made her go to bed, reproaching her for her imprudent exposure to dampness the day before. She had an alarming cough, and he demanded that she should remain in bed the next day. But she rose as usual and refused to have a doctor; and the following morning, at daybreak, Aurelio was summoned to her. He sent for the local physician and telegraphed to Milan for Donna Marta's own attendant. As he watched by her bedside he meditated sadly over the many bitter incidents of Donna Marta's life, and contemplated with terror his own approaching loneliness. Signora Boris and Flavia offered their services in caring for the sick woman; and when, after two sleepless nights, the maid was exhausted, Flavia took her place and proved to be most efficient. The young people nursed Donna Marta in almost unbroken silence. On the night before her death, during a moment of lucidity, she joined their hands, withdrew her own, and left theirs lying over her heart, and seemed to fall asleep. When they unclasped

their hands, they seated themselves in opposite corners of the room. Flavia soon fell asleep from sheer exhaustion. Aurelio imagined that Donna Marta was not asleep but dying, and fled distractedly to his own rooms. There Flavia, pale and agitated, found him after a long search, and assured him that his grandmother was only sleeping. The revulsion of feeling overpowered him. After vainly appealing to him to cease his tears and sobs, and at a loss what to do, Flavia, with irresistible tenderness, threw her arm across his quivering shoulders. He took her in his embrace and they wept together. "Dost thou love me then?" he asked. She murmured an assent, and added that she would give her life to render him happy. They returned to Donna Marta's death-chamber.

A fortnight elapsed. Aurelio returned to his ancestral home in Milan, where the sense of isolation without his grandmother reduced him to a pitiable condition of melancholy and disregard for food and health. Excited by a violent attack upon the Minister of the Interior, which he read in a review, he rushed out into the street, with the intention of calling upon the editor. But office hours were over, and he wandered at random, eventually getting entangled in a socialistic procession, which restored him to a sense of realities. He began to wonder why Flavia had not answered his last letter, and whether she were beginning to forget him. He resolved to go to her, for assuredly there he would find love, and love was all joy, light, salvation, repose! He went to the palace by the lake. After dinner, a number of guests assembled at the usual place. Siena stared suspiciously at Aurelio and Flavia as they sat together on the marble slab affixed to the wall, and conversed softly of indifferent matters. Aurelio inquired the reason why she had not answered his letter. Flavia turned pale, and replied that she could not tell him there; he must meet her that night in the garden, after everyone was asleep.

She kept him waiting at the tryst until very late. Her mother had been slow to retire; her father had felt suddenly ill, and she had not been able to leave them. At first she made no reply to his long outpouring of passionate protestations, but lay inert against his shoulder. At last she confessed that she loved him, and insisted on going farther from the house. Arrived at a seat

where the paths crossed, they sat down, and she explained that she had not answered his last letter because she believed that he would never return; that his city habits had weaned him from her forever. Moreover, madly as she loved him, she could not believe that their love would be lasting, serious, capable of withstanding the shocks of time and events. Aurelio announced his conviction that she intended to marry Siena, and she admitted that her father had finally obtained her consent to that marriage on the previous evening, by dint of oaths and uproar, seconded by the tears and supplications of her mother. She asked Aurelio what was to be done, and he confessed that he was poor, as his grandmother's annuity, which had enabled them to live in comfort, had expired with her death. He declared that he would resign himself to losing Flavia only if she felt that she could let him go without great pain. Flavia cried that he was abandoning her; that she did not love Siena; and that the thought of being his wife filled her with unspeakable horror. She suggested a "mad idea"—the only thing that could save her love and Aurelio's. No one knew that she had left the house during the long hours before her absence could be discovered; they might flee together, far away. Aurelio consented. Flavia sprang to her feet, intoxicated with joy, declaring that now that he had removed her horrible doubt that he disdained her love, she felt strong enough to defy the world, to face her father and bend him to her will. There was no longer any need for flight.

At her suggestion they went on toward the garden where they had gathered cherries, and into the open-air boudoir where he had first asked for her love. As they went she whispered that she had loved him from the very first, from the moment he had held her playfully in his arms in the dispute over the cherries. Fortunately, the servant had forgotten to carry in the chairs and a shawl from the nook in the pine-grove boudoir; and there, where Aurelio had first declared his passion, the lovers reiterated the sweet story until dawn surprised them.

EDWIN LASSETTER BYNNER

(United States, 1842–1893)

AGNES SURRIAGE

The main events and personages of this book are historical. The scenes and surroundings were accurately studied by the author, the old town of Marblehead, with its quaint diction and curious characteristics, especially exciting his interest. Traces of the Frankland proprietorship may still be seen on the old estate at Hopkinton, Massachusetts, and at Marblehead the foundation of the old fort is still in existence, and interested visitors may see the spot whereon stood the Fountain Inn.

N the year 1742 this true romance of the life of Agnes Surriage began at the quaint little fishing-port of Marblehead. She was just past fifteen years old, a good marriageable age in those days. Her people were fisherfolk, like all their neighbors, many of whom, it was rumored, were engaged likewise in smuggling. Their humble home was on what is known as the Little Harbor, a rock-sheltered cove at the entrance of the main port. There was already a claimant for the hand of Agnes, a weather-stained, clumsy youth, who followed fishing at home and on the Banks. His name was Job Redden.

Agnes had just begun to earn a living for herself as maid of all work at the quaint little inn called the Fountain, hard by Little Harbor, near a fort that was then building as a protection against the French cruisers. That fort still stands, and the well of the Fountain Inn still furnishes clear, cool water for the wayfarer.

About the same time the British Government made several official changes in New England; among others, the collector of customs of Massachusetts Bay was removed and his place at Boston was supplied by Charles Henry Frankland, a young,

handsome, and capable gentleman, presumptive heir to a large fortune and a title in England.

Mr. Frankland was heartily welcomed to Boston at a sumptuous dinner by the leading citizens of the town, at the old Bunch of Grapes tavern. After entering on his duties, he visited Marblehead for a personal inspection of the Government's affairs in that port. He went on horseback, accompanied by a black attendant. He threaded the crooked roads among the great rocks of Marblehead, and stopped at Little Harbor to gaze on the lovely prospect of the blue sea, gemmed with islands, all gleaming in the setting sun.

He reached the Fountain Inn and entered. Finding no one to meet him, he called to a barefooted servant-maid scrubbing the stairs.

On catching a glimpse of the elegantly dressed speaker, she arose, and gazed at him with amazement. He, on the other hand, was hardly less amazed to see in this ill-conditioned, disheveled kitchen-wench one of the most striking types of female beauty he had ever beheld. Her dark eyes were instinct with ingenuous passion and candor, and tangled masses of dark hair overhung her low forehead. Her voice, although quaint with the nautical brogue of her townsfolk, was really a rich alto when she replied to the stranger's questions. The landlord appeared as she replied to Frankland's question that her name was "Ag," short for Agnes, her dad's name was Surriage, and her folks lived in a bit of a house just across the tiny cove.

Early the next morning, Frankland was awakened by a full, clear, birdlike voice singing a snatch of an old ballad. He was a connoisseur in music, and listened with delight. He ran to the window and, looking out, saw a lithesome figure tripping to the well. It was Agnes; it was her voice that already had captivated his heart, although he entertained the pleasant notion that his great interest in Agnes was due entirely to her talent for music, which he felt should be cultivated.

Before leaving Marblehead Frankland gave Agnes a gold guinea, on the plea that it was for menial services she had rendered him. This piece was equal to a third of her annual wages, and was a large sum for Agnes.

She was so overcome by this generosity, and in fact by the entire episode, that as the guest bade her farewell she cried out, poor unsophisticated girl, "Oi wish ye might come again, wi' all my her-rt," and escaped like a fawn.

" 'Twar the grandest man ever Oi saw, wi' the foinest clothes, 'n' silk stockin's, 'n' lace at his throat, 'n' hands whoiter 'n a lady's, covered wi' rings," said Agnes with enthusiasm, when she met Job Redden in the meeting-house vestibule on the following Sunday.

Job was not pleased at this enthusiasm, nor to learn that her new shoes had been purchased with the guinea given her by this "hoigh and moighty lor-rd." But the storm blew over after this lovers' tiff; and some evenings later Job invited Agnes to have a row in his new dory.

He returned to the subject of the handsome Britisher, and upbraided her for allowing her head to be turned by this "popinjay," engaged as she was already to one who had been her playmate and lover since childhood. She warmly denied any formal plighting and protested against his arrogant manner. In a rage, Job flung the oars in the bottom of the boat near a reef, just as a squall was coming up, saying he cared not if they drifted to destruction. But Agnes knew all about managing a boat, picked up the oars, and rowed home safely.

This adventure seemed to settle any further discussion of love and marriage between them.

Meantime Frankland sought the counsel of Mrs. Shirley, wife of one of the most distinguished of the royal governors. He had formed the plan of inviting Agnes to Boston to cultivate her voice and fit herself perhaps for singing in public. Such a voice as that, he argued, ought not to suffer neglect in an obscure fishing-village. He proposed to pay her expenses in Boston, providing Mrs. Shirley was willing to act the part of protector and friend to the young girl. Good Mrs. Shirley, inspired with the romance of the scheme, and moved by the benevolence of an ingenuous woman, gladly fell in with the proposal. It was hardly possible that a young man of his social distinction and worth would so suddenly entangle his life with a barefooted fishing-maiden, except from unusual motives.

A few days after this, Agnes was standing by the well of the

Fountain Inn, dreamily listening to the tinkle of the water dropping from the ascending bucket, when she was startled by a voice saying:

"Good day, fair Agnes!"

She knew the voice instantly, and, with a deep blush, curtseyed low.

Frankland had come to inform her that she had a voice which, properly cultivated, might make of her a great singer. If she were willing to study, friends would arise to help her. He knew a kind gentleman who would gladly aid her, and he himself would also help her.

His proposal was incredible to one in her situation.

"Ye must be funnin', sir-r," she gasped.

He assured her that he was in earnest and that he would talk over the matter with her mother.

After supper Agnes appeared at the inn with her sunburned, kind-hearted mother, Goody Surriage. After a long talk, it was decided to call in the advice of their pastor, Mr. Holyoke, who afterward became president of Harvard College. He looked all over the question with great deliberation and caution.

"We must be fully persuaded it is to be a change for the better," he very properly said, but with a tardiness that aroused the impatience of Agnes and Goody Surriage.

To stimulate action on the part of the parson, Mr. Frankland, hardly less impatient than they, flung a purse of gold on the table as an earnest of the honesty of his purpose.

"That is for her expenses to begin with," said he, "and if this proposal is rejected, then keep the money for the poor of the parish."

Dr. Holyoke immediately said there might be no harm at least in making the experiment. If, indeed, the Governor's lady was to be her protector, perhaps it would be safe to overlook any objection.

It was settled that, after getting ready for going up to Boston, Goody Surriage and "Ag" should proceed thither in the fishing-smack of Skipper Surriage.

After several weeks Frankland was pleased and amused to see at the door of his official quarters two droll-looking figures—

Goody Surriage and her daughter—spick-span in holiday attire. Being unable to escort them himself that morning, he despatched them in his coach to the Governor's mansion, with a note to Mrs. Shirley, who received them with warm welcome.

It was arranged that Agnes should go to school, as her education had been greatly neglected. She was also to take lessons in music, both vocal and instrumental.

Frankland himself took Goody Surriage and her daughter in his coach to the house of Mrs. Ruck, a widow of substance, prim, set, close in money matters, and prominent in church affairs. Rev. Dr. Holyoke had already written to the widow about Agnes, suggesting how valuable might be her influence over this tender lamb of his flock about to be exposed to new and worldly conditions. On the strength of this letter, the widow consented to admit Agnes to her household and to her best room. But Frankland, on the other hand, exacted the condition that Mrs. Ruck was not to interfere with plans laid down for the guidance of Agnes by Mr. Frankland and Mrs. Shirley, who were to be solely responsible for her education and well-being.

Of course the first thing to be done was to provide Agnes with suitable clothes. This important question having been settled, and the beauty of Agnes not only enhanced but also wonderfully admired by all who saw her, she was soon introduced to the elegant functions at which the wealth and officialdom of Boston met. Agnes, with rare adaptability combined with unexpected talents, soon showed that she was equal to the opportunities of development fortune had brought her, while, at the same time, her heart was not deadened by the extraordinary change in her destiny. She learned to drop the broad provincial dialect and brogue of her "longshore" town and, as her timidity passed away, she was more than able to hold her own in conversation. She became the toast of the jolly gentlemen who, oftener than was good for them, drank away the hours till dawn.

Frankland, amid these festivities, did not lose his taste for nature. He was very fond of horticulture, and one of his chief enjoyments was to stroll in the fields and woods. He and Agnes became more and more intimate and fond of each other.

No open declaration of love was made, but they drifted perhaps without realizing whither they were going.

Matters came to a head suddenly when a letter arrived from England, from Frankland's mother, admonishing him to remember his prospects and beware how he entangled himself with unworthy alliances. Acting suddenly, out of his natural frankness, he showed the letter to Agnes. Then indeed she realized what a social gulf there was between them and how impossible it was that she could ever be his wife.

Seeing the despair of the girl he really loved very deeply, Frankland suddenly urged her to be to him as a wife without the legal bonds. If circumstances were against the marriage in every other respect, they could unite their lives, and he would ever be to her as a loving husband. Wounded to the heart, Agnes fled from him, leaving him in despair. She ran down to the wharves, and, finding Job Redden there, besought him to come that night and carry her home again and save her from perdition.

Full of joy, Job promised all she asked. But when he knocked at the widow's house at the appointed hour, Agnes was not there. They said she had gone out, they knew not where, leaving behind a note that was to be given to him. It said:

"DEAR JOB, I have gon away, 't is my own folt; let no one blaim him. For the sake of the old times when we were children, spare me your curses. God bless you! Forget I ever lived, and never, never again speak the name of

"AGNES SURRIAGE."

As the moment of fate had approached, the heart of Agnes had failed her. She could not bring herself to forsake the only man she ever loved, and for that love she was ready to brave the world and dwell with him. She fled from the house of Widow Ruck, and sought the arms and shelter which Frankland had implored her to accept.

Frankland stood bravely by her who had given her all for him. He spared nothing for her comfort except giving her his name. When gradually society cooled in its welcome to her, when those who had admired and petted her failed to recognize her for her fault, and when some even cruelly insulted her in

public, Frankland resigned his collectorship and purchased a charming, retired country home at Hopkinton, near Mount Wachusett, in Massachusetts, where the people knew little of them. There the lovers dwelt in comparative peace. If not exactly happy, Agnes enjoyed a sort of subdued comfort in their rustic home.

But in time tidings came which threatened, as she feared, to separate her finally from one who had become all that she had in this world to lean on, to live for, and, if needs be, to die for. It was announced to him that he had succeeded to his family title and was a baronet. At the same time, a large part of the property that should by right have been his had been placed in jeopardy by a will wrong in equity if not in law. He was forced to fight for his rights. For these reasons it had become imperative that Frankland should return to England.

Agnes assumed at once that Frankland would leave her behind when he entered on a new sphere of action that would sooner or later estrange him from her forever. She was in despair. But here again the better side of her lover's nature came to her aid. Frankland hastened to assure her that nothing should ever separate them, and that the last thing he could think of was to forsake his beloved Agnes.

But if Frankland's heart was really sound, his judgment was sometimes at fault. He failed to perceive that one cannot defy with impunity the conventional regulations which society builds up for its protection. Every country has its own, and when in any country one must respect those conventions in public, however they may be disregarded in private.

Frankland actually took Agnes to his family home and tried to have her received by his mother and sisters. The attempt failed dismally. They were calm and dignified, but declined to receive her.

Happily, after a question of the estate at issue had been settled in his favor, Frankland was appointed British envoy to Portugal. And here again he showed his true love for Agnes by taking her with him. Lisbon, the capital, where Sir Charles Henry Frankland, Bart., was stationed, was then one of the gayest courts in Europe. The King, noted as a voluptuary, set the example to his people, and they followed it with a will.

No questions were asked of those who had the *entrée* to high society there, except as to their means, their personal attractions, and their armorial bearings.

Before leaving America for England, perhaps never to return, Agnes rode down to Marblehead to say farewell to her mother, who was then a widow. During all the strange vicissitudes and errors of her daughter's young life she never had ceased in her maternal love for her, and it was a comfort to both of them, as they parted, to think that Frankland made ample provision for the old lady in her last days.

The weeks and months passed rapidly in gay Lisbon. Agnes was apparently free from the anxieties that once weighed her down; but she at last knew the world pretty well, and refrained from looking too closely into the future. One longing was perpetually with her, and although Frankland was kind and loving still, there seemed no nearer prospect that that longing would ever be satisfied. She wished to have the tie that bound them made irrevocable by the blessing of the Church, which would entitle her to the name of wife and secure him to her forever.

On a bright morning in Lisbon, the people were all abroad. It was All Saints' Day, and good and bad were alike enjoying the glorious sunlight that added fresh beauty to the superb hues of the famous bay. From all sides burst the sound of music and revelry, mingling with the *te deums* that floated out from the church doors with sweet solemnity.

Without warning, an awful shock went through the entire city. In thirty seconds the earth rose under the buildings, and the waters of the bay overwhelmed the sinking wharves and tore the fleets from their anchors. Another and another shock followed. The entire population rushed forth from house and church and fell on their knees with wailing and shrieking, imprecations and prayers for mercy; and then the buildings began to fall in masses on the throngs within and without. In a few minutes forty thousand persons were destroyed.

With the first movement, Agnes fled into the street. She cared not for herself. Her thought was for Frankland alone. He had gone out to ride but a few minutes before the catastrophe, in the direction of the Cathedral, and thither she bent

her tottering steps. Walls continued to fall around her; but she kept on amid the inextricable heaps of ruins. Some of the people who survived flew at her as a heretic, one of those abhorred beings who had brought on this calamity. Some of the poor, frantic wretches were for slaying her on the spot, while others thrust a crucifix in her face and demanded that she press it to her lips as a condition of escape with her life. This was no time for sectarian scruples and discussions. She kissed the crucifix, and sped on in her search for Frankland.

After a time she heard someone out of sight, under a heap of débris, moaning in a faint voice and calling for help. She followed the sound. The voice was that of an Englishman and, oh, joy! it sounded like that of Frankland.

"Charlie, I am coming, I am here," she cried with wild rapture.

Instantly applying all her strength, Agnes strove to release Frankland. She dislodged heavy stones, and dug up the earth and timbers with her bare hands, tearing her fingers against ragged edges and rusty nails until red with blood. Slowly she came nearer to him, and at last struck a timber that pinned him down, which with all her desperate strength she could not move. In vain she called for help. Everyone was too busy with his own fears and sorrows to listen to her cries.

At last, when hope was almost abandoned, and Frankland's voice grew feebler, she saw through ashes and smoke a group of foreigners passing by. She flew to them for aid, and to her amazement Job Redden was of their number. She knew that he had given up fishing and was sailing in vessels plying to Portugal, but that he was there was the last thing she dreamed of. Agnes appealed to Job for help. He turned away from her; but afterward yielded slowly and sullenly, for her sake, not for her lover's, he said. By the strong arms of Job the obstinate timber was removed at last, and Frankland, exhausted almost to the point of death, was brought forth from his living tomb. By the aid of Job, still, he was carried to an open place; a donkey was purchased at a high price, and by this means Frankland was taken to the house of an English friend out of the sphere of the earthquake, and then Job disappeared, with-

out word or farewell. He had done his part as a hero above his grudges and hates.

When Frankland was able to be up and about again, he put into execution a plan he had formed without consulting Agnes. Invitations were issued to the gentry of Lisbon, both Portuguese and foreign, to be present at his marriage in the magnificent cathedral of Belem, which had escaped injury by the earthquake. The stately building was crowded when Frankland and Agnes were made one by the Catholic archbishop, and she was Lady Frankland at last when he pressed her lips with the marriage kiss.

Soon after this they sailed for England. To make matters doubly sure, as they were Protestants, the marriage ceremony was again performed on board ship by the chaplain of the vessel.

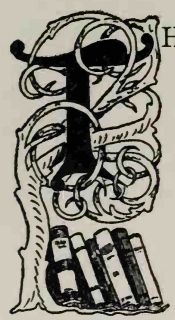
When they arrived in London Frankland proceeded at once with his bride to the family mansion, whence they had been practically forced away on the previous visit. Agnes feared a similar treatment on this occasion, too, when the great doors flew open and Frankland's mother and sisters were seen grouped at the head of the stairs. But they already knew of all that had occurred, and as Frankland pressed in advance to greet his mother, that stately lady passed him by and threw her arms around Agnes, clasped her to her heart, kissed her on the lips, and exclaimed, "My daughter!"

GEORGE WASHINGTON CABLE

(United States, 1844)

THE GRANDISSIMES: A STORY OF CREOLE LIFE (1880)

This was Mr. Cable's first novel, and is of especial interest in showing the attitude of the Creole population toward the United States at the time of the Louisiana Purchase.



THERE was a *bal masqué* in the Théatre St. Philippe in New Orleans, in September, 1803. There were four maskers who attracted considerable attention — a tall lieutenant of dragoons, an Indian queen, a monk, and a *fille à la cassette*. The Indian queen asked old Agricole Fusilier if he did not know his ancestors. Agricole laughed, and said he recognized as his ancestors Epaminondas Fusilier and the queen of the Tchoupitoulas, but there were no monks or *filles à la cassette* on his family tree.

Two ladies were discussing the maskers. One was certain that the dragoon was her cousin, Honoré Grandissime, and that the Indian queen was Dr. Charlie Keene, for the doctor had urged Honoré to go to the ball to meet two ladies who had recently arrived in New Orleans. Undoubtedly the monk and the *fille* were the two ladies.

Toward the end of the evening the monk yielded to the pleading of the dragoon that she should unmask, on condition that he should do the same and also give two hundred and fifty dollars to the sick and poor for whose benefit the ball was given.

Aurora De Grapion Nancanou saw a handsome, noble face she never had seen before, and Honoré Grandissime looked upon a face of exquisite beauty unknown to him.

Joseph Frowenfeld, his parents and two sisters, had im-

migrated to New Orleans, arriving there in October, 1803. They all caught the fever, and Joseph, convalescing, was told of the deaths of his parents and his sisters. He had but little money, and soon opened an apothecary-shop. Dr. Charlie Keene, who attended him in his illness, became his friend.

In 1699 two young Frenchmen, Zephyr Grandissime and Epaminondas Fusilier, attached to an exploring party on the Mississippi River, lost their way. They were found by Lufki-Humma, an Indian queen. The Indian queen returned with them to the exploring party. On reaching Biloxi, Demosthenes De Grapion and Epaminondas Grandissime threw dice for her. The latter won, and married the woman, who had loved him at first sight.

Demosthenes De Grapion and Zephyr Grandissime married later. The former married a girl sent out from France from the House of Correction, and the latter a widow, sent from France under a *lettre de cachet*. The Grandissimes and the Fusiliers intermarried, having many descendants, but the De Grapions descended "in Indian file," each son leaving but one son.

About fifty years after the days of Lufki-Humma, Clotilde, the only child of a murdered Huguenot, was one of sixty young women sent out from France to become wives to the colonists. These were not House of Correction girls, but were called *filles à la cassette*, for the King himself gave each a casket of clothes. But Clotilde did not wish to marry then. She was sent down to the sea-coast with an old lady to gather wax of the wild myrtle, and after a time married the young commandant of the fort, Georges De Grapion, who received a choice grant of land on the part of the river known as the Cannes Brulées. But Georges was killed in a duel, and their only son and heir married at eighteen a lady of Franco-Spanish extraction, and had one daughter, Aurora. At the age of sixteen Aurora married young Nancanou, an indigo planter, and they lived at Fausse Rivière. Young Nancanou was called to New Orleans on business, and brought his wife and daughter with him as far as her father's, and left them there.

Old De Grapion and Agricole Fusilier had had some correspondence, and so the old man gave his son-in-law a letter to Agricole. They became intimate, and drank and gambled together. Nancanou staked his land and his slaves, and when Agricole won accused him of cheating. There was a duel and Nancanou was killed. He had sent Agricole a clear title to his property. After his death Agricole wrote to the widow that if she would state in writing her belief that there had been no cheating, he would return the whole estate; but if she would not do so he should feel compelled to retain it to vindicate his honor. She wrote that she was not acquainted with the details of the affair; if he wished to own the place he was welcome to do so, and she should remain at her father's home. On the death of old De Grapion, Madame Nancanou brought her child, now seventeen, to New Orleans, where they took a small house in keeping with their very slender means, and gave lessons in embroidery and music.

This was in 1803, the year that Napoleon sold Louisiana to the Americans. Agricole said he could not believe that Napoleon had sold it, for in the supposed treaty there was no mention of the Brahmin Mandarin Fusilier de Grandissime family.

At Frowenfeld's shop many men gathered for conversation, and in this way he made the acquaintance of Agricole Fusilier, of Honoré Grandissime, half-brother of his landlord, another Honoré Grandissime, and others. The ladies Nancanou also went there to buy trifles.

When Aurora was a child a little quadroon girl was given her as slave and playmate, according to the custom, and at fourteen years of age the quadroon had become the ruling spirit of the two. At this time Honoré's father was trying to effect a reconciliation between the Grandissimes and the De Grapions. Agricole wished to buy a beautiful slave to present to his niece, Honoré's sister, as a maid. De Grapion would not sell to a Grandissime, but said he would lend the waiting-maid for ten years. The arrangement was made through a common friend. In later years the slave-girl's master made her free, and she went to New Orleans, where she became Palmyre Philosophe, hairdresser and *voudou*.

One day Madame Nancanou received a letter from her

landlord, written in curious Creole English, very politely asking her to pay her rent, which was three months overdue, or move out at the end of nineteen days, the notice required by law. It was signed "H. Grandissime." Heretofore she had dealt with an agent, and did not know her landlord's name.

Madame Aurora Nancanou went to Palmyre Philosophe, the *voudou* woman, to ask her help. When she told Palmyre of the landlord's letter, Palmyre told her that she had come to see her about something besides rent-money. Aurora denied this and blushed. Then Palmyre burned a candle, and did other senseless things appropriate to the occasion, and at parting gave Aurora, her former mistress, a piece of basil, telling her to hold it between her lips. She also told her to walk around the Place d'Armes that afternoon before sunset.

Honoré Grandissime was riding in the Place d'Armes and his horse accidentally knocked down a lady, Madame Nancanou. Frowenfeld rescued her and took her home.

That night Joseph Frowenfeld was aroused from sleep by the sound of men's voices and pistol-shots. He threw on his clothes and opened his street door. Agricole was brought in wounded by his nephew, Honoré Grandissime, and Dr. Keene.

The next day Honoré Grandissime, the quadroon, called on Joseph and asked him for a "love-powder" that would make Palmyre love him. He told Joseph that he was a brother of the other Honoré. Their father was Numa Grandissime, who had taken an active part in the affairs of the country, and had not wished to marry. But to make peace with his family, when this first Honoré was a child, he had married the sister of Agricole, and when he died he left the bulk of his fortune to the quadroon. The younger son went into business.

Joseph Frowenfeld needed an assistant, and engaged the services of Raoul Innerarity, a cousin of Honoré. Mr. Innerarity gave him many interesting details of the life and habits of the Creoles, as exemplified in the lives of the Grandissimes.

Aurora went to see her landlord, and was ushered into the presence of Honoré Grandissime, who, to her surprise, proved to be the dragoon of the masked ball. He read with great attention the letter that she handed him, and then told her that it had not been signed by him; that there were two Honoré

Grandissimes, the other one being "a man of color." She did not believe him.

Dr. Keene was ill and sent for Frowenfeld. He wished him to go to Palmyre Philosophe and dress a wound in her shoulder. Frowenfeld was surprised, but did as requested. The next day Joseph called to see the Nancanou ladies, and Aurora told him part of the story of Bras-Coupée, Honoré finishing it for him at another time. It began when Palmyre was fifteen years old, and was sent to the Grandissime estate to be maid to Honoré's sister. Palmyre fell in love with Honoré, who went away to Paris to be educated soon after her arrival. Shortly before the return of Honoré, a negro named Bras-Coupée made his appearance. He was a slave, but in his own country he was a prince. On his arrival in New Orleans he was bought for Don Jose Martinez, who afterward married Honoré's sister and Palmyre's mistress. Bras-Coupée refused to work, so he was put in irons, and Palmyre was sent for as interpreter. As soon as he saw her he was subdued, and agreed to perform the duties of driver if they would give him Palmyre for his wife. She did not wish to be his wife, but Agricole gave his consent, and she yielded, but she meant never to live with him and in fact did remain with her mistress. A letter came from old De Grapion at Cannes Brulées, to Agricole, saying that if Palmyre's union with Bras-Coupée was brought about the writer would kill the man who "knowingly had thus endeavored to dishonor one who *shared the blood of the De Grapions.*"

But the two marriages took place. Bras-Coupée tasted wine for the first time and became intoxicated; when more was refused him he went to his master and struck him a blow that felled him to the ground, then fled to the woods, where he lived for six months. Palmyre was unhappy. She did not love her husband, nor did she intend to live with him, but she had hoped to teach him to rise against the white race, for she hated Agricole. Honoré Grandissime returned from Paris. The quadroon Honoré loved Palmyre, and offered to buy her at any price and make her his wife.

Don Jose believed he was bewitched, for his crops failed and everything went wrong at the plantation. One day he was taken ill with fever. Three days later Bras-Coupée appeared

in his master's room and said he wanted his wife, Palmyre. Don Jose ordered him to be seized, but none of the servants dared touch the man, for he was six feet and five inches in height. He lifted his hand and cursed the house and all in it except the women. The servants fled from the room, and Palmyre appeared. Bras-Coupée took her arm, but Don Jose called out that he should not have her, whereupon Bras-Coupée cursed the plantation and Don Jose fainted. Soon the slaves fell sick; there was no plowing; crops failed and weeds grew everywhere.

Bras-Coupée ran away, but was caught by a lasso thrown by a Spanish policeman, at a dance of negroes in a field. Don Jose spared his life, which, according to the law, was forfeit—he having struck his master—and gave him over to the law. His ears were cut off and the fleur-de-lis branded on his shoulder for his running away the first time; for running away the second time he was hamstrung, the fleur-de-lis was branded on the other shoulder, and he was whipped. He was taken back to the plantation, and Palmyre went to him. Don Jose sent to ask him to lift the curse; Bras-Coupée only smiled. The next morning Palmyre told him the master was dead, and had asked his forgiveness, but Bras-Coupée himself was dying. Palmyre's mistress brought her baby and laid it in his arms. Tears rolled down his cheeks; he raised his arm, muttered inaudibly, and the curse was lifted. The priest came and asked him whether he knew where he was going. His eyes brightened. "To Africa," he said, and died. These were the only words he spoke after his mutilation; but a glance he had given his wife at the careless mention of Agricole's name was answered with a fierce look.

At a family gathering at the Grandissime mansion, a casual mention of the name of Aurora De Grapion was the cause of a challenge between Agricole and his nephew Sylvestre.

Honoré Grandissime, the quadroon, called again to see Frowenfeld. He knew Joseph had been three times to Palmyre's, while he himself had not been admitted. Joseph told him he went there as physician, at the request of Dr. Keene, who was ill. Joseph asked him why he did not use his time and money in the cause of his down-trodden race.

The next day Frowenfeld went to Palmyre, and told her that her wound would not require his services again, and that this was his last visit. She begged him not to tell Honoré Grandissime about her wound, and asked him to make Honoré love her, telling him she knew he was a sorcerer and could do it. He wrenched his hands from her, desiring to get away from her as quickly as possible. She threw herself on her knees before him, begging him in broken English not to refuse her request. The next moment he received a heavy blow on the back of his head from Palmyre's slave-woman. He pushed her from him and rushed out into the street, bareheaded and bleeding. Some of the Grandissimes were coming down the street and saw his sudden departure from Palmyre's house, and put upon it the worst construction.

Honoré talked to Joseph of the Nancanou ladies. He told him that Agricole had transferred the Nancanou plantation to him while he was in Paris, and that when he, Honoré, succeeded Agricole in the care of the Grandissime property, he found a separate account of the Nancanou estate, and all its revenues apart and distinct from the others. The Grandissimes were legion, he said, but they were one: they stood by one another. He was for peace, as his father had been, but Agricole was for strife. The recent change of government made land titles uncertain; money was scarce—and he was in love with one of the Nancanou ladies. He then asked the cause of Joseph's accident, and believed him when he asserted his innocence.

Agricole was unhappy; he wished to avoid the duel. He drank some rum, and having heard of Frowenfeld's injury, went to see him. He told Joseph he believed in his innocence, but in a way that showed Joseph he believed him guilty and was shielding him as he would have shielded any friend of his in a similar situation. Joseph was offended, and refused to be shielded in this way. He talked to Agricole about the impending duel and angered the old man, but finally persuaded him to sign a paper addressed to Sylvestre, saying that he spoke in haste. Agricole signed himself "Your affectionate uncle." Joseph intended to take the letter to Sylvestre, but Raoul told him he must take it to Hippolyte Grandissime, and Hippolyte would take it to Valentine, who would take it to Sylvestre. Joseph

sought Hippolyte in a restaurant, where he saw many persons whom he knew who gave him the cut direct, having heard of his hurried exit from Palmyre's house. He came upon Sylvestre and Valentine; Sylvestre insulted him and slapped him in the face. Joseph would have struck him, but Valentine interfered. Joseph said he would accept Valentine's explanation that Sylvestre was drunk.

Frowenfeld went back to his shop and related his experience to Raoul.

"'Sieur Frowenfel'," Raoul said, "gimmy dat lett'! Gimmy 'er! Befo' I lose de sight from dat lett' she goin' to be hanswer by Sylvestre Grandissime, an' 'e goin' to wrat you one appo-logie! Oh! I goin' mek 'im crah fo' shem!" Raoul took the letter and left the shop.

Honoré Grandissime was in his office looking over his papers. Should he surrender Fausse Rivière to the Nancanous he would beggar many of his own family; he would be adjudged insane, and would be shot at in the street. If he retained it Aurora and Clotilde would be beggared. They thought him their landlord, and he knew they would not go to his half-brother. A man came in who held a mortgage on one of the Grandissime estates, and after considerable talk he made an offer for the property, which Honoré accepted. If he began to sell he must go on selling, and this meant a fortune to the Nancanous, but a great loss to the Grandissimes. Land titles were doubtful just now: no one knew how matters might turn out.

Aurora and Clotilde sat before the fire in their little parlor. They were hungry and had been weeping. Alphonsina, their only slave, had gone out to try to sell Aurora's best gown in order to get money to pay the rent. They heard a step, and Aurora opened the door. Honoré Grandissime stood before her. He came to tell them of Frowenfeld's injury, to express his belief in his innocence, and to ask Aurora to see Palmyre and get from her a true statement of the affair, which Aurora promised to do. Then she told him something of their own poverty, and Clotilde wept. Honoré begged Aurora to believe that one member of the Grandissime family felt regret and mortification at the wrongs she was suffering. He told her she "ought to want" her rights; and Clotilde eagerly asked why

he did not give them to her. After he was gone the two women wept in each other's arms.

After a short time Honoré returned, and handed a paper to Aurora. She and Clotilde read it and found it an account of "Aurora and Clotilde Nancanou, owners of Fausse Rivière Plantation," with H. Grandissime, and the full amount due them was given below.

Palmyre carried Joseph's hat to his shop, where were as usual a number of men, and made a dignified apology for her slave's mistake in attacking him, thus exonerating him publicly.

The two Honorés had a long talk. Honoré Grandissime told the quadroon that he had given back the Fausse Rivière property, and his half-brother offered to put all his wealth into his business on condition that the firm name should be Grandissime Brothers. To which Honoré Grandissime, "the Magnificent," the pet and idol of his family, agreed.

" 'E bitray 'is 'ole fam'ly," Raoul said. But it saved the Grandissime family from ruin, though Agricole would not speak to him after it.

The Nancanou ladies went to Honoré's office and received their money. He suggested Frowenfeld as agent and sent for him. While Frowenfeld was there Raoul rushed in to say that his shop was being destroyed. Joseph opened another shop in a new building; the Nancanou ladies rented the floor above, and Clotilde invested some of her money in Frowenfeld's business.

Agricole was ill and kept his room. Every morning *voudou* charms, supposed to work harm, were found at his door or in his room. Palmyre was suspected. Agricole left the large family mansion and slept in a cottage near the house. One night Capitaine Jean-Baptiste Grandissime set a large trap in the shade of a fig-tree near the cottage, and then sat down and watched. Presently a woman with a bundle came toward him, and as her foot caught in the trap she uttered a scream of agony. The Capitaine went to her, and picked up the bundle. He opened it and saw molded in myrtle-wax the bloody arm of a negro—a *bras-coupée*—with a dirk in its hand. The woman, Clemence, begged him to let her go, and swore she did not make the arm. At the point of his pistol he made her confess that

Palmyre had sent her there. A small negro boy, who had been hiding under the hedge, ran off to tell Palmyre what had happened.

There was much excitement among the Grandissimes the next day. The ladies begged for mercy for Palmyre; and Agricole, much to the surprise of the men, advised leniency. He, too, seemed to have been affected by the views of the apothecary as well as Honoré. To tell the truth, Agricole had never forgotten how Frowenfeld had saved Sylvestre's life.

His kinsmen decided that they would best settle the affair, as Agricole might be considered prejudiced and revengeful. Agricole set out for Frowenfeld's shop, and when he arrived there he related the incident of the night, and the capture of Clemence, who had confessed that she was acting for Palmyre. Frowenfeld told Raoul to go at once and tell Honoré. Raoul went, but Agricole was angry. The apothecary asked him whether they would treat Palmyre as if she were a white woman who had threatened the life of a slave. With great indignation Agricole said no. At that moment Honoré, the quadroon, appeared, and Agricole asked Frowenfeld to turn him out, and told the quadroon to take off his hat. The negro put his hand in his bosom, and said in French: "I wear my hat on my head."

Agricole struck him on the head with his cane. The two men rushed together and fell. The quadroon stabbed the old man in the back three times. Friends helped Agricole to his feet, and the quadroon walked away. Dr. Keene was sent for, and ordered Agricole to be taken up-stairs to Madame Nancanou's apartment.

Then Honoré was summoned. He sent Raoul to break the news to his mother, and to say that his kinsmen were to do nothing to Clemence until he came. Raoul found that the news had reached the mansion ahead of him, and that Honoré's mother was then getting into her carriage. Two young girls, cousins, told him that their male relatives had taken Clemence to the swamp. They ought not to hurt her, they said, for Clemence had nursed them. Raoul mounted his horse and rode rapidly away in the direction of the swamp.

At the foot of an old willow-tree sat Clemence, and in a circle

around her were several male members of the Grandissime family. The negress was begging for mercy, but they dropped a noose around her neck and drew her up from the ground. Raoul approached, and Sylvestre let the woman down, begging the others with tears not to do this thing. Raoul said that he came from Honoré, and that they should not touch her. Charlie Mandarin astonished them all by saying, "Let her go!" Jean-Baptiste Grandissime told Clemence to run for her life, and she darted away. But a bullet was fired close behind Raoul—no one ever told who held the pistol—and Clemence dropped dead.

Agricole was dying, and Honoré went to him. He forgave Honoré and took his hand. Aurora brought him water, and he spoke her name, taking her hand, which he laid in Honoré's, telling Aurora that he had pledged this union to her father twenty years ago.

Palmyre and Honoré, the quadroon, traveling as brother and sister, sailed for Bordeaux, France, about two weeks after Agricole died. There the quadroon, still hopelessly in love with Palmyre, committed suicide. Palmyre remained in Bordeaux, and to her Honoré Grandissime sent yearly the income of the estate of his half-brother.

Soon after these events Clotilde became engaged to Joseph Frowenfeld and Aurora to Honoré Grandissime.

THOMAS HENRY HALL CAINE

(England, 1853)

THE DEEMSTER (1887)

Set in the middle of the Irish Sea, the Isle of Man, the scene of this story—rugged, mountainous, a chief haunt of the Druids, and probably occupied by the Romans—is one of the most interesting places in Great Britain. The romance of antiquity is, perhaps, more vivid here than on the main islands of the British group. Hall Caine, being of Manx blood and having a literary spirit, was certain, therefore, to feel the impetus of the stirring history of the Manx people, and this story was the result. It was his first success. Two years after its publication it was dramatized. The office of deemster, which gives title to the novel, is very old. It is said to have belonged to Druid times. Later the deemster became a judge, and, until the fifteenth century, his decisions were made entirely according to what were termed "breast laws," that is, unwritten laws interpreted as he understood them. The deemster is still an important legal functionary in Man, there being now two—one for each of the districts into which the island is divided. The laws maintain a strong flavor of the ancient days, and the Church still holds a part in the government, the upper chamber, or Council, appointed by the Crown, containing the Lord Bishop of the diocese. The lower or representative house is styled the House of Keys. To this Mr. Caine was returned in 1901, his residence being in Ramsey. The tavern of the story, the "Three Legs of Man," takes its name from the three legs adopted in place of the ancient armorial ensign by Alexander III of Scotland after his victory of 1270. The Manx language, now spoken only in the west and northwest parts of the island, is Celtic and is a dialect of the Irish branch.

THORKELL MYLREA, close-fisted, hard, crafty, had waited long for a dead man's shoes, and he was forty years old before he stepped into them. On the other hand, his only brother, Gilcrist, five years younger, had not looked that way at all. The end was the inevitable one: the heel of Thorkell was too soon on the neck of Gilcrist. Before a year was out Thorkell was in effect the master of Ballamona. He raised the rents again and again; he levied on the farmers' crops; and he gave Gilcrist to understand that there was little room on the old place for him. Gilcrist therefore went to England. The father was

hardly cold in his grave, and the old sea-tub that took the brother across the Channel had hardly grounded at Liverpool when Thorkell offered himself and the acres of Ballamona to a lady twenty years of age—or rather to her father, Archbishop Tearle. They were married, and had two children, a boy, Ewan, and a girl, Mona. At the same time, Thorkell was carrying on a *liaison* with a pretty net-maker named Mally Kerruish, and she was sent to jail on the charge of her own mother, a miserable woman, more angered at the prospect of another mouth to feed than at Mally's wrong-doing. The girl was released and fled. The Kerruish woman thereupon upbraided Thorkell, who laughed at her rage. The old woman stood silent for a moment and her pale face turned livid. Then, by a sudden impulse, she cried: "God in heaven, let Thy wrath rest on this man's head; make this house that he has built for himself and for his children a curse to him and them and theirs; bring it to pass that no birth come to it but death come with it, and so on and on till Thou hast done justice between him and me." But Thorkell seemed to prosper after this, and was appointed Deemster of Man. When his daughter Mona was born, however, the mother passed away.

Gilcrist had married in England, and his wife died about the same time, leaving a baby boy, named Dan, with whom he returned to Man. Kerry Quale, the family servant, took charge of him, and this old servant developed the remarkable power of seeing him in all his troubles, no matter where he was. Gilcrist was made Bishop, through the Deemster's influence, and the children were reared at his house till the Deemster thought the rule there too lenient. Even when the years brought a wedding, and Ewan took a wife, the affection of these three was in no way disturbed. The love Ewan bore to Dan was a brotherly passion for which language has yet no name. But Dan had a heedless harshness which was to bear bad fruit. Their first serious difference was over a sheep-dog match, when Dan thought Ewan had interfered, but this was soon over.

Ewan became a minister. The Bishop had intended Dan for that profession, but Dan failed to pass. He then hit on the idea of a new course in life. This was nothing better or worse than turning fisherman. It would be delightful, and of course

it would be vastly profitable. The boat was bought, and Ewan went with Dan on the first cruise for herring. Dan had been drinking, and when Ewan interfered with the guying of a lad named Davy Quale, and called the men cowards, Dan knocked Ewan down. Then he drank more brandy, and on shore made his way to the kitchen of the "Three Legs of Man." In response to a toast, he said: "Men, you have been drinking my health. You call me a good fellow. That's wrong. I'm the worst man among you. Old Billy says I'm going to the House of Keys. That's wrong, too. Shall I tell you where I am going? I am going to the devil." He dropped back in his seat and buried his head in his hands.

The Bishop sentenced Dan to walk up the aisle of the church behind the minister, who would read the Fifty-first Psalm. This came to pass, and at the same time Ewan's wife lay dying. She had given birth to a girl, who was named Aileen. This death, twenty years after the Kerruish woman's curse, stirred the Deemster. As an atonement he began to take an interest in his illegitimate son Jarvis, and treated him as a legal heir.

Dan's fishing venture had not been profitable, at least not enough to balance the account at the Three Legs and pay the men, so Dan tried to borrow. He failed to get Ewan's indorsement, but he got the money. The note was discounted by the house of Benas Brothers, where Jarvis was now a clerk. Dan, feeling uncomfortable over what he had done, confessed to Mona, but the whole thing soon came out, for a stranger arrived one day and there was a meeting in the Bishop's library.

"Ewan," said the Bishop, "do you know that it is contrary to the custom of the Church for a minister to stand security for a debtor?"

"I know it," said Ewan quietly; and so he answered several questions of similar import. Then the Deemster turned to Dan and said in his shrill voice:

"And do you know, sir, what the punishment for forgery may be?"

"Hanging, perhaps," was the sullen answer. "What of it? Out with it; be quick."

The Deemster tittered audibly.

"Is that your signature?" asked the stranger of Ewan. The document showed the name of Ewan, as security on a loan to Daniel Mylrea by Benas Brothers of fifty pounds. In a momentary pause, Ewan saw it all. The stranger repeated the question.

"Yes," Ewan answered, "the signature is mine—what of it?"

"The lenders wish to withdraw the loan," said the stranger.

"They may do so in a month," answered Ewan.

Then the stranger went out. Dan leaped to his feet and threw his arms about Ewan's neck. Mona covered her eyes and sobbed. The Bishop said to Dan: "As for you, sir, I am done with you forever; let me see your face no more."

Ewan said later, when they were at home: "Dan, we can be friends no longer. If we are to share this place together, we must be strangers."

It chanced about this time that Dan became an active member in a new military organization, and the Three Legs saw him something oftener than before. Jarvis Kerruish arrived and established himself complacently at Ballamona. Well-dressed and dainty he was, and with a heart like his father's—that is to say, with none. An amusement of the day before Christmas was a plowing-match. A stranger had carried off the prize, when Dan and a group of his followers arrived. Dan declared he could defeat the horse record with a pair of oxen, and a match was accordingly arranged at once. Dan's oxen did the turn in less time than the horses, and they were going down the field on the second round when the dinner-bell rang. They halted at this, and nothing could start them, though Dan in a rage whipped them cruelly. Finally he unyoked them for a hideous purpose and they fell to nibbling the grass.

"Look out!" he shouted; there was a swish of the long bar that had divided them, and one of the beasts fell dead. Again the bar cut the air, and the second ox dropped beside its mate. The people turned away in horror. Dan fled to Mona in his disgrace. "I think I must be going mad," he said. "But they are taking the wrong way with me, Mona. Ewan is not content to make himself a stranger to me, but he wants to make you a stranger too."

"Dan," said Mona, in a low, passionate tone, blinding tears raining down her cheeks, "nothing and nobody can make us strangers, you and me, or any misfortune, or any disgrace."

"Mona!" he cried, and took a step toward her, but at the next moment he had swung about and was going out of the door. At sight of all that tenderness and loyalty in Mona's face, his conscience smote him as it had never smitten him before. As he was leaving, Jarvis met him, and the visit to Mona's room was speedily reported to the Deemster, with the worst construction. The whole matter was misunderstood. The answers of Mona, who had no suspicion of the real significance of their questions, seemed to confirm their assumption.

Ewan's blood was up. He must have a settlement with Dan. He found him asleep in a shed on the shore, used in the fishing business. Dan had been dreaming, and he rehearsed the dream; then, as he became aware of the look on Ewan's face, he cried: "My God! what is it?"

"It means," said Ewan, "that this island is not large enough to hold you and me. You must go away."

"Why should I go away?" said Dan.

"Because you are a scoundrel, the basest scoundrel on God's earth, the blackest-hearted monster. Drinking, roistering, gambling, cheating—"

"I've been a reckless, mad fool, Ewan, but no worse than that. If you could know how I suffer, you would have pity."

"Pity? Your heart is as dead as your honor. And that is not all, but you must outrage the honor of another."

Dan here thought he referred to the forgery. When at length he comprehended, he said, in a slow whisper: "If you believe what you have said—by Heaven! I'll not deny it for you —there is not room enough for both of us in this world."

In a moment they were pledged to fight. The only weapons at hand were a couple of daggers and belts such as the militia had adopted, and these they took to a lonely headland near by. It was late afternoon and snowing. In the midst of the preparations Ewan's good heart relented.

"Dan," he cried, and his voice was a sob, "Dan, I cannot fight; right or wrong, I cannot."

But Dan laughed bitterly. "Coward!" he said, "coward and poltroon!"

At that word all the evil passion came back to Ewan. "That is enough," he said, "the belts, buckle them together!"

Dan understood Ewan's purpose. At the next breath the belt about Dan's waist was buckled to the belt about the waist of Ewan, and the two men stood strapped together. Then they drew the daggers, and an awful struggle followed. To and fro they reeled and swayed, the right hand of each held up for thrust, the left for parry. The fight was fierce and terrible. The sun had gone down and thin flakes of snow were falling. At last they had backed and swayed to a spot within three yards of the cliff; then Ewan, with the gasp of a drowning man, flung his weapon into the air. Dan ripped his dagger across the belts that bound them together, and Ewan, separated from Dan, reeled heavily backward toward the cliff by force of his own weight.

Dan stood as one transfixed with uplifted hand, and a deep groan came from his throat. Passion and pain were gone from him in that awful moment, and the world itself seemed to be blotted out. When he came to himself he was standing on the cliffhead alone. The clock in the old church was striking five. "What have I done?" he asked himself. Quaking in every limb, he groped his way to the foot of the cliff. The body of Ewan lay there dead and cold, in the snow.

Hardly knowing what he was doing, he carried the body to the cabin and laid it on the bed of straw where he himself had dreamed only an hour before. Leaving it there he made his way to Mona's house.

"The truest friend, the fondest brother, the whitest soul, the dearest, bravest, purest, noblest—O God! he is dead, dead! Worse a hundredfold, Mona; he is murdered!"

Mona sunk to the settle and held her head, while he stood by and told her all. Then Dan's great frame shook wofully, and he cried in his pain: "Mercy, have mercy! What love have I lost! What love have I lost!"

At that, Mona's weeping ceased. She looked at Dan through her lashes still wet, and said in another tone:

"Dan, do not think me unmaidenly. If you had done well,

if you had realized my hopes in you, if you had grown to be the great and good man I longed to see you, then, though I might have yearned for you, I would rather have died with my secret than speak of it. But now that all this is not so; now that it is a lost faith, now that by God's will you are to be abased before the whole world, now I tell you, Dan, that I love you, and have always loved you."

With a great cry he flung his arms about her, and the world of pain and sorrow was for that instant blotted out. But all the bitter flood came rushing back upon them.

"We are clasping hands over a tomb, Mona. Our love is known too late. A cold hand is between us and lies in the hand of both."

"You must make atonement," said Mona; "you must give yourself up to justice."

"You will remember me, Mona?"

"Remember you? When the tears I shed for Ewan are dry, I shall still weep for you."

When Dan got back to the cabin, it was full of his fishermen. They had just come in from the sea. As he stood stunned and dazed, his spirit dead within him, they resolved to save him by secretly burying Ewan's body at sea, and they sailed away with it. Mechanically, Dan went too. The body was sewed up in an old sail with some iron weights and slid overboard, but the sail was rotten, and the weights tore through, going to the bottom alone, while the corpse came to the surface, the torn canvas spread out as a sail, and it was soon out of their sight, drifting toward the shore. They now saw that they, too, would be implicated, and when Dan came to his senses and said, "Come, my lads, we must go back," they demurred, and would set sail for the Shetlands instead.

Presently a calm fell on the waters, and they drifted idly about in the cold, miserable enough, especially as they could faintly hear the church-bells across the drear stillness. When a breeze came they were glad to head for the harbor. Ewan's body had preceded them, and Dan saw the funeral gathering at the church, for bodies washed ashore were ordained to be buried the same day by an ancient law, which the Deemster invoked. Leaving the solemn scene without being noticed,

Dan set out across the open toward the Deemster's house, to give himself up. Such was his sorrow and agony of mind that he walked heedlessly and fell into an abandoned mining-shaft, which had water in the bottom. The water broke his fall and he was not killed, but he found it a difficult thing to get out of this prison. Meanwhile, his fishermen fled to the mountains with the Deemster's men in search of them. There they hatched a plan. Dan hastened to the Ramsey court-house where the inquest was going on, and pushing his way to the table, he said in a full, clear voice:

"I am here to surrender. I am guilty."

The prison in Castle Rushen being full, Dan Mylrea was taken instead to the one beneath the ruined castle at Peeltown, which was under the jurisdiction of his father, the Bishop. It was a foul and loathsome dungeon and was seldom used. There the Bishop visited him and tried to induce him to escape. The guardian was ordered away. The door was wide open.

"No, no," said Dan. "I cannot go. I am a guilty man."

"You shall not say that. No one shall tell me that," said the Bishop. But Dan remained.

The Bishop sadly left, and sent back the jailer, but before that officer reached the cell Dan was gone. He was kidnaped by his fishermen, who intended to compel him to plead "not guilty." They took him to a lonely place under Snaefell, bound hand and foot, and there they threatened him with death if he refused to plead "not guilty."

During this time the servant Kerry had had one of her remarkable visions. She told it to Mona, describing the place; and the coroner's men were guided to the spot, arriving just as lots had been cast and the one chosen was about to shoot Mylrea, who had refused to plead "not guilty." In due time the fishermen were liberated and Dan was pronounced guilty by the court. All attempts to get him to explain or to give the motive were unavailing. The following week the sentence was pronounced by the Bishop, at Tynwald mount, and it was not death.

"The sentence of this court," said the Bishop, "is that this man shall be cut off from his people. Henceforth let him have no name among us, nor family, nor kin. From now forever

let no flesh touch his flesh. Let no tongue speak to him. Let no eye look on him. If he should be an-hungered, let none give him meat. When he shall be sick, let none minister to him. When his death shall come, let no man bury him. Alone let him live, alone let him die; and among the beasts of the field let him hide his unburied bones."

And all the people and the Bishop watched the man with compassion as he walked away from Tynwald toward the foot of Slieu Whallin, and the valley of Foxdale that runs southward.

For seven years Mylrea lived alone, and, another solitary man dying, it was reported that Dan was dead. Then came a great epidemic called "the sweating sickness." Hundreds were carried off. The Bishop sent to Ireland for a priest versed in its cure, but when he was landed by stress of weather down the coast an injury compelled him to seek the cabin of Mylrea, where he died before he could go to the town. He had imparted his knowledge to Mylrea, however, and Dan promised to go to the Bishop and inform him that Father Dalney had kept his pledge.

Within six hours of his coming, Mylrea, unrecognized, had set the whole parish at work. Great fires were built, ditches to drain the land were dug, and every room with a chimney must have a fire in it. In five days the sickness began to abate. Only another day did the stranger remain, but the brief time was full of events. The Deemster himself was taken, and while Mylrea was tending him, Jarvis suddenly declared that he knew who the man was.

"Father Dalney," said the Deemster.

"Pshaw! It is Dan Mylrea," said Jarvis.

The Deemster took a convulsive hold of the stranger's coat, shrieked, and fell back on to the pillow. Mylrea quietly left the room and went to the Bishop's, where he told of the death of the priest and how he had come in his stead.

"Your voice is strangely familiar. What is your name, sir?" said the Bishop.

Daniel Mylrea fell to his knees at the Bishop's feet. "Father!" he said, in a fervent whisper, and put his lips to the Bishop's hand.

The door was opened and a servant entered with candles.

At the same moment Daniel Mylrea went quickly out of the room. The Bishop's head dropped to his breast. He had fainted. When he opened his eyes, Mona was bathing his forehead and moistening his lips.

"My child," he said nervously, "one has come back to us from the dead."

And Mona answered him with the thought that was uppermost in her mind:

"Dear uncle," she said, "my poor father died half an hour ago."

The sweating sickness now disappeared. The people became aware that the man who had brought the cure for it had also disappeared. When he was gone it seemed as if a spell had broken. Bit by bit the memory came back to them, linked with a name that might not be spoken. Then a letter came from the Governor, saying that in recognition of his great services, "the Lord of Man would be anxious to appoint Daniel Mylrea Deemster of Man, in succession to his late uncle, if the Steward of the Ecclesiastical Courts were willing to remove the censure of the Church under which he now labored."

Mona, therefore, set out to find Dan, and as she journeyed she beheld him the righteous judge of his own people. Davy Fayle went with her. When they reached the end of their journey, they found a small gorse-covered house, far over the wild moor, on the edge of a chasm, looking straight out on the hungry sea.

Dan lay on the bed unconscious, near to death of the sickness, the last that the scourge was to slay. Mona sat many hours waiting for the breaking of his delirium. It came at long, long length, and ah, how soon it came!

When the sunrise shot through the skin-covered window it fell on Dan and awakened him. Opening his eyes, he saw Mona, and his soul smiled over his wasted face. He could not speak, nor could he lift his worn hands. Mona knew the time was near. She dropped to her knees, and while she prayed the dying man repeated some of the words after her:

"Our Father,"

"Our Father,"

"Which art in Heaven, Hallowed be thy name,"

"Hallowed—be—thy—name."

"Thy kingdom come, Thy will be done in earth as it is in Heaven; give us this day our daily bread; and forgive us our trespasses as we forgive them that trespass against us; and lead us not into temptation, but deliver us from evil,"

"But deliver us from evil,"

"Amen,"

"Amen."

ADA CAMBRIDGE

(England, 1844)

THE THREE MISS KINGS (1891)

In this tale of Australian life the reader may catch glimpses of the writer's own experiences in the Bush districts, where she has made her home since her marriage with the Rev. G. F. Cross in 1870. The description of the generous and unfailing hospitality of the isolated residents of the Bush which is presented is characteristic of the author's own attitude toward those that did much to add to the comfort and enjoyment of her early years in a wild country, to which she went from a tranquil English parish.

ON the second day of January, in the year 1880, three orphaned sisters, finding themselves left to their own devices, with an income of exactly one hundred pounds a year apiece, sat down to consult as to the use they should make of their independence.

The place where they sat was a grassy cliff overlooking a wide bay of the Southern Ocean—a lonely spot, whence no sign of human life was visible, except in the sail of a little fishing-boat far away.

As the sun went down, the sea-breeze rose fresher and stronger; it was the perfection of an Australian summer evening.

"What I want," said Patty King (Patty was the middle one), "is to make a dash—a straight-out plunge into the world, Elizabeth; no shilly-shallying and dawdling about, frittering our money away before we begin. Suppose we go to London—we shall have enough to cover our traveling expenses and our income to start fair with; surely we could live anywhere on three hundred a year, in the greatest comfort. What do you think, Nell?"

"Oh," said Eleanor, the youngest of the trio, "I don't care, so long as we go somewhere, and do something."

"What do you think, Elizabeth?" pursued the enterprising Patty, alert and earnest. "Life is short, and there is so much for us to see and learn—all these years and years we have been out of it so utterly!"

"My dear," said Elizabeth, with characteristic caution, "I think we are too young and ignorant to go so far afield just yet. We might go to Europe by and by; but for the present let Melbourne content us. It will be as much of the world as we shall want to begin with, and we ought to get some experience before we spend our money—the little capital we have to spend."

"You don't call two hundred and thirty-five pounds a little, do you?" interposed Eleanor. This was the price of what a well-to-do storekeeper in the neighboring township had offered them for the little house which had been their home since she was born, and to her it seemed a fortune.

When after much consultation the three charming Miss Kings embarked upon their little journey into the world, Melbourne had been chosen as their destination.

It was not without some pangs of regret that they forsook their picturesque home by the sea, where they had grown up like young sea-nymphs, untrammeled by any knowledge of worldly conventions or of the demands of society. Having disposed of their simple household goods, all save the remarkable piano that their mother had played upon so wonderfully, and the valuable old bureau, with its drawers filled with family relics and precious heirlooms, and taken leave of their pets and provincial neighbors, the three sisters sailed away on the steamer bound for Melbourne. They were bidden an affectionate farewell by their kind old lawyer and protector, Mr. Brion, who reluctantly took leave of them, reminding them in parting that his son Paul would do all that was in his power for them upon their arrival in the Australian metropolis.

Grateful, indeed, were the three maidens to find this gallant young gentleman waiting to greet them as they stepped ashore. He was a small, wiry little man, with a brusk manner; active and self-possessed, and though not handsome, he had a keen and intelligent face.

The three sisters, thanks to the thoughtful arrangements

made by the son of their old friend, soon found themselves cosily settled in a comfortable boarding-place and occupying rooms vacated on their account by Paul Brion, who, however, assured them that he had moved out entirely from preference for a new location. His untiring and yet ever discreet attentions won excessive gratitude from Elizabeth and Eleanor, but caused in Patty a kind of unreasoning resentment, as her independent spirit made her shrink from being under obligations to one who was almost a stranger. Yet it was Patty, and not her sisters, who was drawn irresistibly toward the dignified young journalist, and the effect of this attraction was to make that contrary maiden exceedingly offish and contradictory whenever their benefactor was concerned. She snubbed him and hurt his feelings, and finally, through some misunderstanding, galled him to the point of appearing not to see her in the street.

In the mean time, the three interesting sisters were becoming acquainted with the ways of Mrs. Grundy; they had discarded their outlandish clothes and had been introduced to certain social functions through the instigation of Paul Brion.

Their first appearance at an evening party bade fair to be a dull and dreary occasion, as they were quite ignored by their hostess and her fashionably dressed guests, but a sudden freak of fortune brought Patty to the piano, where she showed herself the marvelous musician that she was, as the result of her mother's early technical training and her own natural gifts.

From that moment the three sisters were taken into high favor by Mrs. Duff-Scott, a leader in the social world, who pursued her new fancy by taking the girls under her wing, chaperoning them, and introducing them to all the festivities of the season. This lady had no daughters, and found in these children of nature—who also bore the stamp of Vere de Vere—an opportunity to exercise her motherly instincts. She prevailed upon the sisters to wear the gowns she selected, as a favor to her, and made them spend a large portion of their time at her home.

Paul Brion, seeing his new friends receding more and more into a fashionable circle, to which he had seldom the *entrée*,

grew gloomy and formal and withdrew almost completely from their society, which had proved from the first so dangerously alluring.

The opening of the Exhibition, which brought a gala season to Melbourne, was an event of great interest to the sisters, who sallied forth to see the great parade quite fearless of the contact with a surging crowd. They soon realized that the occasion was one rather too strenuous even for their brave spirits; separated from her sisters by the crowd, Elizabeth was left alone, while Patty and Eleanor were blocked at a place some distance away. Then it was that a romance began for the stately Elizabeth, who, in danger of being trampled under foot by the mob, was picked up and supported by the strong arm of a masterful Englishman, who cared for her chivalrously, and to whom she was instantly attracted.

When the mob had dispersed, Elizabeth took leave of her rescuer, thinking rather regretfully that probably she never should see him again. But he was destined soon to reappear as a guest of Mrs. Duff-Scott, and was formally presented to Elizabeth and her sisters as Mr. Yelverton, of England, a wealthy gentleman, and owner of great estates, who was traveling in order to study social conditions among the poor.

From the first, Mr. Yelverton devoted himself to Elizabeth, who was frankly pleased with his attentions, which grew more and more marked. In the mean time, Eleanor had seemingly captured the heart of Mr. Westmoreland, one of the most eligible bachelors in the social field; while Patty's beauty, charm, and musical talent brought her several admirers. These she coquetted with indifferently, her real interest being centered in the moody Paul Brion, who now shunned her society completely and punctuated his journalistic productions with cynicisms regarding feminine frivolities.

On the evening when a certain important assembly took place, the three sisters returned to their own simple abode sad at heart, and inclined to pronounce their new butterfly existence a hollow sham. Elizabeth, happy at first in the consciousness of her lover's devotion, was shocked to discover that his religious faith differed essentially from her own, the fact that he was a dissenter seeming to her an insurmountable barrier

to their possible union. Eleanor, beautiful in her ball-gown, and prepared to complete her conquest of Mr. Westmoreland, was chagrined to find him neglectful and dancing attendance upon a certain heiress; and Patty, while showered with attentions, was miserable because of the absence of the man she had snubbed.

The three sisters tossed sleeplessly on their beds until Patty, stealing to Elizabeth's side, sobbed out her confession that she loved Paul Brion desperately and had brought misery upon herself by teaching him to hate her.

The outcome of this was the sudden withdrawal of the three fair sisters to that peaceful seaside town whence they had come. Here among their humble friends they were joyfully welcomed and were captured by their watchful guardian, the elder Mr. Brion, who carried them off to their former home, which he had purchased after their departure.

Into this quiet retreat Mr. Yelverton soon found his way, appearing suddenly upon the scene with greetings and inquiries from their friend Mrs. Duff-Scott, and Elizabeth was overjoyed to see him, although she was still seriously distressed by the thought of her lover's heresy.

Mr. Yelverton was not slow to accept the proffered hospitality of Mr. Brion, and was only too ready to join a picnic party planned by their host for the purpose of exploring an interesting cave. On this occasion Elizabeth, who was following the others with her escort, fell for the second time into his stalwart arms; in trying to leap across a little chasm she slipped and lost her footing, extinguishing the candle which was lighting their uncertain path and giving her ardent admirer an opportunity to lift her and clasp her to his heart. During their homeward drive Mr. Yelverton begged Elizabeth to look favorably upon his suit, and she, knowing that she loved him but still afraid of what seemed to her their vital difference of religious views, bade him wait a week for her decision.

To her conscientious spirit the problem was very hard to solve, and she turned to her sister Patty with the story of her perplexity.

"Now, what would you do?" she finally asked Patty, who had listened with the utmost interest and intelligent sympathy.

"If it were your own case, my darling, and you wanted to do what was right, how would you decide?"

"Well, Elizabeth," said Patty, "I'll tell you the truth. I should not stop to think whether it was right or wrong."

"Patty!"

"No! A year ago I would not have said so—a year ago I might have been able to give you the very best advice. But now—but now!"—the girl stretched out her hands with the pathetic gesture Elizabeth had seen and been struck with once before—"now, if it were my own case, I should take the man I loved, no matter what he was, if he would take me."

Elizabeth heaved a long sigh from the depths of her troubled heart. She felt that Patty, to whom she had looked for help, had only made her burden of responsibility heavier instead of lighter. "Let us go up to the house again," she said wearily. "There is no need to decide to-night."

When they had reached the house, they found Eleanor gone to bed, and the gentlemen sitting on the veranda, still talking of Mr. Yelverton's family history, in which the lawyer was professionally interested. The horses were harnessed to the little buggy, which stood at the gate.

"Ah, here they are!" said Mr. Brion. "Mr. Yelverton is waiting to say good night, my dears. He has to return to the hotel, and go on board to-night."

Patty bade her potential brother-in-law an affectionate farewell, and then vanished into her bedroom. The old man bustled off at her heels, under pretense of speaking to the man of all work who held the horses; and Elizabeth and her lover were left for a brief interval alone.

"You will keep me in suspense no longer than you can help, will you?" Mr. Yelverton said, holding her hands. "Won't a week be long enough?"

"Yes," she said; "I will decide it in a week."

"And may I come back to you here, to learn my fate? Or will you come to Melbourne to me?"

"Had I not better write?"

"No, certainly not."

"Then I will come to you," she said.

He drew her to him and kissed her gravely. "Good night,

my love," he said. "You will be my love, whatever happens."

While Elizabeth was hesitating regarding this vital question certain circumstances arose that tipped the scales completely in favor of the English suitor, who had chanced suddenly in Australia upon the woman who fulfilled his dream. During their conversations regarding his childhood and early associations he had referred to a romance and a tragedy in the preceding generation of his family. His uncle, Kingscote Yelverton, and an elder brother had both loved the same girl, had quarreled about her picture, and during a slight scuffle the elder brother's rifle had accidentally been discharged, killing its owner instantly. Kingscote, feeling that he would be regarded as his brother's murderer, fled from his home and his estates across the seas, but ere he left he went to take leave of the woman whose fair face had caused the tragedy, and she, loving this brother, had begged to share his fortunes, and the two never had been heard of since, though report said that their ship had foundered at sea. As a result of the taking off of his two uncles, the great estate had now become the property of Mr. Yelverton, the eldest nephew.

That this romantic tale should find a continuation in far-away Australia was little expected by its narrator, who sailed away for Melbourne, or by the eager listener, who, from the high cliff, watched her lover depart.

Yet fate plays curious pranks, and it chanced that almost immediately after Mr. Yelverton's departure some necessary carpentry work unearthed a collection of articles which had fallen behind the mantelpiece in the home on the cliff where the three Miss Kings had been born and bred. Among these odds and ends the girls discovered a drawing of a beautiful Elizabethan house, underneath which was inscribed in her father's writing the words, "Elizabeth Leigh, from Kingscote Yelverton, Yelverton, June, 1847."

This mysterious picture was studied attentively by all, and submitted to the legal inspection of Mr. Brion, who regarded it as a most important clew to the dead father's history, of which almost nothing ever had been known by his own children.

Next followed a careful scrutiny of the bureau; in this a

secret drawer was soon discovered, containing the long-concealed will of Kingscote Yelverton, which proved the bulk of the great English estates to be the property of his eldest daughter, no longer Elizabeth King, but Elizabeth Yelverton.

This was an overwhelming revelation for the three girls, who were thus suddenly transformed into rich and important personages.

To Elizabeth came the realization that she was about to rob her lover of that patrimony which she thought would be so much better in his hands than in hers. All religious scruples vanished in her one desire to accept him before he should learn the truth and refuse to retain possession of his English property.

Promptly the three sisters returned to Melbourne with their faithful adviser, Mr. Brion, who, with his son Paul, investigated carefully all the legal points of the case and found Elizabeth's claim indisputable.

Then this young woman hastened to her lover, surprised him by her prompt acceptance of his offer, and at once acquiesced in his demand for an immediate marriage.

After some blissful hours spent together, Yelverton left his betrothed, who had promised to prepare for their wedding, and acceded to the request of Mr. Brion for a business interview.

Then he learned the true state of affairs, and was instantly convinced that Elizabeth had accepted him only to prevent him from losing his property. He sternly presented himself to her later in the day, declaring that he could not marry her on such terms.

"You have consented to marry me in order that I may not be deprived of my property?" he declared.

She did not speak immediately, from purely physical incapacity, and Yelverton continued with a hardening voice. "I will not be married on those grounds, Elizabeth. You must have known that I would not."

For a moment she stood with her face hidden, struggling with a rising tide of tears that, when these terrible words were spoken, would not be kept in check; then she lifted her head, flung out her arms, and clasped him close to her heart. "Oh," she cried, amid long-drawn sobs, "don't cast me off because of that horrid money! I could not bear it now!"

"What!" he exclaimed, stooping over her and holding her to his breast, speaking in a voice as shaken as her own, "is it really so? Is it for love of me only, my darling, my darling? Would you have me if no property were in the question, simply because you feel, as I do, that we could not do without each other? Then we will be married to-morrow, Elizabeth, and all the world shall be welcome to brand me a schemer and fortune-hunter if it likes."

Elizabeth recovered her breath in a few seconds, and gained sufficient consciousness to grasp the meaning of those last words.

"A fortune-hunter! Oh, how preposterous! A fortune-hunter!"

"That is what I shall seem," he insisted, with a smile, "to that worthy public for whose opinion some people care so much."

"But you don't care?"

"No; I don't care."

So the marriage of the cousins took place, and only Mrs. Duff-Scott regretted that it was rushed through with what she pronounced indecorous haste. It was arranged that on Elizabeth's return to England her two sisters should accompany her, to see something of that social sphere to which they really belonged.

Before taking leave of Australia, however, Patty determined to have an interview with Paul Brion, who had so thoroughly misunderstood her. As she knew he would not call upon her she boldly marched to the door of his study, and while he greeted her with astonishment, hastened to set herself aright with the man she loved.

When she had finished speaking, he stood at the table fluttering his papers with a hand as unsteady as that of a drunkard, and glaring at her, not straight into her eyes—which, indeed, were cast abjectly on the floor—but over her pretty, forlorn figure, shrinking and cowering before him.

"You are kind enough to everybody else," he said at last; "you might at least show some common humanity to me. I am not a coxcomb, I hope, but I know you can't have helped knowing what I have felt for you—no woman can help knowing

when a man cares for her, though he may never say a word about it. A dog that loves you will get some consideration for it, but you are having no consideration for me. I hope I am not rude—I'm afraid I am forgetting my manners, Miss Patty—but a man can't think of manners when he is driven out of his senses. Forgive me! I am speaking to you too roughly. It was kind of you to come and tell me what you have told me—I am not ungrateful for that—but it was a cruel kindness. Why didn't you send me a note—a little, cold, formal note? Or why did you not send Mrs. Yelverton to explain things? That would have done just as well. You have paid me a great honor, I know; but I can't look at it like that. After all, I was making up my mind to lose you, and I think I could have borne it, and got on somehow, and got something out of life in spite of it. But now how can I bear it?—how can I bear it now?"

Patty bowed like a reed to this unexpected storm, which nevertheless thrilled her through and through with wild elation and rapture. She had no sense of either pride or shame; she never for a moment regretted that she had not written a note, or sent Mrs. Yelverton in her place. But what she said and what she did I will leave the reader to conjecture.

This episode, which pledged Patty to the young Australian journalist, was not very favorably regarded by Elizabeth, who was prepared to find in England some more brilliant aspirant for this sister's hand. All felt, however, that a year or so in London might alter this decision. And so the three sisters sailed away, but Patty's heart remained behind, and after two years, when her lover came across seas to wed her, she returned with him to that field of work in Australia where he felt that he belonged.

Eleanor, also, true to her early fancy, finally married Mr. Westmoreland, who had wooed her long and faithfully. With him she returned to Australia, and Elizabeth, supremely happy in her beautiful English home, and rich in the devotion of her husband, still at times sighed regretfully to think that her beloved sisters were so far away, yet knew that she must not demand perfection in this mortal sphere.

LUIS DE CAMOËNS

(Portugal 1524–1580)

THE LUSIAD (1572)

This epic is notable for two special reasons: first, because it offers one of the finest examples in literature of a genius devoted alike to a life of action and a life of letters. It was composed during the banishment of De Camoëns to Macao, in China, where, amidst official duties, he found time to compose the poetic record of Portuguese exploits and history entitled *The Lusiad.* The second reason for the fame of this immortal work is its originality in being, unlike other epics, essentially a maritime tale.

AT the outset the poet invokes aid and inspiration, not from the gods of Greece and Rome, but from the fair nymphs of the Tagus, the noble river of his native land, and his theme is the narrative of the daring navigators who are to open for the first time in history a new way to India and the Orient around the Cape of Good Hope. The ancient gods, as he informs us, hold a council to consider an enterprise that is destined still further to reduce their influence and power. Bacchus opposes the advance of the Portuguese fleet; but Mars and Venus, by no means inferior factors in shaping human affairs, accept the inevitable, and favor the search for the new route for human achievement. The fleet passes the formidable Cape, after a rude encounter with storms and other obstacles, described in a later page, and arrives safely but not without injury at Mozambique. The governor of that place, an Arab or Moor by race, foreseeing what a formidable rival these Christian explorers must become in the commerce with the East Indies, being also warned by Bacchus, disguised as a Moor, at once undertook to destroy the fleet of Vasco da Gama, by ordering the native pilots to steer them through channels bristling with

hidden reefs. But the Portuguese commander was too keen-sighted to fall into the trap laid for him, and after punishing the treacherous pilots and the ships that had attacked the Christian fleet, he sailed for Mombassa.

Venus pleaded with Jupiter to favor the Portuguese navigators in these little known and perilous seas, which he promised to do, foretelling also some of the feats they would perform in the East. Mercury, in turn, appeared to Da Gama in a dream and warned him against the dangers of Mombassa. This dream was very timely, for the king of that place, under the guise of friendship, came near to destroying the entire squadron. Having overcome this great peril, Da Gama sailed for Melinda, where he happily received a courteous and sincere welcome from the ruler and people of that country. Here the wanderers tarried some time, resting and enjoying the hospitality extended to them. And so much interest was shown in their adventures, and in what they could teach about distant Portugal, that Da Gama gave the King of Melinda and his courtiers an account of the origin of the kingdom of Portugal, its kings, and its principal achievements, and their heroic contests with Spain and the Moors. Incidentally, as growing out of the political jealousies of Spain and Portugal, Da Gama gave a most pathetic statement of the loves and tragic fate of Doña Ignéz de Castro, and the fearful revenge wreaked by her royal lover and spouse, Don Pedro of Spain, on her ruthless assassins, and the magnificent memorial tombs he erected for the fair Ignéz and himself at Alcobaça.

Pursuing the subject, evidently holding the attention of the King of Melinda and his courtiers, Da Gama described the invasion of Portugal by the King of Spain, and the total overthrow of the latter at the great and decisive battle of Aljubarrota, which settled the independence of the Lusitania; and, rekindling her patriotic fervor, led to long efforts to discover an overland route to India free from insurmountable obstacles. Failing of this object, the King, Dom Manoel, gained this end, at least up to the point where the Portuguese squadron had reached Melinda, by undertaking an expedition by sea, which so far had proved successful. The preparations for it had been thorough and without sparing expense. The night before sailing had been

spent in the cathedral of Belem, overlooking the anchorage of the ships, where the crews and the Admiral Vasco da Gama, weighed down by a sense of the mysterious perils that lay before them through unknown seas and by unknown lands and peoples, had passed the long night prostrate before the altar in prayer for the aid and blessing of the Almighty who rules over land and sea, and protects those who carry to pagan lands the ensign of the Cross.

Continuing his recital, Da Gama described the various places at which they had touched running down the coast of Africa, until "the first that ever burst" into the vast unknown beyond the pitch of the "Cape of Sorrows," as named by Bartholomew Diaz, who failed to weather it, but henceforth to be known as the Cape of Good Hope. He described also the guardian demon of the Cape who for untold ages had driven away all who attempted that dread passage. The description of this dark, appalling genius, towering like a thunder-cloud before the ship of Da Gama, with long, squalid, wind-tossed beard, cavernous eyes, coal-black lips, yellow tusks, and menacing mien, warning back the fleet and foretelling the horrors to be encountered by those who, tempting Fate, in coming ages, should brave that stormy entrance to new seas, is one of the most tremendous conceptions to be found in the entire range of poetry.

Peace and friendship being established with the King of Melinda, Da Gama now set sail directly east for India. But the enemies of the expedition were still at work. As soon as the fleet had put to sea again, Bacchus, moved by unappeasable hostility, descended to the superb abodes at the bottom of the sea, where Neptune reigned, surrounded by nymphs and nereids, and cajoled that easily influenced deity to call a council of the powers of the submarine world to discuss the question of destroying the fleet of Da Gama. Triton was sent forth to announce the summons with his far-sounding conch-shell. The result was what might be easily foreseen, when hate brings its energy to bear against its victims. A furious tempest overtook the laboring ships and threatened to engulf them all in destruction. From the depths of despair Da Gama appealed to the merciful help of the Being he worshiped, and the star arose

o'er the deep, the emblem of Venus, whose sweet influence increased as the mariners drew nearer to India, and quelled the raging of the winds and waters.

Impelled by favoring breezes Da Gama now reached the capital part of Calicut, on the west coast of India, the objective point of his voyage. After overcoming many perils with unsurpassed skill and courage, the ships and crews of Portugal had at last found the new way from Europe to India and China, equivalent to the discovery of a new world, the opening of vast channels of trade never before known and exploited.

The curiosity of the Gentoo King was keenly aroused by the arrival of the strange visitors to his dominions. He personally visited the flag-ship of Da Gama, and was filled with interest by what he saw; but his patience was probably tried by having to listen to a repetition of the exploits of the Portuguese nation; perhaps, too, he was not altogether edified by a declaration of the doctrines of the Christian religion as accepted in that age, and a eulogy of the saints of the Church whose precepts and example were less practised than professed by the champions of Christendom. The jealousy and dread of the Zyamaim were also stimulated by the counselors of his court, and he plotted the destruction of the Portuguese armada. The plot was discovered in good season, and the King was given to understand that such transactions against these Christian navigators and their sovereign, Dom Manoel, were neither desired nor to be tolerated by them.

The relations of Da Gama and the Zyamaim of Calicut were finally adjusted on a working basis, the principles of trade between the Orient and the Occident along the new route around the Cape of Good Hope being precisely formulated and agreed upon, amid much ceremony and pageantry.

Da Gama, having thus accomplished his arduous mission, turned the prows of his ships homeward, bearing the glad tidings to Portugal—tidings that were to immortalize the fame of Da Gama and his heroic companions and prove for Portugal sources of fabulous riches and glory for ages to come.

But ere the fleet of Da Gama was to reach the port of Lisbon once more, Venus, ever faithful to the adventurers she had watched over so continuously amid their many perils, pre-

pared for them a most unexpected, delightful, and well-deserved reward of merit. She so contrived, when they were in the Southern seas, that the genial breezes should be sufficiently contrary to waft the ships somewhat out of the normal course, and to the shores of a delicious island rich with superb bowers and enchanting prospects. What, of course, was the crowning charm of this lovely isle was the fact that every thicket and bower and stream seemed to be the haunt of winsome nymphs, who showed the kindest disposition to entertain the wearied crews of the Portuguese fleet. Venus herself, who had especially designed this surprise, was no less agreeably disposed. To herself the Goddess of Love appropriated Da Gama, the Admiral, who needed no urging to pay his respects to her in her pavilion on a wooded eminence; her nymphs and naiads were left to their usual good sense in the selection of suitable partners on this Isle of Love.

One of the notable features of the occasion was the appearance of Thetis on the scene, who generously joined with the Goddess of Love to make it agreeable for the navigators by giving them a prophetic song, in which she dilated on the daring achievements of the Portuguese viceroys, governors, and captains who were to appear in India, their courage and conquests; after which, from a lofty eminence, she showed Da Gama the spheres, terrestrial and celestial, and a particular description of the globe, and especially of Asia and Africa.

In due course the winds inclined to favor the departure from this haven of delights, and, refreshed in soul and body, Da Gama ordered the crews on board and they sailed for home, reaching Lisbon safely, to the great delight of all concerned.

CESARE CANTÙ

(Italy, 1805–1895)

MARGHERITA PUSTERLA (1838)

Cantù's *Reflections on the History of Lombardy* was the cause of his being incarcerated in 1833 on the charge of conspiracy against Austria. He employed his time while in prison in writing this historical romance, one of the most famous of modern Italian novels.

N the beginning of March, 1340, the Gonzaga, Lords of Mantua, held sumptuous festival. Among the many Milanese that formed part of the three thousand cavaliers assembled, Franciscolo Pusterla was distinguished as the wealthiest landed proprietor in Lombardy. He might, also, have been regarded as the happiest, if happiness can be assured by human possessions. The Milanese champions had won the chief prizes at the tournament, and after making a triumphal round of several cities to display them, reëntered their own town with solemn pomp, amid throngs of the populace.

The ruler of Milan at this time was Luchino Visconte, who bore the title of Vicar of the Roman Emperor, also of captain and defender of liberty. Luchino was an astute statesman, richly endowed with the military valor which can be associated with all vices, and even with baseness. He felt kindly toward no one except his bastards, never pardoned an offense, never trusted a person who had once displeased him; but few could equal him in dissimulating hostile sentiments, pursuing an offender in the most devious ways, and perpetrating iniquities with a hypocritical semblance of justice. His sole aim was to preserve himself at any cost.

As the splendid procession passed through the market-place,

Luchino fixed his eyes upon a very beautiful lady, who stood upon the small terrace of a magnificent palace. She was pointing out to a boy of five years a superbly attired and mounted cavalier, while the child was crying, "Daddy! Daddy!" The lady was Margherita Pusterla, herself a Visconte by birth, the wife of Franciscolo Pusterla. Her attention was riveted on her husband, and she heeded neither the populace, the procession, nor Luchino, who looked back repeatedly at her. But Franciscolo noted the Prince's action and commented upon it to a youth, Alpinolo, and a friar, Buonvicino, who had come out to meet him, and were now walking, one on each side of his horse. Buonvicino advised him to retire into private life, as his brother-in-law had already done, to save his honor; but he was ambitious and alleged plausible reasons for remaining at the court. Pusterla was no favorite with Luchino; but when the company reached the palace on this occasion, Luchino, to the surprise of all present, approached Pusterla in flattering wise. He told Franciscolo that he had determined to show his appreciation of the private friendship which bound them by entrusting to him an important mission before the month was out; Franciscolo was to betake himself to Verona, Mastino Scaligero of that city having sued for friendly alliance, and the matter being delicate. Franciscolo, though enraged against Luchino, allowed his ambition to blind him and accepted with gratitude. But Margherita turned pale when he announced that he was to depart again so soon; and Father Buonvicino, when the news reached him at the monastery of Brera, vainly endeavored to dissuade him from so perilous an absence from his home.

Buonvicino dei Landi, scion of a princely family of Piacenza, had been sent to Milan ten years previously as a combined hostage and ambassador, and was particularly well received because he had saved the lives of two Visconti during an insurrection against that family in Piacenza. He was lodged with the family of Uberto Visconte, with the object of forming friendly personal ties which, later on, should be transmuted into political capital. Uberto Visconte became to him like a father; Uberto's children, among them the lovely Margherita, were like his own brothers and sisters. Buonvicino was thirty

years of age, Margherita was fifteen. They loved each other, Buonvicino consciously, the young girl unconsciously. But the destinies of Buonvicino's family and of his country were hanging in the balance; he might find himself reduced to obscurity, even banished afar, and it would be ungenerous to woo Margherita to share such an existence. His forebodings were realized; Piacenza was annexed to the principality of Milan, and he could not marry a Visconte without seeming a traitor to his country. Thinking that Franciscolo Pusterla would make her happy and give her the prominent place in society which was her due, he proposed the match to Uberto Visconte. Margherita accepted; Buonvicino's coldness had pained her deeply. She made Franciscolo happy; and the sight of this happiness revived the love which Buonvicino imagined he had stifled in his breast.

Soon Franciscolo, ambitious to make his way at court, neglected Margherita; but Buonvicino redoubled his care for her, especially after the birth of her son. Becoming aware that his passion was overpowering him, Buonvicino tried to extinguish it by absence, by diversions; but finding this vain, and not daring to speak to Margherita, he wrote to her, repenting the moment his letter was despatched. As no answer came, he went to see her; and she asked him to read aloud to her from a book, *Advice to my Daughter*, which her father had written. The sentiments therein expressed acted so powerfully upon Buonvicino that he heartily repented, joined the Order of the Umiliati of Brera, and acquired great fame as a preacher. When he felt sure of himself, he went back once to the Pusterla palace, where he found Margherita playing with her little son, Venturino; and after referring to the past as a dear and painful memory, he gave Margherita a rosary made with his own hand, the faceted beads of which were of cedar, each face inlaid with a star of mother of pearl, and the cross to match, asking her, when she used it, to pray for a sinner. Margherita wept as she pressed the gift to her breast, to her lips; for it was sacred in her sight.

When Franciscolo departed on the mission entrusted to him by the crafty Luchino, Margherita withdrew to a small palace of Montebello, situated about ten miles from Milan. Luchino

was promptly informed of the fact by his flatterer, Ramengo da Casale, who suggested that she had sought solitude because she wished someone to console her, and advised Luchino to make her a visit. Under the pretext of hunting in the neighborhood, Luchino did so; but Margherita frustrated his designs by keeping her son and numerous attendants with her. A few days later Luchino went again, but Margherita was warned in advance. She was now thoroughly alarmed. As the Prince returned that day to Milan with his small suite, his jester, Grillincervello, called his attention to a young man riding furiously to meet them, who, on perceiving them, left the highway, and galloped across the fields to avoid them.

The young man was Alpinolo. Alpinolo had become attached to the fortunes of the Pusterla family through the brother of Margherita, Ottorino Visconte. The Emperor Ludwig of Bavaria having given him rich domains, Ottorino had accompanied him, out of gratitude, to Pisa. On his return thence, he had chanced to halt for rest at a wretched old house not far from Cremona, inhabited by a family of millers, who ferried people across the stream. All the small boys refused to hold his horse, save one, who expressed a wish that he might have a horse himself, in order to search the world for his father. He told Ottorino that he had been found on the river-bank, and reared in the miller's house; and he pointed out his mother's grave. Ottorino invited the lad to come with him, and finally won the consent of the miller and his wife, who were deeply attached to the boy. At his death, a few years later, he especially committed the boy to the care of Margherita, who took him to her new home on her marriage. He had imbibed a genuine rage for liberty from his young master and the latter's companions; and no sacrifice seemed to his bold and imperturbable will too great, provided it could serve the Republic of Milan, or the children of Uberto Visconte and the Pusterla. His other profound interest in life was to discover his father. The affection he bore for Margherita bordered on worship. When fighting as Pusterla's esquire at the battle of Parabiago, he had performed miracles of valor in the effort to rescue Luchino, whom the enemy had captured and bound to a tree, and whose plight had been discovered by Alpinolo.

He had flown to Margherita's assistance, after being informed by a sarcastic citizen that Luchino was going often to the country palace; and after a conference with Margherita, it was decided that he should inform Fra Buonvicino of the matter. Fra Buonvicino came out the next day, and advised Margherita to return at once to the city, which she did, shutting herself up in her palace there, which was to remain closed, in appearance, until the return of her husband. When Luchino discovered her flight, a few days later, his caprice was converted into haughty wrath, and he firmly resolved to ruin the unhappy woman. No sooner had Alpinolo sent Fra Buonvicino to Margherita than, with inconsiderate impetuosity, and without saying a word to anyone, he set out in hot haste for Verona, and informed Franciscolo of Luchino's attempts. Franciscolo, now seeing the apparent favor of Luchino for himself in its true light and greatly enraged, returned at once to Milan, in the hope not only of protecting his wife, but also of avenging himself on the Prince. The Prince of Verona, Mastino Scaligero, to whom he frankly explained matters, encouraged his wrath, and furnished him with letters to relatives, inciting them to rebel against Luchino.

On Pusterla's arrival, secretly, in Milan, he despatched Alpinolo to summon his closest friends to a conference. This ended in the drinking of two significant healths—one to the liberty of Milan, the other, death to the Visconti.

The person who took the matter most to heart was Alpinolo. He was still smarting from a public affront, received at the distribution of honors after the battle of Parabiago. Many men were made knights for distinguished services, at a great festival. When he was called, and was unable to name his father or his pedigree, knighthood was denied him, though he was the most distinguished of all. He reasoned that Pusterla had meant more than he had said—which was far from meaning revolution—and that he would show himself worthy of confidence by winning a mass of adherents to the cause. In this his wounded pride united with his zeal for the Pusterla. He gave his most trusted friends to understand that something serious was brewing, and warned them to be on the lookout for great developments. Some listened eagerly, others shrugged their shoulders

indifferently. The more he agitated, the more indiscreet did he become in choosing his hearers and his words. He mentioned Pusterla and many of those who had been present at the conference. Had there been no conspiracy, Alpinolo himself would have created one. Wholly engrossed with his idea, he entered into conversation about it with the man who had told him of Luchino's trips to the country palace of the Pusterla, and assured him that everything was in readiness; only a spark was needed to start the conflagration, and the flint and steel were already working to provide that spark. He also mentioned the conference at the Pusterla palace, adding statements which were partly truth, partly the figments of his imagination.

Now, it chanced that the section of the arched public portico where this conversation took place was a whispering gallery; and Ramengo da Casale chanced to be standing at the diagonal corner where everything was audible. Ramengo was so bland in words and ambiguous in deeds that he contrived to remain the ardent flatterer of Luchino without antagonizing Luchino's enemies, or even being understood by many of them. Alpinolo was one of those who failed to penetrate his wiles. Accordingly, when Ramengo approached him, and craftily led up to the subject, he found no difficulty in obtaining all details and names from the imprudent young man.

Ramengo was the son of a soldier of fortune, with no patrimony but his sword, who had come to Milan to seek a future with the house of Visconti. Instances were not wanting of men who had risen to great heights from positions as lowly as his own. Fired by these examples, and conscious that he was not capable of rising by good means, Ramengo firmly resolved to employ whatever came to hand—adulation, baseness, treachery. The Pusterla, who had much property in Monferrato, Ramengo's country, had taken his father, then Ramengo himself, under their protection. He hated the family for having shown him kindness. The wars of the Guelphs and the Ghibellines left behind them many vendettas. Of one family, hostile to the Visconti and involved in these vendettas, only two members survived: Rosalia della Maddalena and her brother Giroldello. Giroldello managed to escape and join the Guelphs, leaving his tenderly beloved sister in Lecco. Franciscolo Pus-

terla, then a very young man, had known the family, and regarding Rosalia as an innocent victim, had been her honorable friend, rendering her delicate beneficence and timely succor; so that many thought he was courting her. Ramengo made her acquaintance and fell in love with her. Moreover, he thought an alliance with her might prove advantageous, in case her family's party should, in course of time, regain their power; meanwhile, she was too insignificant, under present circumstances, to suggest the idea that he was allying himself with the enemy. The union also offered an opportunity for displeasing Pusterla, by robbing him of his friend, so Ramengo calculated. There was no occasion for jealousy or suspicion, in reality.

The projected marriage took place, Pusterla providing handsomely for the orphan bride, which rendered Ramengo more hostile than ever, though he gladly accepted the gifts. Before long he began to treat Rosalia harshly, though he loved her; and when the fortunes of war finally settled the fate of her family's party, and he could hope for no advantage in that quarter, he not only brutally repulsed her plea for mercy to her brother, but would have liked to rid himself of his last remnant of affection for her, and of her. One morning a sentinel at the castle of Lecco reported that on the previous evening an arrow had been shot upon the terrace where Rosalia was walking, and that she had picked it up. Instantly, the thought flashed into Ramengo's mind that he might rid himself of her, and cause atrocious suffering to the house of Pusterla, by assassinating the archer, whom he assumed to be Pusterla. He gave orders that if another arrow were fired, the archer should be shot and nothing said. That same evening Rosalia was seen to throw down a note, attached to a stone, to the archer. The latter was shot, and the note was brought to Ramengo. It was not addressed, no names were mentioned, but a meeting was appointed, a signal agreed upon, and much affection was expressed. Ramengo controlled himself until Rosalia had given birth to a son. Then he invited her for a sail upon the lake. Suddenly, he stamped violently on the bottom of the boat, starting the seams, threw the oars overboard, called Rosalia an infamous traitress, told her that he knew all, and that she must die. Then

he leaped overboard and swam ashore. After long efforts to save her child, and after cruel suffering, the faithful and loving Rosalia drifted into the river Adda, and was rescued, with the baby, but died of the hardships she had endured. Her murderer accounted for her absence by carefully graduated stories, ending in the announcement of her death and the infant's in a distant place. When Ramengo began to suffer qualms, and to regret the loss of his son—and of his (possibly) innocent wife—he laid all the blame on Franciscolo Pusterla, and hated him more rancorously than ever.

Years passed; Pusterla married Margherita, and Ramengo firmly resolved to avenge himself by causing the dishonor of Margherita. His rancor was increased by a rebuff from Margherita, during the festivities of St. John's Eve, when he behaved so insultingly that the gentle and courteous lady administered a sound box on the ear. Margherita did not mention the incident to her husband. Ramengo vowed vengeance more dire. Such was the state of affairs when the imprudent Alpinolo placed in Ramengo's hand a poisoned dagger wherewith to stab Margherita, her husband, and all their friends whom he detested, and to raise himself in the favor of the Prince.

Alpinolo was warned by a friendly sergeant of the Captain of Justice to flee, and to make Pusterla flee, as orders had been issued to imprison him, his wife, and all his friends. On hearing that no one had talked with Luchino that day save Ramengo, Alpinolo recognized the spy and realized his own error. He flew to the Pusterla palace, only to learn that Franciscolo and Margherita were both absent. Leaving a warning, he hastened in search of them. Luchino's minions arrived almost immediately. Ramengo seized Venturino, the baby, and captured Margherita as she returned from an errand of mercy. He found the Prince of Verona's compromising letters. Alpinolo was halted by Franciscolo as he was passing through a street whither Pusterla resorted for his pleasures in disguise. The two men rode, at full speed, to the city gate—it was already guarded. Alpinolo warned Pusterla that all was discovered; and while the latter sought refuge in the monastery of Brera, with Fra Buonvicino, the former hastened back to the Pusterla palace to find Margherita; he had not time to tell Pusterla that

Ramengo was the traitor. He arrived too late, but he rescued little Venturino from the disguised Ramengo, and was on the point of killing the latter, when Luchino's men came to aid; and seizing the child, he managed to convey him to Pusterla at the monastery. The Pusterla palace was given over to the populace to loot, but not to destroy.

The monks of the Brera, being manufacturers of cloth, and variously active, were not subjected to the strict regulations of most religious; therefore Fra Buonvicino was not only able to conceal Pusterla and Venturino, and gather information in person throughout the city, but also to smuggle the two through the gates in a cart laden with bales of cloth, when the time appeared propitious. Meanwhile, the trial of all Pusterla's friends was conducted with every appearance of justice, but with their condemnation to death decided upon, in reality, beforehand. Some were condemned to death by starvation, some were beheaded; and the populace was appeased by a remission of taxes for the flagrant outrage to justice toward their best citizens.

Margherita was imprisoned in a tower of a fortress at the Roman gate, tortured with uncertainty as to the fate of her husband and child, yet full of faith in God and of hope in the outcome, since Luchino was as much hated by the populace as her husband was beloved. Still, she could not refrain from calling to mind many crimes perpetrated by Luchino, though with the thought that this last outrage must have filled the measure to overflowing, and would cause his own expulsion, and the acquisition of liberty by the country. For months she languished. Luchino had an object in delaying action in her case. He might triumph over her virtue, if she were exhausted, or he might discover, through her, the whereabouts of her husband. But at last, one day as he happened to enter the Roman gate on his return from a hawking, he stopped to speak of her with the rough jailer, left a message to the effect that he had not forgotten her, and gave orders that a savory dish should be sent to her every day from his kitchen. Margherita refused to profit by this alleviation, giving the food to the jailer, but allowing Luchino to suppose that, as she had received it duly, she had eaten it. A few days later Luchino came to the fortress, and

had an interview with her, assuring her of his love. She embraced his knees, and begged him to show it by saving her husband and son; to which he replied, that she knew the way to obtain their safety, by showing less pride. Incidentally, he betrayed the fact that they had escaped. Then Margherita thanked God, and told Luchino that he might torture her as he would; she cared not, so long as her loved ones were safe. The result was that he ordered her to be thrown into an underground prison and deprived of the daily portion from his table, which last rendered the jailer ferocious against her. The tiny window of her dungeon was on a level with the ground, and she could see what went on in the courtyard. There was not room for her either to stand upright or lie down at full length.

Meanwhile, Ramengo da Casale wrote from Pisa that he had discovered the hiding-place of the prey he sought, and begged a document from the Prince, securing to him and to his son complete pardon for all crimes by them committed. He would make known his son later on to Luchino, he wrote. Luchino referred to Ramengo as belonging to "the infamous race of spies," but granted the mandate, on condition that the Pusterla should be delivered into his hands as promptly as possible. The fact was that Ramengo, in his search for Pusterla and the child, had come to the miller-ferryman's house on the Adda, where Alpinolo had been rescued and reared, and had discovered indubitable proofs of his wife's innocence (the loving letter was to her brother, not Pusterla), and that Alpinolo was his son. As he had cut off the forefinger of his baby's left hand with his dagger, in a fit of rage, before the affair of the boat, and Alpinolo bore precisely that mark, no possibility of doubt remained. Ramengo was almost beside himself with repentance and grief; and while determining to find and claim his son, he raged more violently than ever against Pusterla.

Pusterla, after many dangers, had escaped with Venturino to France, where, tiring of Paris, he eventually journeyed to Avignon. Among the influential persons at the court of Pope Benedict XII in Avignon was Archpriest Guglielmo Pusterla, uncle of Franciscolo, a very politic man, who counseled Franciscolo not to meddle in public affairs, and let who would rule the Empire or the States. For a time Franciscolo was content

to accept these counsels, and reside quietly at Avignon, enjoying among other agreeable society that of Petrarch, who was writing his immortal verses to Laura. Presently, Luchino and other princes acknowledged the Pope as their sovereign, instead of the Emperor, and the courtiers who had hoped to make use of Pusterla in their political quarrels and had fawned on him accordingly, grew cold and disdainful. His ambition and pride suffered severely, and he decided that he could not remain in such an atmosphere. At this unfortunate juncture Ramengo arrived, and presented himself to Pusterla as a friend—Pusterla being wholly unaware that his treachery was the cause of his own exile and his wife's sufferings—made Pusterla believe that longer absence from the scene of action would appear like a cowardly abandonment of his wife in prison, of his friends in exile, of his suffering country; and persuaded him that it was his duty to return. They took ship for Pisa, and before they landed, Pusterla learned Ramengo's treachery; but it was too late. He and Venturino were brought to Milan, and Margherita saw them dragged through the courtyard to their dungeons. While ferreting out, by treachery, in Pisa, the hiding-place of Pusterla, Ramengo had come face to face with Alpinolo, whom also he was seeking, but Alpinolo had sought to kill him as a traitor; and Ramengo, making his escape, had thenceforth lost sight of his son.

Alpinolo, finding that Pusterla and Venturino were captured, enrolled himself as a common soldier in a troop of mercenaries, and got himself detailed as sentinel at the fortress. Here he arranged a plan with Fra Buonvicino, and succeeded in bribing the jailer; and after great difficulties, almost succeeded in freeing them. At the last moment, the child, catching sight of his mother's face, as the moon broke through the clouds, cried "Mamma!" and they were recaptured. Buonvicino made a last appeal to Luchino, in the name of innocence. All arguments, all prayers proved fruitless. Luchino replied that, in order not to seem moved by private affections, he had had their case entrusted to independent judges, whose just decision would be carried out; in short, he would not have his actions dictated to him, and the prisoners should die. Nothing remained for Fra Buonvicino but to pray for his unhappy friends. One day,

when he was thus absorbed in prayer and meditation, a young messenger of the Prince's court came to announce to him that all three prisoners had been duly tried and condemned to death; and that, as a special testimony of the Prince's esteem for him, he would be permitted to assist them in their last moments. Thus it fell to his lot, on the second of the three days which were permitted to Margherita to prepare for the end, to announce to her the death of her husband and son. The bonds which fettered her to earthly happiness being thus destroyed, Margherita, after the first shock, begged Fra Buonvicino to prepare her to follow them. That evening, in accordance with custom—it being the eve of her execution—she was transferred to a better apartment, and on the following morning, just before she set out for the scaffold, Fra Buonvicino administered the Sacrament to her and blessed her. He saw that she cherished and used the rosary he had given her in happier days, and knew from her lips that it had comforted her greatly in her trials.

A vast throng was assembled to see her die. The scaffold had been erected on the square near her former home. Fra Buonvicino sat beside her cart drawn by oxen decked in black, and all eyes were riveted upon them. No one noticed a young man who walked behind the cart, his hands so tightly bound to his back that the cords entered the flesh, his head bandaged, his long hair and his beard disheveled. It was Alpinolo, who had barely escaped with his life on the night of the attempted rescue. The most painful tortures had failed to make him utter a word. He was supposed to be a common soldier, and was called Fourfingers. They had even tried to make him act as executioner to Pusterla and the child—in vain.

The Brethren of Consolation, in the habit of their order, were drawn up at the foot of the scaffold to receive Margherita on her arrival, and to bear away her body when all was over. As she passed them, one said to her: "Margherita, remember the Eve of St. John." She and Buonvicino recognized the speaker. Margherita wavered, and would have fallen, had not Fra Buonvicino assisted her up the steps to her execution. When all was over, Alpinolo was brought up for execution, and his arms were unbound. Immediately he began kissing the diamond ring, which was all that remained to him of his mother's

relics, and Ramengo, recognizing it, and the lack of a forefinger, and consequently Alpinolo, changed as he was, made tremendous efforts to save him, asserting that the young man was no common soldier but the esquire who had saved the Prince at Parabiago. He had succeeded in securing a delay to send for Luchino's mandate of pardon, and had thrown himself on Alpinolo's breast, proclaiming him as his son, and receiving the embraces of the overjoyed youth in return, when the Prince's constable ordered the executioner to proceed. Alpinolo entreated his father to save him, and both fiercely resisted the soldiers, until Ramengo announced his name. Up to this moment, Alpinolo had had no suspicion of his father's identity, the hood of the Brethren of Consolation being sewn to their habit, so that the garment entirely disguised the wearer, and could be removed only over the head. When he heard that detested name, the young man wheeled round, and in spite of frantic efforts on the part of Ramengo, placed his head under the executioner's sword. A moment later all was over. Ramengo knelt weeping, shrieking, cursing, beside the body; but no one pitied him. He was a spy.

GIULIO CARCANO

(Italy, 1812–1884)

DAMIANO (1840)

Of all the works of this popular Italian writer, whose literary activity is equaled only by that of *Lope de Vega*, *Damiano* is considered the best, though not his most popular novel. It is notable in being one of the first of the modern school which seeks to present the life, the tribulations, and the misery of the children of poverty and toil, being, at the time of its appearance, a contrast to the romantic style of fiction then prevalent. It is also the only work by this author that ever has been translated into English.

IT was the fourth day of May, ten years after the death of the "man of destiny," that one of Napoleon's veterans lay dying in poverty in a little, mean house in the Via di Quadronno, one of the most deserted streets in the suburbs of Milan. The priest had come to offer the last consolation of the Church. The old man had donned his uniform; on one side of him lay a crucifix, on the other his old, rusty saber.

By the bedside prayed his wife, Teresa; beside her was his beautiful young daughter, Stella. At the opposite side of the bed knelt his two sons. The elder, Damiano, a youth of nineteen, looked on with tense, tearless eyes. The other, Celso, a weakly built boy of seventeen, had been weeping.

Besides the family there was present an old comrade in arms of the dying man, Lorenzo. With a last injunction to Damiano that he care for his mother and his sister, the veteran of Austerlitz sank back on his pillows in a final, convulsive agony and passed away.

The funeral over, a family council resulted in the decision that they must remove farther into the city, where Damiano

could be nearer his search for work. He was just finishing school, and he hoped to obtain some clerical work of evenings. He meant to learn a trade at the end of the year.

Stella expressed her desire to help with embroidering. Teresa, the mother, following the instincts of her bringing up, hoped for good results from an appeal to the priests, who had observed their distress.

They eventually found rooms on the fourth floor of a large house facing the Piazza Fontana. By selling a few of their household goods, they scraped together a sufficient sum to pay six months' rent.

Moderate success followed their efforts. The two women found employment from a fashionable milliner; Damiano secured an evening clerkship, continuing his lessons in the Lyceum during the day.

He found time also to satisfy a secret ambition which had long possessed him—to study painting. Each day he spent several hours in the studio of an old artist named Costanzo, a poor but clever painter, who, observing talent in Damiano's efforts, encouraged and taught him.

Celso, the weakling, had long cherished the desire to enter the Church, an ambition favored only by his mother. She had confided this to her father confessor, who in turn had promised to exert his influence in assisting the boy to enter a seminary.

Further efforts on Teresa's part resulted in her making the acquaintance of the secretary of a wealthy old nobleman, then living in Milan. Through him she cherished hopes of help for Celso.

"The Illustrissimo" was a grand signor of whom many unsavory tales were told. His wife, the Countess, held her separate court in their palatial home; and around each buzzed a cloud of parasites. The secretary presented the appeal of Teresa, but brought small response until he added:

"And there is a young girl—"

"Is she pretty?" inquired the Illustrissimo, with sudden interest—an interest that boded ill for the fair Stella.

One evening a priest visited the little family and asked many questions. In a fortnight's time this priest, Father Apollinaris,

took Celso with him to his rectory, where the lad was to study under the personal supervision of the priest himself.

One bitterly cold evening, at the end of the Carnival season, Teresa and Stella were sewing in their rooms, awaiting Damiano's return. But Damiano, meeting a friend, had been persuaded to accompany him to a dance. In vain Damiano protested and sought to free himself; to avoid a quarrel, he finally complied. The festivities were held in the house of Signora Emerenziana, a huckster and a woman of bad repute.

The rooms were crowded with dancing couples. Mingling with the motley throng was the incongruous figure of a gentleman, or at least a well-dressed man, known as Signor Omobono, a satellite of the Illustrissimo. Damiano felt the eyes of this courtier on him, and a suspicion that he was watching him was finally verified when the cavalier approached the youth and opened conversation. He showed an intimate knowledge of the young man's personality and family affairs which the latter instinctively resented, and abruptly broke off the conversation by leaving the scene.

Damiano had been for some time devoting much of his spare time to painting a large, ambitious canvas in Costanzo's studio. After the evening at Emerenziana's house, Signor Omobono, taking advantage of Damiano's frequent absence from home, succeeded in introducing himself, together with Emerenziana, to Teresa, and secured her confidence by procuring her profitable needlework, for which Teresa was deeply grateful, though Stella felt an instinctive antipathy toward this gallant cavalier.

Holy Thursday dawned, and, in accordance with popular custom, Teresa and Stella repaired to the Duomo to worship. They were returning home when Stella observed that they were being followed by two fashionably dressed young men, whose coarse remarks reached her ears. The women arrived at their home, still followed by the two gallants, when Damiano appeared. A glance explained to him the situation; in a rage he advanced toward the two men.

"You hounds!" he cried threateningly, "be off!" He followed his mother and sister up the stairs while the two gallants laughed and made sneering remarks.

"What say you, Lodovico," cried one, "to this foolish ass?"

"That he shall suffer for his silly insults," replied Lodovico.

But, unfortunately, Damiano paid no heed to this incident, for his mind was filled with his art. His great picture was progressing rapidly, taking up so much of his time that he knew little of old Dame Emerenziana's visits to his mother, and nothing of Signor Omobono's frequent calls.

The old huckster was playing a double game now, for Lodovico had approached her for assistance in a dastardly scheme. She, delighted with intrigues, evil, though not quite dead to all human emotions, hoped now to play off both clients—Omobono and Lodovico—against each other, to foil each, and see the girl escape both.

But other great people were watching this unhappy family. The Countess Cunegonda, sister to the Illustrissimo, had long ago scented the intrigue planned by her unscrupulous brother regarding Stella, and quietly worked to foil it. She it was who had sent Father Apollinaris to Teresa, and had procured Celso his place in the rectory. Through her support, a Retreat had been founded, where helpless girls were given temporary refuge, usually resulting in their final entry into the cloistral life.

One evening the old huckster, Emerenziana, appeared, and, under pretext of being busy in the interests of the family, persuaded Stella to go on an errand for her. The girl went, but by good fortune Damiano, returning home, had perceived her from a distance, and was dogging her steps. Stella entered the house to which she had been directed, and found herself ushered into a large room where a group of men sat drinking about a table. They sprang to their feet; among them Stella recognized the two rascals who had followed her home on Holy Thursday. With a frightened cry, she sank to her knees.

At that moment a tumult arose at the door and Damiano burst furiously into the room. Clasping his sister about the waist, he hurried her outside, hurling back dire threats to Signor Lodovico, the host of that evil company.

A report of this incident spread, twisting itself into an ugly scandal, from which Signor Lodovico was forced to flee the city. Stella's name was unpleasantly associated with the rumors, and Damiano burned to avenge the wrong.

He had finished his course in the Lyceum, and now devoted all his time to his painting, hoping to win a prize in the coming exhibition in the Palace of Brera.

At this time the family became acquainted with Rocco, a poor fellow said to be unsound of mind, a homeless orphan who lived by the trade of a knife-grinder, although he did odd jobs for anyone that wished to employ him. A ready sympathy extended to him by Stella and Damiano had earned them his loyal friendship. He came to their humble home on Sundays, and Stella had undertaken to teach him how to read.

In August the art exhibition opened, and Damiano's canvas was hung. Its crude but unmistakable merits earned it the praises of the keenest critics, and its chances of being crowned seemed probable. But powerful influences worked against Damiano's success, and another painting won the prize, thereby crushing poor Damiano's hopes.

Signor Omobono, who had absented himself from Teresa's home for some months, now reappeared, and with him came the Illustrissimo himself, on a pretense of philanthropic interest in the poor women. On one of these visits, their old friend, the veteran Lorenzo, appeared on the scene, and, instantly divining the real reason of the presence of the titled *roué* in that home, began upbraiding the old nobleman.

"He is mad!" cried the Illustrissimo, rising, and turning haughtily to the unsuspecting women: "What can I do for you, when my highest motives are so suspected?"

When Damiano learned of the incident he was greatly incensed with his mother for allowing these double-purposed visits, but a storm of tears from the simple widow averted further censure.

In April Damiano fell victim to the inevitable conscription. The grief of the family was intense; the youth was awaiting the summons to the recruiting-barracks when Rocco, the knife-grinder, appeared, and showed his documents of substitution. He had offered himself in Damiano's place, and his sacrifice on the altar of friendship had been legally accepted. The deed could not be revoked, and Rocco entered the army, followed by the gratitude of all Teresa's family.

Damiano, after a violent illness, having now given up his

cherished hopes of being a painter, sought and found employment in the workshop of a wood-carver. Here his natural artistic ability gained him an enviable position, and through his workmanship his master's business greatly increased. Wealthy customers appeared, and Damiano was made manager of the wood-workers and chief designer.

The family now lived in modest comfort. Teresa no longer sewed or embroidered; her only remaining wish was to attend her beloved son Celso's celebration of his first mass.

One day Damiano espied the gay Signor Lodovico, Stella's would-be seducer, among the customers in the shop. This young cavalier, just returned from abroad, was much embarrassed at the recognition, and attempted to hurry out, but stumbling, fell in the doorway. A rush was made to assist him, but Damiano cried out:

"Leave him! the cavaliere has only made a false step!"

Lodovico, recovering his feet, hurried away, purple with rage at Damiano's insinuation.

A week later, Damiano was returning home a little earlier than usual, when he saw Signor Omobono entering his house. The youth overtook him on the second landing, where he caught him by the arm.

"If you value your life," he cried angrily, "never set foot here again."

"You are mad!" sneered the Signor.

Damiano gripped him tightly.

"I know your trade," he growled. "Go, you toothless hound!"

Then with a vigorous kick he twirled Omobono about, and, in response to an attempted blow, struck him heavily in the face. Omobono, with a howl of agony, rushed down the stairs. But, sweet as was the administering of this lesson, the indignant brother had to pay heavily for it.

Damiano and Lorenzo, some weeks later, were lunching in a small hostelry outside the Ticinese Gate. The resort was crowded. As the two friends sat talking, several men of suspiciously evil faces seated themselves at the same table, and deliberately listened to their conversation. Immediately Damiano suspected a plot, a suspicion verified a moment later when

one of the intruders rose and pretended to resent an inoffensive remark made by the veteran Lorenzo.

Damiano attempted to withdraw, but was seized by his coat. Blows followed. The crowd formed a circle; Damiano's adversary attempted to use a club, and the youth, in self-defense, seized a knife from a table, whereupon his assailant suddenly raised the cry: "Assassin! Assassin!"

Damiano saw Omobono's figure rise from the crowd, and heard his shouts: "Police! Police!"

Gendarmes rushed in from the street and seized the combatants. Damiano, Lorenzo, and the bully, who was none other than Omobono's hireling, were arrested together. Lorenzo was released next morning and returned home with the news of Damiano's imprisonment to the young man's distracted family.

About this time one of the Countess Cunegonda's schemes was maturing. She and Father Apollinaris had decided that a new inmate must shortly be brought into the Retreat. It was some weeks after Damiano's arrest that Father Apollinaris appeared and found Teresa and Stella in destitute condition, as Damiano was still in prison. He offered a refuge to Stella, which she tentatively accepted on condition that her mother should be cared for.

The next day the Countess herself appeared, accompanied by a priest, Don Aquilino, and Stella went with them in a carriage to the Retreat, where Stella was received with some few formalities. The scheme of the pious Countess to remove the young girl from the evil machinations of the Illustrissimo had succeeded.

Meanwhile, Damiano still awaited trial. He had won the sympathy of the examining magistrate, but by some hidden influence many days passed; two months went by. No news of his mother or his sister reached him. One day he heard his name called from the grating in his door; he looked up and saw his humble friend Rocco, now a returned soldier.

They could not converse freely, but enough for Damiano to learn that Rocco had gained admission to the corridor through a comrade on guard; that he had been crippled in the arm, and was to be discharged from the army. Rocco promised to seek

Teresa and Stella and return, if he could, with news from them.

But still the weeks dragged on; black despair came over Damiano; then followed illness. The prison doctor reported his case serious, and so at last brought about a hearing of the charges against him, with the result that Damiano was discharged several days later.

Walking homeward, Damiano encountered Rocco; their meeting deeply moved both. Rocco reported his unsuccessful attempts to revisit the prison, then told Damiano what he had learned; that Stella was being well cared for in a convent, but that Teresa was very ill in a hospital.

The two young men hurried off to the Hospital Maggiore, where, after some trouble, they obtained an interview with Teresa. The old mother related how Stella had been spirited away, and said that Celso had gone away on a journey, so that he could not help them.

In the hospital they met a noble and benevolent priest, the Abbé Teodoro. To him, after a short acquaintance, they gave an account of their sad experiences.

Rocco's story especially interested the good Abbé. He more than suspected that in this poor youth he had come upon one whom he had long sought. Years before, a poor but beautiful girl had been seduced by the Illustrissimo and abandoned. All track of her child, which had been left at the door of a foundling asylum, had long been lost. The Abbé, having had his interest roused in the woman, had tried to trace the child after her death. In his zeal, he had gone to the Illustrissimo, who had first defied him with a dry laugh, then given him six thousand Milanese lire in behalf of his illegitimate woman's offspring. This little capital had doubled itself since then.

On leaving the hospital Damiano and Rocco observed three men entering an inn, a significant observation, for one was Signor Omobono, the second they recognized as a valet in the service of the Illustrissimo; the third was a priest. The two young men followed, and inside adroitly managed to overhear unobserved the colloquy of the conspirators.

It was evident that the priest had information which the other two endeavored to extract from him against his will; and

the two listeners soon learned that this was the priest Don Aquilino who had assisted the Countess Cunegonda in immuring Stella to the Retreat. It was information regarding the young girl that the two rogues desired.

The three went out and separated. Rocco and Damiano speedily overtook the priest. With well-worded, barely concealed threats they took him into another inn and succeeded in persuading him to reveal all he knew of Stella's whereabouts. This accomplished, they parted from him amiably.

The next evening Damiano and Rocco arrived at the Retreat. All night they had watched the building, believing that an abduction was to take place. By daylight nothing seemed to have happened, and Damiano boldly knocked at the convent door and demanded to see his sister Stella. To his utter dismay, he learned that she had disappeared at noon the day before.

The two comrades hurried back to Milan, and sought the advice of the Abbé Teodoro.

Stella had been surreptitiously informed by an old woman in the convent that her mother was ill. With the aid of the woman sent by the conspirators she had escaped and gone to her old home, expecting to find her mother there. But instead, Stella was terrified to find her gone and to meet the old hag, Emerenziana. In her fright and distress the girl fainted. While in this state she was abducted, and recovered from her swoon to find herself imprisoned in a strange room. Here she was made to take some drugged coffee by the old woman, and then, next day, was carried several miles outside Milan to an abandoned residence belonging to the Illustrissimo.

Again she awoke to find herself in a strange room. The door opened, and Omobono appeared. He attempted to calm her with soft words, but desperation gave her courage, and she openly defied him.

The sudden barking of a dog outside startled the rascal. Hurried steps on the stair roused his alarm; the door burst open, and Damiano forced his way in. With a sudden spring, Omobono drove a stiletto toward the girl's breast, missed his aim, and attempted then to escape by the open doorway. He fled, with the furious brother of his intended victim at his heels.

Outside he stumbled, fell, and rolled over an old, crumbling battlement, and went crashing to the stone pavement below, where he was found dead.

Damiano and Rocco had discovered Stella's whereabouts through Signora Emerenziana, who, frightened at the possible result of her intrigues, had voluntarily informed them of all she knew.

The Abbé Teodoro now persuaded Damiano and his family to remove to a distant village out of the knowledge of the Illustrissimo, where they could dwell in tranquillity. Rocco's identity as the Illustrissimo's illegitimate son was fully established, and he received his money, to which the Illustrissimo was obliged to add substantially.

Celso was admitted to holy orders a year later, and Damiano for a time became a schoolmaster. Rocco with his little fortune bought a comfortable home and farm, and with him lived his beloved friends, whom he considered his family. And one day he and Stella were united by closer ties than friendship.

All were happy save Damiano. His soaring ambition, his artist's dream, had been shattered. One day he left his family, to wander abroad in the world, and many years later came the certain knowledge that he had died, fighting for the cause of liberty at Montevideo.

WILLIAM CARLETON

(Ireland, 1798–1869)

WILLY REILLY (1855)

This story is based upon the persecutions of the Catholics by the Protestants of Ireland during a little-chronicled time in the history of that country, when law and order were lightly regarded by all classes.

EARLY one September evening, before the moon was up, two equestrians, master and servant, were wending their way home over one of those old soggy roads so often found in Ireland.

"This is a very lonely spot, your honor," said Andy.

"Yes, but it's the safer, Andy," replied Mr. Folliard; "there is not a human habitation within miles of us."

Gradually an impenetrable mist settled over the moors and marshes; and, losing their way, the two men were obliged to dismount and pace up and down lest they sink into the soft earth. The white-haired Mr. Folliard, who was sixty years old, grew weary, and his old servant suggested whistling to find out whether anyone was near enough to come to their relief. A dead silence followed the first shrill whistle, but the second attempt was answered in a way which surprised them; for, through a rift in the mist, they saw the huge figure of Randal, the "Red Rapparee," and behind were three of his gang. This famous Irish robber, an athletic man of about forty, with red hair, florid face, small eyes, and wearing a loose frieze coat and slouch hat, after some parley ordered master and man to be shot (a not unusual thing in those troublous times when no one, either Protestant or Catholic, felt safe, and law and order were not enforced). But at that critical moment Willy Reilly,

who was out duck-shooting with his men, sprang forward from the thicket and saved them, and then escorted them home.

The big robber, thwarted and angry, swore, out of revenge, to muster the rest of his followers and steal Mr. Folliard's daughter, the "Colleen Bawn," a beautiful girl, beloved by the whole countryside. A half-witted man, who had been with Reilly and his companions, stayed behind in an old ruin near by and overheard all the villain's plans. Fleet-footed, the poor man reached Folliard's house ahead of the bandits and told Willy Reilly of the plot. Reilly ordered forty or fifty of his laborers and tenants to assemble at nine o'clock. He had fallen in love with the beautiful girl at first sight, and resolved to defend her at the risk of his life.

Reilly told Mr. Folliard what he had heard, and they instructed the servants how to rebuff the expected attack. Helen herself was made aware of the probable disturbance, and about two o'clock at night the Red Rapparee was seen to enter the house from the roof. Reilly's guard got in at a back window and encountered a strong man in the hall, but in the dark he eluded them. The whole house was then lighted and searched, but no trace of him or any of his followers could be found.

Helen Folliard, the celebrated Irish beauty, usually called "Colleen Bawn," reciprocated the sudden passion of her father's gallant rescuer, notwithstanding he was a Catholic and she the daughter of a Protestant magistrate. But her father insisted upon her marrying Sir Robert Whitecraft, a tall, cadaverous-looking man, about forty years old, who had large estates and sumptuous residences in England as well as in Ireland. The simple old man did not realize that Sir Robert was not the exemplary gentleman he seemed to be. Among other dark deeds, he sometimes harbored the notorious outlaw, Red Rapparee, in his house, persecuted the Catholics, sending many priests out of the country and confiscating the estates of those of that faith. One day when dining at the Folliards, at Corbo Castle, he endeavored to make young Reilly appear at a disadvantage, and a few nights later, about twelve o'clock, Sir Robert and the Red Rapparee drove up to Corbo Castle and told the old Squire that Willy Reilly had planned the assault on the misty moors in order to appear to come as a savior to the

home of the beautiful Colleen. Not being a suspicious person, Mr. Folliard believed them. The half-witted Tom, who happened to be at the house that night, heard this conversation through the crack of the door and repeated it to Helen, who sent word to Reilly that they were plotting to get him out of the country. Reilly himself had heard that there were spies among his own people, and resolved to bid farewell to Helen that evening. But after she had sent the letter, she heard that the arrest was to be made that very night, and when Reilly came she offered to fly with him, but, for the sake of her reputation and her safety, he persuaded her to stay with her father. They parted in deep sorrow, and on his way to his home Reilly heard that it was already surrounded by the Red Rapparee and his followers. Barely escaping capture on the road, he finally reached a house where he could stay a few hours; then, by a happy chance, he was able to get home, secretly secure his money and papers, and take them to the Protestant minister for safe-keeping.

Sir Robert Whitecraft, not content with persecuting him on account of his religion, then had him declared an outlaw, and pillaged and burned his house, having previously removed the most valuable furniture to his own premises. It happened that the actual and legal proprietor of the burned house was a Mr. Hastings, a Protestant, Reilly having made the property over to him some time before—a thing that was often done by Catholics in those troublous times.

Helen sent Reilly a note to the parsonage to tell her lover that his hiding-place was discovered, and that the military were on their way to arrest him. Instead of going into the road or fields, Reilly climbed high among the branches of a magnificent oak, and soon from that perch he saw the parsonage surrounded. The place was thoroughly searched, and the troops pulled up their horses under the oak-tree to discuss the situation. Deciding that, as he had eluded them so often, he must by this time have left the country, the soldiers rode back to their barracks.

Meanwhile, Sir Robert had sent the Red Rapparee with an important note to the Sheriff, who was dining at a neighboring estate and who inadvertently mentioned that he had been levying fines upon Popish priests that day; the robber, true

to his instincts, decided to carry back a report that the Sheriff had left the dinner-party, and that he could not deliver the note. Then, putting on a suit of Reilly's old clothes, he waylaid the Sheriff and robbed him.

When the Sheriff had sufficiently recovered from the attack to proceed, he was held up again, but this time by a military detachment under control of Sir Robert. He told them of the robbery and described the clothing of his assailant, so that they thought it must have been Reilly.

After seeing the Sheriff safely home Sir Robert's band renewed their search for Reilly, and presently came upon him in company with a priest. He had descended from the tree so soon as it was safe to do so, and, continuing on his way toward ultimate escape, had met a priest who was also fleeing from persecution. The troops were about to shoot them, when the priest whistled, and twenty men armed with pikes jumped out on the road, with as many again behind them. The troops, finding themselves surrounded ten to one, released their prisoners and rode away, and the men with pikes disappeared. The priest knew that relief was at hand, and when they were once more alone he took Reilly to a natural cavern. The latter had known that such a place existed, but was thoroughly unprepared to behold the blaze of light he found within, or the motley company, consisting of about fifteen men in all sorts of disguises. The priest explained Reilly's presence to the leader. When they had had food and a night's rest, they continued on their way. Soon after this one of their number betrayed this place of refuge, but another warned them of their danger; so that when the cave was searched it was found empty. Reilly having sent a disguise to a cottage near by, some days previously, foolishly went there in broad daylight, and on his way he was taken by four constables, who brought him before the Sheriff to be identified as his assailant, thinking, from his clothes, that he must be the man who had robbed the Sheriff. But the Sheriff said the man's hair was red, whereas Reilly's was black; afterward he privately told Reilly, whom he had long known, that if he would not leave the country he must never appear except in disguise.

Reilly wrote to Helen that his disguise was so complete that

his best friend would not recognize him in the dilapidated garments he had procured, and that he longed to visit her once more. This letter was delivered by a trusty tenant, and Helen replied that he might come in his disguise in two days, at ten o'clock in the morning, under the pretext of seeking work. When he arrived she told him that her father had said he would marry her to Sir Robert within a month; but the interview was cut short by her maid—a spy recommended by Sir Robert—who discovered her mistress's absence and looked for her in the garden. Helen slipped up-stairs unobserved, and, through the good offices of the cook, Reilly was engaged as assistant gardener.

Miss Folliard immediately developed a great taste for arranging plants in the hothouses, but one day, when Sir Robert came with her father into the garden, he noticed the white hands of the gardener and recognized Reilly. As soon as they had gone into the house, Willy told Helen that he had been recognized and must fly. This time she insisted upon going with him; and, having changed to a dress belonging to one of the maids and taken her mother's jewels, which Mrs. Folliard had bequeathed to her on her death-bed, they started. They had not gone far before they were met and arrested, at a sharp turn in the road, by the Sheriff, who, with his men, was returning from the capture of the Red Rapparee, the man who he learned had robbed him. At this moment the Squire, who had been informed of the elopement by his faithful Andy, dashed up, and Reilly and the Red Rapparee were sent to jail.

The next day, when Sir Robert heard the news, he went to see Mr. Folliard to propose an immediate marriage with his daughter, and gained his consent for the ceremony to take place at ten o'clock the following morning.

But the next morning Sir Robert Whitecraft was awakened by a loud rapping at his door. When dressed he opened it, and found Mr. Hastings, who turned to the officers with him and told them to arrest Sir Robert Whitecraft for murder and arson. In a few minutes a trunk was packed, and the carriage was ready to take him to jail. With tottering steps, he was assisted into it by two constables, who also took their seats within.

Meanwhile the Squire, who had partially recovered from the excitement of the evening before, felt more and more uncomfortable as the time approached when Sir Robert was to claim his bride, and when the appointed hour passed he went to see his daughter, whom he found feverish and ill. Word was brought them that Sir Robert had been arrested, and the Squire set out at once to see whether it was true. He found Sir Robert in a miserable cell, containing a table screwed to the floor and a pallet bed, and thoroughly realizing his desperate plight.

The three trials, Reilly's, the Red Rapparee's, and Sir Robert Whitecraft's, occupied the Squire so that he had little time to devote to his daughter, which was a relief to them both at this juncture. He called once upon Reilly in his cell, and told him he did not think, after all, that there was much difference between the Papist and the Protestant Church, except in political principles, and that if Reilly would turn Protestant he could marry Helen; but the young man refused.

The Red Rapparee was sentenced to be hanged for his many crimes. Sir Robert Whitecraft was found guilty of murder, arson, and other high crimes. His political party obtained a pardon from the Lord Lieutenant, but it did not arrive in time to defeat the ends of justice.

Reilly was defended by Fox. He was charged with taking the Folliard family jewels and abducting the Squire's daughter. The jury returned a verdict of "Guilty on the second count."

Helen lost her reason when someone, who had only heard the first word—the foreman of the jury being afflicted with halting speech—and had not waited for more, told her that the verdict against her lover was "Guilty." But Reilly went to prison in ignorance of this calamity.

The old Squire, overcome by remorse, wept incessantly at the misery he had brought on his daughter. For seven years and a half she was never known to smile or to speak, unless she chanced to see a stranger, when she would ask, with clasped hands: "Oh, can you tell me where is William Reilly? They have taken me from him and I cannot find him. Oh, can *you* tell me where is William Reilly?"

When Reilly's sentence expired, and he returned to his na-

tive town, his first inquiry was about Helen. Finding that the Squire and his daughter were visiting at the country-seat of a friend, Squire Hamilton, he went there and inquired for Miss Folliard. The Squire was out, and the servant asked whether the stranger knew of Miss Helen's affliction, as he was not permitted to admit any but old family friends. When Reilly was shown into the drawing-room, Helen went up to him, as she did to all strangers, saying: "Oh, can you tell me where is William Reilly? They have taken me from him, and I cannot find him. Oh, can *you* tell me anything about William Reilly?"

Reilly staggered at the sight; and again she said: "Oh, can *you* tell me where is William Reilly?"

"Alas! Helen!" he said, "*I* am William Reilly."

"You? Oh, no! the wide, wide Atlantic is between him and me."

He soothed her gently, and after a few more sentences she seemed to know his voice, and returning reason caused her suddenly to cry: "It is he! it is he!" and then she lay insensible in his arms.

The delight of the Squire, when he found his daughter's reason was likely to be wholly restored, was unbounded; and when he saw Reilly he pressed his hand, saying: "My son! My son!"

Reilly's property had been restored to him, and the Squire not only consented to his marriage with Helen, but gave her a dowry of fifty thousand dollars.

The lovers were married a few months later, by both Catholic and Protestant ceremonies. Three years afterward, Squire Folliard having died, they went to the Continent, where they lived long and happily, surrounded by their children.

MARY HARTWELL CATHERWOOD

(United States, 1847–1902)

LAZARRE (1901)

When the writer of this story was twelve years old she read in an American periodical known as *Putnam's Magazine* an article entitled "Have We a Dauphin Among Us?" The author of this article attempted to show that the eldest son of Louis XVI of France did not die in the Temple at any time during the Revolution, but was removed to the United States. Here, it was said, he was given into the keeping of one Thomas Williams, a half-breed Indian, who lived with his tribe near Lake George. The boy was named Eleazar Williams, but the Indians called him "Lazarre." He grew to manhood, was educated, and became a missionary among the Indians. This romantic story made a deep impression on the young girl's mind, and the little Prince, who appealed so strongly to her imagination, became a kind of fairy playfellow. Several years later, she spent a summer in northwestern New York, and there she found many traces of the man said to have been the lost Dauphin. It was at this time that the definite idea of writing a story around this legend—or fact, as she believed it—first came to her, and despite the pressure of other work she never lost sight of her determination. At a later period, when in Wisconsin, Mrs. Catherwood happened to call on two elderly ladies, who displayed some old books, saying in tones of great reverence that "they belonged to the Dauphin." The memory of her Prince Charming rushed back to the visitor; she asked many questions, and learned that there were men in Green Bay who remembered having seen Eleazar Williams, and that there were women who possessed costly *bric-à-brac* that had been sent from France to this mysterious person. The site of his cabin overlooking Fox River was pointed out also. The knowledge of this brought about, in the form of a novel, the story of the little French Prince.

IN the year 1795 a little boy of nine years, dressed in the clothes of a plain French citizen, was accosted by a little girl two years his junior. The meeting took place in the ancient church of St. Bartholomew, or St. Bat's as it was called, in the heart of London.

"My name is Eagle," said the little girl. The boy said nothing.

"My name is Eagle," she repeated, "Eagle de Ferrier. What is your name?"

Still the boy said nothing.

She looked at him in surprise, but checked her displeasure when she realized that it was not his fault but his misfortune that he remained silent.

She saw that her companion was truly an object of pity, for his hazel eyes looked at her without intelligence and over his countenance no spark of comprehension flickered. His wrists were scarred and swollen, and his knee-breeches betrayed his shrunken limbs. His fine, wavy hair was of chestnut color, and his features were perfect, though a large scar disfigured his left eyebrow.

"Poor boy!" said Eagle. "Did the wicked mob in Paris hurt your arms?" And she stroked and patted his wrists, while he appeared utterly unconscious of her endearments.

Before long the children were joined by Eagle's father, the Marquis de Ferrier and his nephew, Philippe, and the latter interrogated the little girl with regard to her companion.

"Who is this boy, Eagle?" he said.

"He does not talk. He does not tell his name."

Philippe seized his uncle's arm and whispered to him.

"No, no," the elder man answered, "it cannot be." But both approached the boy with a deference that surprised Eagle, and examined his scarred eyebrow and wrists.

Suddenly the Marquis dropped upon his knees and stripped the stockings down those meager legs. He kissed them and the swollen ankles, sobbing like a woman.

"What ails my father, Cousin Philippe?" asked Eagle.

He explained to her that this boy was the Dauphin, the King of France and Navarre.

"Cousin Philippe, this is not our Dauphin? Our Dauphin is dead! Both my father and you told me he died in the Temple prison nearly two weeks ago!"

The Marquis de Ferrier rearranged the boy's dress reverently, and rose, backing away from him.

"There is your King, Eagle," the old courtier announced to his child. "Louis Seventeenth, the son of Louis Sixteenth and Marie Antoinette, survives in this wreck. How he escaped from prison we do not know. Why he is here unrecognized in England, where his claim to the throne was duly acknowledged on the death of his father, we do not know. But we who have

often seen the royal child cannot fail to identify him, brutalized as he is by the past horrible year of his life!"

The boy stood unwinking before his three expatriated subjects. Two of them noted the traits of his house, even to his ears, which were full at the top, and without any indentation at the lobe, where they met the sweep of the jaw.

"The Dauphin of France had been the most tortured victim of his country's Revolution. By a jailer who cut his eyebrow open with a blow, and knocked him down on the slightest pretext, the child had been forced to drown memory in fiery liquor, month after month. During six worse months, hidden from the light in an airless dungeon, covered with rags which were never changed, and with filth and vermin which daily accumulated, hearing no human voice, seeing no human face, he had died in everything except physical vitality, and was taken out at last merely a breathing corpse. Then it was proclaimed that this corpse had ceased to breathe. The heir of a long line of kings was coffined and buried."

While the Marquis and his nephew were discussing the mystery of the Dauphin they were surprised to see a familiar figure approaching them, and they immediately recognized Bellenger, a court painter, who, like themselves, had fallen into straits during the Revolution.

They questioned him closely, but found him very unwilling to give them any satisfaction regarding this matter, which touched them so vitally. They learned, however, that he, like themselves, was sailing for America, and was taking the boy, and they surmised that he was being well paid to conduct the poor child to a place of safety. They warned Bellenger, whom they distrusted, that they should keep a lookout for him in the new country; but he replied that America was a very large place and withdrew, taking the boy with him.

"We are making a mistake, Philippe," said the Marquis after Bellenger had taken his departure.

"Let him go," said his nephew. "We can do nothing until we are certain of the powers behind him. Endless disaster to the child himself might result from our interference. If France were ready now to take back her King, would she accept an imbecile?"

And so Eagle lost her playmate.

ELEAZAR WILLIAMS'S NARRATIVE

I remember poising naked upon a rock, ready to dive into Lake George.

My next recollection is of awaking, with my head bandaged, in a place utterly unfamiliar to me. Instead of the walls of our lodge, chinked with moss and topped by a bark roof, I was surrounded by carved panelings and beautiful paintings. My first thought was that I was in heaven, but that idea was shattered when I saw the door open and my Indian father, Thomas Williams, approaching me.

It came over me in a flash that I myself was changed. In spite of the bandages, my head was as clear as if all my faculties were washed and newly arranged. I could look back into my life and perceive things that I had only sensed as a dumb brute.

In the room with me was a little man who was a complete stranger to me.

He wore horn spectacles, knee-breeches, and a black coat, and addressed my father in a language I did not understand.

He questioned him with regard to his identity, and my father told him he was an Iroquois chief, and that his English name came from his white grandmother, who was taken a prisoner at Deerfield. He told him also that my name was Lazarre Williams, the former appellative being derived from Eleazar, and that in spite of my white skin I was his son.

Dr. Chantry then made himself known to my father, telling him he was physician to the Count de Chaumont, a wealthy *emigré* from France, in whose palatial manor-house I was being sheltered at that time.

The Count had built this magnificent home in the midst of the wilderness. He had bought several hundred thousand acres of land on the Canadian shore of Lake George, and had reproduced there a French palace in all its dignity and grandeur.

Another guardian of my bedside was Skenedonk, an educated Oneida Indian about ten years my senior and my boon companion, who had been with me at the time of my accident and had brought me to the manor-house for surgical aid.

Skenedonk at an early age had been taken to France, where he had learned the language and had acquired much knowledge and information; in this way he had become strongly attached to the white race, though he continued to live with his own tribe.

Besides these companions, for whose presence I was now able to account, I had been visited by a woman also whose appearance was a complete mystery to me. She was dressed in white and had a child in her arms, and was so beautiful that I felt it must be some heavenly vision I was allowed to gaze upon, though the vision lasted only a few moments.

Soon Dr. Chantry approached and prepared to bleed me, a process which in my savage state seemed to me like an outrage; so, seizing the lancet from the doctor's hand and turning the spring upon him, I leaped through the door like a deer and ran barefooted from the house.

In my course I passed the beautiful girl of my vision sitting under a tree with the child, an illuminated book spread before her.

"Suddenly something parted within me. I saw my mother, as I had seen her in some past life—not Marianne the Mohawk, wife of Thomas Williams, but a fair oval-faced mother with arched brows. I saw even her pointed waist and puffed skirts, and the lace around her open neck. She held the book in her hands and read to me from it."

I dropped on my knees and stretched my arms above my head crying, for nebulous memories floated all around me, though I could grasp nothing.

"Give me my mother's book!" I strangled, out of the depths of my throat; and repeated, as if torn by a devil, "Give me my mother's book!"

She blanched so white that her lips looked seared, and instead of disputing my claim, or inquiring about my mother, or telling me to begone, she was up on her feet. Taking her skirts in her finger-tips, and settling back almost to the ground in the most beautiful obeisance I ever saw, she said:

"Sire!"

Her deep reverence, and the tone in which she said "Sire!" had a remarkable effect upon me. They seemed to recall some

past experience, and I was instantly quieted, though tears ran down my cheeks.

While we stood thus we were joined by De Chaumont, who looked me over carelessly while my lady eagerly declared her conviction that I was the missing Dauphin.

"I saw the Dauphin in London, Count. I was a little child, but his scarred ankles and wrists and forehead are not easily forgotten."

"The Dauphin died in the Temple, Eagle."

"My father and Philippe never believed that."

"Your father and Philippe were very mad Royalists."

"And you have gone over to Bonaparte. They said that boy had all the traits of the Bourbons, even to the shaping of his ear."

"A Bourbon ear hears nothing but Bonaparte in these days," said De Chaumont. "How do you know this is the same boy you saw in London?"

"Last night while he was lying unconscious, after Dr. Chantry had bandaged his head and bled him, I went in to see if I might be of use. He was like someone I had seen. But I did not know him until a moment ago. He ran out of the house like a wild Indian. Then he saw us sitting here, and came and fell down on his knees at sight of that missal. I saw his scars. He claimed the book as his mother's—and you know, Count, it *was* his mother's!"

Not one word of their rapid talk escaped an ear trained to hear the faintest noises of the woods. I felt like a tree, well set up and sound, but rooted and voiceless in my ignorant helplessness before the two so frankly considering me.

After this conversation I left the manor-house in company with my Indian father, having first returned the book to Madame de Ferrier, as I learned the beautiful lady was called.

Soon after my return I heard through Skenedonk that the Count de Chaumont had offered to take me into his household and have me educated like a white man, while my father was to pay my expenses out of an annuity which he received regularly from someone for my benefit. This last piece of information was very surprising to me, and I questioned Skenedonk with regard to the sender of the money. He told me it came

through an agent in New York, and also that I had been brought as a child to Chief Williams by a strange man, and he had adopted me.

I decided to accept the Count's offer, and taking a final farewell of my Indian parents and friends, I began my new life, being then in my nineteenth year.

My master and tutor proved to be Dr. Chantry, and he drilled me faithfully, while I developed an unquenchable thirst for knowledge and devoured every book I could lay hold upon.

After a year spent in the manor-house, during which time a deep affection for Madame de Ferrier had taken possession of me, I one day learned something of her history.

I heard from her own lips that at the early age of thirteen years she had been forced to make a *mariage de convénance* with her Cousin Philippe, who was many years her senior, and that the child, named Paul, who was her constant companion, was the fruit of this union.

Madame de Ferrier also informed me that she had just received news of her husband's death, in France, where he had been for some time endeavoring to recover their confiscated estates.

During his absence she had made her home with their friend, Count de Chaumont, and had lived quietly in a wing of the manor-house in company with her child and a faithful servant named Ernestine.

Soon after the news of her husband's death was received, it was decided that Madame de Ferrier must herself return to France and intercede with the Emperor in the hope that he would restore her lost possessions.

This information was appalling to me, as I felt I could not exist without the presence of the woman I adored; and though I had no means to do so, I made up my mind I would follow her wherever she went.

I stole away from the manor-house and hid myself in the woods, but was discovered by my faithful lady, who had come in search of me.

While returning homeward together, we were astonished to come across two men in the depths of the woods sitting by a log fire. These two strangers proved to be Bellenger, whom

Eagle de Ferrier at once recognized as the man she had seen years before in London, and an older man of courtly bearing, who called himself Louis Philippe.

As we approached, the men were discussing the subject of the missing Dauphin, and Bellenger was endeavoring to convince his companion that an idiot boy that he had with him was the youth in question.

Louis Philippe was expressing his doubt regarding the identity of this imbecile creature, when Madame de Ferrier added her voice to his.

She explained that the pitiful creature groveling before us on the ground was some impostor and that I was the boy she had seen in London with Bellenger years before.

Becoming deeply interested in this matter, which so closely concerned me, I asked Louis Philippe for an explanation, and he replied in the following words:

"The Dauphin who died in the Temple prison was Louis Seventeenth, but there are a few who say he did not die; that a dying child was substituted for him; that he was smuggled out and carried to America. Bellenger was the agent employed. The Dauphin's sister is married to her cousin, the nephew of Monsieur. She herself believes these things; and it is certain a sum of money is sent out to America every year for his maintenance. He was reduced to imbecility when removed from the Temple. It is not known whether he will ever be fit to reign if the kingdom returns to him. No communication has been held with him. He was nine years old when removed from the Temple; he would now be in his nineteenth year. When I last saw him he was a smiling little prince with waving hair and hazel eyes, holding to his mother's hand—"

"Stop!"

The frenzy of half recollection came on me, and that which I had put away from my mind and sworn to let alone seized and convulsed me. Dreams and sensations and instincts massed and fell upon me in an avalanche of conviction.

I was that uncrowned outcast, the King of France!

Inspired now to regain my lost possessions, I decided to set out at once for France to proclaim my identity.

This I did the following day, accompanied by Dr. Chantry,

who insisted on joining me. At our first stopping-place we fell in with my new friend, Louis Philippe, who arranged for our passage across the ocean with a friendly shipmaster; I ran across Skenedonk also, who could not be dissuaded from linking his fortunes with mine. Soon after my arrival in Paris I had a very unhappy experience. While standing in the street one day to watch the Emperor pass, I suddenly was struck in the side, and turning quickly recognized my assailant to be Bellenger, with a knife in his hand, of which he had used the handle in his attack upon me.

I foolishly caught the knife from him, and at the same moment felt myself pushed violently against the wheel of the Emperor's coach, while the word "Assassin" was shouted loudly and I was instantly surrounded by an angry crowd.

I was seized by two guards and hurried away to a foul and loathsome prison, which I afterward learned was named Sainte Pélagie, and from which few of those who entered ever came out. But I was more fortunate than many other miserable victims who were here imprisoned, and by a clever ruse I made my escape.

While hurrying along the streets I realized that I was being followed, and when crossing a bridge that spanned the Seine I discovered that my enemy Bellenger was again at my heels.

At that moment I was stricken with unconsciousness, an unfortunate affliction which often attacked me at critical moments, and I knew nothing until I came to myself in the morgue, where I was being identified by Skenedonk and an elderly man who had also come in search of me.

The latter proved to be the Marquis du Plessy, an ardent Royalist, who had been notified of my movements by Louis Philippe, and who took me at once to his palace, where I was surrounded by every luxury. I was fitted out in princely attire and the Marquis gave me a casket containing priceless jewels which had belonged to Marie Antoinette and which my newfound friend restored to me, so convinced was he of my royal identity.

Meanwhile Madame de Ferrier, accompanied by the Count de Chaumont, had reached Paris, and I had the pleasure of seeing her again. I told her that I loved her and begged for her

affection in return, but she told me she could love me only as far as a De Ferrier should love her King!

I decided that I must see my sister and reveal myself to her, and accordingly set out for Mittau, accompanied by Skenedonk and taking with me the jewel-casket. My sister was much overcome upon seeing me and was convinced of my identity, but my uncle, Louis XVIII, refused to acknowledge me.

I was astonished at being confronted by Bellenger, who insisted that I was an impostor and presented his idiot charge as the rightful heir to the throne of France. I was about to vindicate myself, when suddenly everything became a blank, and I knew nothing more until I recovered consciousness two days later, and found myself being conducted back to Paris by the faithful Skenedonk.

I was much disappointed at the result of my mission and was also much the poorer, as I had put the casket into my sister's hands, and had nothing left but a jeweled snuff-box and some money which Skenedonk had managed to extract from the casket.

I returned to Paris to find Madame de Ferrier in the possession of her lost estate, and had a blissful meeting with her, which filled me with happiness.

She presented me with a key which should some day unlock a padlocked book that she possessed, and we were chatting merrily together when suddenly I saw an old man come out on the terrace and look toward us. Glancing at my companion, I saw that she was like a woman turned to stone.

"Eagle! Eagle!" the old man cried from the terrace.

She whispered: "Yes, Cousin Philippe!"

This man was her husband, whom she had thought dead!

I saw her once again when I visited the Tuileries, which I wished to do before leaving Paris, and on this occasion she saved me from the hand of the law, which was upon me. I was recognized by a *gendarme* who knew of my escape from La Pélagie and sought to arrest me; but Eagle piloted me to safety by a spiral staircase which was reached through a secret panel. Before parting from me she kissed me, and my passion was so strong within me that I don't know what I said, but she replied: "Oh, Louis, oh, Lazarre! Think of Paul and Cousin Philippe!

You shall be your best for your little mother! I will come to you some time."

I returned to America and tried to forget my grief in preparing myself to educate the Iroquois Indians, and was generously aided in this purpose by Parson Storrs of Longmeadow, Massachusetts, who took me into his household and assisted me with my studies.

Before I had completed my course, the French and Indian War had broken out, and the Government offered me a well-paid commission to act as its secret agent. I undertook this trust, and, with Skenedonk as my companion, served the United States for several years to the best of my ability.

During this time I was unable to get news of Madame de Ferrier, but one day she was brought vividly before me when I came into the possession of her padlocked book. This came to me through a man who had received the book from an Indian, and I then realized that my beloved was again in the New World and that some harm had come to her.

Soon after this a little boy of nine years, fatally wounded, staggered into our camp. What was my horror when he told me he was Paul, Marquis de Ferrier. I tended the brave little fellow throughout his last hours, filled with torturing fears regarding his mother.

Not long after this I was severely wounded, and my bedside was visited by the Count de Chaumont, who gave me the information I so sorely craved. He told me that he had bought back the De Ferrier estates without Eagle's knowledge and restored them to her, as he loved her and hoped to make her his wife, but that when her husband reappeared and discovered what the Count had done, he was very wroth, and immediately relinquished the property and sailed for America with his family.

They had settled in the western country, where they had endured many hardships, and had finally been attacked by the Indians, at which time Paul had been captured and his father killed.

I would not believe that Eagle had met the cruel fate that had overtaken her family, and I sought for her far and near. At last I found her, sheltered by kind friends, but with her

mind so unbalanced by her sufferings that she did not recognize me.

In the padlocked book I had read the confession of her love for me; and now that I had found her at last I felt I had the right to guard her and cherish her, though I might be denied the happiness of having her for my wife.

After a time her reason returned, and simultaneously with this event came a message from my sister calling me back to claim my birthright.

I realized that my choice lay between a kingdom and a woman. I loved, and I chose the latter.

Eagle endeavored in every way to turn me from my purpose; but my mind was made up, and finally she surrendered and allowed love to conquer.

"I am not worth a kingdom," were the words that fell from her lips, but I clasped her in my arms.

She held my head between her hands. The tears streamed down her face.

"Louis! you are a king!—you are a king!"

MIGUEL DE CERVANTES SAAVEDRA

(Spain, 1547–1616)

DON QUIXOTE

Don Quixote is probably the best known prose story—at least by name—ever written. It has supplied the English language with a host of proverbs and with the words "quixotism" and "quixotic." Its Spanish is the standard of elegance in that language, and whole libraries have been written in commentaries upon it. Its publication is supposed to have had a decided effect upon the Spanish character. Byron says: "Cervantes laughed Spain's chivalry away"—but that was a harsh judgment. Yet, celebrated as the story of *Don Quixote* is, comparatively few whose native tongue was not Spanish have ever read it through; and of all the adventures of the Knight of the Rueful Countenance, that of the windmills is the only one that is really generally known.

N one of the villages of La Mancha lived Alonzo Quixano, a single gentleman of fifty, spare of body and meager of face, whose modest income supported him in frugal comfort until he began the reading of the romances of chivalry. The continued reading of these books finally turned the poor gentleman's head, though in all other matters he had an unusual shrewdness of understanding, and it was with more alarm than surprise that his two cronies, the curate and Master Nicholas, the barber, learned one day that Alonzo had dubbed himself Don Quixote de la Mancha, and set out upon his aged and bony steed with the avowed intention of reviving the practise of knight-errantry.

He had donned an old suit of armor which had belonged to his great-grandfather, and as the helmet wanted a visor he had constructed one of pasteboard. As the steeds of all knights errant must have names, the Don called his "Rozinante."

A knight errant not in love is unthinkable, and this at first presented a seemingly insuperable obstacle to Don Quixote's

ambitions. But, fortunately, he remembered that years before he had for a short time fancied himself enamored of a peasant girl in the neighboring town of Toboso. It was annoying that he should have forgotten her name, but he decided that Dulcinea was a good one—Dulcinea del Toboso—and she at once became in his disordered fancy the "peerless princess" for whose favor he sighed and whose charms it was his duty to proclaim.

The knight's first sally did not take him far from home; for, falling in with a company of traveling merchants, whom he attempted to charge because they were not prompt enough in acknowledging the virtues and charms of Dulcinea, Rozinante, being new to the chivalry business, stumbled and fell in mid-career, and the Don, besides being injured by the animal rolling on him, was so soundly belabored by the merchants that he had to be carried home and put to bed.

The priest and the barber burned or confiscated the Don's whole library of chivalrous romances, in the vain hope that when he got about again he would forget his mania. But before long the Don had taken to the road again, this time accompanied by a neighboring rustic, an honest but shallow-brained person, to whom he promised the government of an island, such being the usual reward of faithful squires. This squire, Sancho Panza by name, was as short and stout as his master was long and lean, and he rode forth to valorous deeds upon his beloved ass, Dapple. All the squires Don Quixote had ever read of rode upon horses, but even a knight errant must sometimes yield to the exigencies of a situation.

Don Quixote had patched up his helmet and provided himself with a new lance, and now, as he proceeded over the plains of Montiel and the sun was rising, he cried out to his squire: "Look yonder, good friend Sancho, where you may discover somewhat more than thirty monstrous giants whom I intend to encounter and slay."

"What giants?" said Sancho.

"Those that you see yonder with their long arms," replied the knight.

"Look you, sir," replied the squire, "those are not giants, but windmills."

"It is very evident," retorted the Don, "that you do not know much about chivalry," and clapping spurs to Rozinante he went charging full tilt at one of the windmills, the sails of which were just beginning to revolve. The whirling sail caught the lance, broke it to splinters, and sent horse and rider rolling on the plain.

"God save us!" cried Sancho, as he came running up. "Did I not warn you that those were windmills, and no one could mistake them for anything else who had not the like in his head?"

Don Quixote, sitting ruefully on the ground, managed to say: "Peace! You are not versed in matters of war. A wicked magician has changed these giants into windmills so as to deprive me of the glory of subduing them."

They passed the night under a tree, from which the knight tore a withered branch to serve in place of his broken lance, and on the morrow resumed their adventurous quest. They saw advancing toward them two monks of the Order of St. Benedict, mounted upon mules, wearing traveling-masks and carrying umbrellas. Behind them came a coach, accompanied by four or five men on horseback and two muleteers on foot. In the coach was a Biscaine lady going to join her husband at Seville. The monks were not in her company, but only happened to be traveling the same road.

"Hah!" cried Don Quixote, "either I am much deceived or those black figures are enchanters carrying off some princess whom they have stolen."

So, planting himself in the middle of the highway, the valiant knight called out: "Diabolical and monstrous race! Either immediately release the high-born princess whom you are carrying away or prepare for instant death!"

"Sir," said one of the monks, amazed at the sight of the Don, "we are monks of the Order of Saint Benedict, traveling on our own business, and entirely ignorant of any princess."

"No fair speeches with me," shouted the Don; and he ran at the foremost monk with such fury that had not the holy man slipped quickly to the ground he must have been killed.

The second monk, seeing the fate of his brother, gave spur to his mule and fled across the plain.

Seeing the fallen monk on the ground, Sancho ran up and began to disrobe him. To two lackeys who came up and asked what he was about, Panza replied that the monk's clothes were lawful spoils of war, having been won in combat with his master, the celebrated knight, Don Quixote de la Mancha.

The lackeys, being deficient in a sense of humor and never having heard of Amadis of Gaul, much less of Don Quixote, threw Sancho to the ground and soundly belabored and kicked him.

Meantime Don Quixote rode up to the coach, and announcing himself as a "knight errant and adventurer, captive to the peerless and beauteous Dulcinea del Toboso," requested the lady to return to Toboso and, presenting herself before Dulcinea, to recount what he had done to obtain her liberty.

The lady was too astonished at the gaunt apparition and the fantastic speech to reply; but one of her Biscaine squires rode up and told the Don to begone, or he would have his life.

"If thou wert a gentleman," retorted the knight, "I would chastise thee."

"What, I no gentleman?" cried the Biscainer. "If thou wilt throw away thy lance and draw thy sword, thou shalt see how soon the cat will get into the water; Biscainer by land, gentleman by sea! Gentleman for the devil! And thou liest!"

Snatching a cushion from the coach to serve as a buckler, the Biscainer made for the Don, who, rising in his stirrups and grasping his sword in both hands, let drive such a blow at the squire's head as must have cleft it had not the cushion interposed. As it was, the fiery Biscainer thought a mountain had fallen on him and slipped to the ground, while the terrified lady called out that if he would only go away she would perform anything he commanded.

Don Quixote at these words rode off, with Sancho at his heels, and in a neighboring wood the squire spread for his master and himself a bountiful repast, for which he had found the materials in the wallet of the fallen monk, and which he had hung to in spite of his drubbing. They put up at an inn that night, which the Don declared was a castle, and where many scurvy tricks were played upon them, not the least of which

was tossing Sancho in a blanket because he had no money to pay the reckoning.

"If I live long I shall see much," said Sancho when he rejoined his master, "but as it is now reaping-time, suppose we return to our village and not go any more rambling out of the frying-pan into the fire."

"Patience, and shuffle the cards, Sancho," replied the knight; and just at that moment they saw on the road two flocks of sheep coming from opposite directions.

"Hah!" cried the Don. "Hearest thou the neighing of steeds and the blare of trumpets?" And before Sancho could stop him he charged into the midst of the two flocks, which had now come together, and with his lance caused slaughter among the mutton. The infuriated shepherds assaulted him with stones, knocking out some of his teeth and knocking in some of his ribs, and then, fearing they had killed him, made off with their flocks. "Lord save us!" cried Sancho as he assisted his fallen master to his feet. "Your worship has left on this lower side only two grinders and on the upper not a one."

"It was ever thus with all who professed the strict order of chivalry," replied Don Quixote. As they passed along at a snail's pace, for even the Don's ardor was somewhat dampened by his misadventure, darkness fell, and they saw a great number of lights. As the lights came nearer they saw that they were borne by about twenty persons clothed in white, walking in front of a litter covered with black. The litter was followed by six persons clothed in black and mounted upon mules. Forgetting his wounds, Don Quixote rode in front of the procession and commanded the people to halt and give an account of themselves.

"We are in haste," answered one, "and the inn is a great way off. We have not time to parley."

One of the others began to revile the knight and bade him stand out of the way. Whereupon Don Quixote, couching his lance, rode into them, and the white-robed figures, being unarmed, and peaceable withal, went running over the plain with their lighted torches.

The mourners, being encumbered with their trappings of wo, could not come to the assistance of their fellows, and so the

Don had an easy victory, the more easy that they all thought him some devil sent to carry off the dead body they were escorting. One of the mourners had fallen and lay pinned under his mule. Him Don Quixote courteously raised, and was then informed that he had attacked a funeral procession.

"Who killed the man?" asked the Don.

"He died of a pestilential fever," replied the mourner.

"Well, since that is so, I am saved the trouble of avenging his death," said the Don, thankfully. "When Heaven kills a man all that is expected of us is patience and a slight shrug."

As the mourner was going away, Sancho called out to him to tell his companions that they had been vanquished by Don Quixote de la Mancha, the Knight of the Rueful Countenance.

"Why didst thou call me Knight of the Rueful Countenance?" asked the Don.

"Because," replied Sancho, "I think thou art the most rueful figure I ever saw. Perhaps it is owing to the lack of teeth."

"Not at all, not at all," replied Don Quixote, "it was an inspiration. Other knights errant were called, one the Knight of the Unicorn, another of the Rose, another of Damsels, and so on. Henceforth I will be known as the Knight of the Rueful Countenance. I will have the most rueful countenance that ever was, painted on my shield."

"No need to do that," returned Sancho; "your worship has only to show your own countenance."

The Don now wished to examine the litter, for which the mourners had not yet returned, but Sancho said: "No! Hunger presses; the ass is laden and the mountain is near; to the grave with the dead, the living to bread. Let us march."

Reaching a retired valley, they dismounted, and Sancho spread the supper. The ecclesiasts who were escorting the dead boy had dropped their wallets, well stocked with food, and the provident Sancho had gathered them up and loaded them upon Dapple. But having neither water nor wine to quench their thirst, when they had eaten they went on a little further through a wood in search of a stream. They had not proceeded far when they heard a great rushing of water, but at the same time another fearful sound, a din of irons and rattling chains, and mighty strokes delivered in regular time and measure.

Don Quixote ran to his steed, and mounting in haste was for charging at once upon this new peril, but poor Rozinante refused to move, even at the prick of the knight's spur.

"Verily the steed is enchanted!" cried the Don; but the fact was that Sancho, fearing to have his master rush off toward the horrible sounds, had secretly tied together the animal's hind legs so that she could not budge. Don Quixote, however, refused to dismount and sat on horseback until day began to break, when, Sancho having secretly unhobbled Rozinante, the knight rode through the chestnut wood in the direction of the clamor.

Upon doubling a point the undoubted cause of the noise appeared plain. It was simply a little fulling-mill, the six hammers of which were busily at work. Sancho burst into a laugh, which so angered his master that he discharged a blow at him.

This stopped Sancho's ill-timed mirth, and his master forgiving him, the two took to the road again. They had not journeyed far when the Don discovered a man advancing on horseback. He had upon his head something that glittered as if it had been gold.

"When one door is shut, another is opened," said Don Quixote. "If we were disappointed of an adventure at the fulling-mills, here is another open to us. A man approaches wearing Mambrino's helmet. Retire and leave me to deal with him."

"I will retire fast enough," replied Sancho, "but I pray this may not be another fulling-mill adventure."

"Base knave!" cried the knight, "I command thee never to even think again of fulling-mills. If you do I will mill your soul for you." And putting spurs to Rozinante he went charging upon a peaceful barber who was proceeding on his business and had placed his brass basin on his head to save his cap from the rain.

"Defend thyself, caitiff!" cried Don Quixote, as he neared the barber. The man, affrighted, slid from his ass to the ground and went scampering over the plain, leaving his basin behind.

"Doubtless the pagan for whom this helmet was originally

forged had a prodigious head," said the Don to Sancho, who now came up. "What are you laughing at, sirrah?"

"I was laughing," replied Sancho, "to think how much like a barber's basin Mambrino's helmet looks."

"So it may, to you," retorted the knight, "but to me, who know what it really is, its looks are of no importance."

Don Quixote placed the basin on his head and held it there by passing a strap over it and under his chin, so that his appearance was even more remarkable than before. The errant knight then raised his eyes and saw approaching in the same road about a dozen men, strung out like beads, held by the necks in a great iron chain and all handcuffed. With them were two men on horseback armed with firelocks, and two men on foot armed with pikes and swords. As soon as Sancho saw them he exclaimed: "Here come some criminals condemned to the galleys."

"Then these men are carried off against their will," said the Don. "Here is where my office comes in.

"I would have speech with these men," said Don Quixote, courteously riding up to the guards. "You may ask a few questions," was the reply, "but their commitments are all regular and we have little time."

"What are you sent to the galleys for?" asked the knight of a reckless-looking young fellow. "For being in love," replied the youth with a grin. "Ah," sighed the Don, "if men were sent to the galleys for being in love, I long since had been there myself." "Yes," said the youth, "I fell in love with a basket of linen and made off with it."

Don Quixote now turned to question one Gines de Passamonte, the most notorious rogue in Aragon, but the guard cried out:

"Enough of this fooling. Adjust your basin upon your head and go your way in peace, Señor. Do not go feeling for three legs on a cat."

"You are a cat and a rat and a rascal to boot!" cried Don Quixote, and attacked the guard so suddenly that he threw him to the ground much wounded by a thrust of his lance. The other guards, recovering from their surprise, rushed toward the knight, and doubtless it would have gone hard with him had

not the galley-slaves taken advantage of the tumult to break the chain by which they were linked together. Sancho assisted Gines de Passamonte to free himself, and that desperate character seized the firelock of the overthrown guard. The others armed themselves with stones, and the guards were soon put to flight. The convicts gathered around Don Quixote to know his pleasure, for they thought he was a bandit and had come to their rescue in order that they might join his band. But when the Don in stately words commanded them to go to the city of Toboso and present themselves before the peerless Dulcinea, they laughed at him. Then as the knight waxed wrathful, they knocked him from his horse with stones. Then they took Sancho's cloak and made off.

"Sancho," said Don Quixote solemnly as he sat up and rubbed his bruises, "I have always heard it said that to do good to the vulgar is to throw water into the sea."

"As I am Turk," replied Sancho, "what your worship must think of now is to get out of this scrape. The guards will give the alarm and we shall be pursued and arrested by the Holy Brotherhood, who care no more for knights errant than for so many fleas. Let us get into these mountains while we yet can."

The Don allowed Sancho to lead him into a wild and remote part of the Sierra Morena, where, the next day, stripping himself of most of his clothing, he began to live his hermit's life according to the manner he had read of in books of chivalry.

Sancho was commanded to repair to Toboso, and, carrying his adoration to Dulcinea, bring him back word from the peerless princess. In a ravine Sancho found a dead mule and a portmanteau, and in the portmanteau one hundred golden crowns. They were the property of a young man whose love had been abducted by a powerful noble and who had retired in a half-mad condition to live amid these same wilds. But Sancho, not knowing this, appropriated the money and went on his mission.

He had not proceeded far when he met Master Nicholas, the barber, and the curate, who had left their village to go in search of their demented friend. Learning from Sancho how matters stood, they resolved on a stratagem to get Don Quixote home again. Disguising themselves, and pretending that they

were emissaries from a Princess Micomicon, who begged the valorous and illustrious Don Quixote to come to her assistance, they lured the knight from his penance and as far home as the inn at which he and Sancho had once lodged and suffered.

Then, being unable to keep up the joke longer, they bound the Don hand and foot while he slept, and placing him in a hastily constructed cage on a cart they carried him within a day's journey of his village. Then, as he promised not to give them the slip, they let him out. But hardly had Don Quixote been released from his cage when he saw a procession come forth on the plain to pray for rain. He immediately charged it for a hostile army, and got so well beaten by the peasants that his friends finally took him to his house and put him to bed.

The curate and the barber enlisted in their cause, which was the keeping of Don Quixote at home, one Sampson Carrasco, a young bachelor of arts, just returned from his university. Seeing that the Don was determined to take to the road again, the bachelor advised that they should not try to hinder him by force, as he had a stratagem which he thought would work mightily well. As soon as Don Quixote was able to lift lance again he departed, taking Sancho with him. The hundred golden crowns which Sancho had brought back induced his wife to consent to his second departure, but with some misgivings as to the greatness of being an island governor which he prated about.

"The best sauce in the world," said she, "is hunger; and as the poor are never without that they eat with relish; but if you should chance to get an island remember your family."

"If I do not get an island I will die in the attempt," said Sancho valiantly.

"Nay," replied his wife, "let the hen live, though it be with the pip."

"Sancho I was born and Sancho I shall die," returned the squire, "but for all that if an island comes in my way I shall take it; for, as the saying is, 'When they offer you a heifer be ready with a rope,' and 'When Fortune knocks make haste to let her in.'"

Don Quixote and Sancho had not proceeded far on their journey when they encountered a mounted man in armor. He

had over his armor a coat which shone with many little pieces of glass and a plume waved over his closed helmet. The stranger announced himself as the Knight of the Mirrors and called upon Don Quixote to acknowledge the peerless Casildea de Vandalia as the most beautiful and most virtuous princess in the world. He also vaunted himself that he had overthrown in combat that redoubtable knight, Don Quixote de la Mancha.

The Don gave the stranger the lie to both declarations and demanded to fight it out immediately. This the other agreed to on condition that the vanquished should remain at the discretion of his conqueror.

As the two knights rode against each other he of the mirrors seemed greatly perplexed what to do with his lance, to the handling of which he was evidently unaccustomed. His horse also was a sorry beast, more dejected if possible than Rozinante. The result was that Don Quixote sent his adversary tumbling over his horse's crupper.

As the Knight of the Mirrors lay like one dead the Don dismounted and unlaced his adversary's helmet to see how badly he might be wounded. Vast was the Don's astonishment to see in the face of the fallen knight the very effigy and semblance of the bachelor Sampson Carrasco.

"See what wicked enchanters have done!" cried Don Quixote. "They have changed this knight into the semblance of my young friend."

By this time the Knight of the Mirrors began to recover his senses, upon which the Don, placing the point of his sword to the throat of his fallen foe, said in a stern voice:

"You are a dead man, Sir Knight, if you do not at once acknowledge that the peerless Princess Dulcinea del Toboso excels in beauty your Casildea de Vandalia. You are enchanted into the semblance of a friend of mine, but that shall not avail you."

The bachelor, for he indeed it was, agreed to all that the Don demanded, even promising to present himself immediately before Dulcinea, to be disposed as she might direct. The young man had thought it would be an easy matter to overthrow the Don and had proposed to make him promise to go home and refrain from knight-errantry for two years, by the end of which time he thought a cure might have been effected.

After the adventure with the Knight of the Mirrors Don Quixote and his squire journeyed for many days, until one morning, emerging from a forest, they saw a stately train of ladies and gentlemen, with their attendants, indulging in the sport of hawking.

The chiefs of the party proved to be a certain duke and his duchess, and as both had heard of the former doings of Don Quixote, an account which had been published just after his return from his second sally, they greeted the knight with great pleasure and resolved to divert themselves at his expense. Taking him to the castle they brought to mind all the customs of chivalry which they could remember from their reading, and reproduced as near as they might a state of affairs with distressed damsels, jousts and love-making—such a castle and such a company as is described in the old romances that had turned the good knight's head.

Sancho conceived this to be a good time to ask for his island, and the Duke, after arranging matters with his steward, sent the squire off in state to a town of his, where for a while he was to be allowed to play governor.

Sancho objected at first that his island was not surrounded by water, but the Duke assured him that many islands were not.

Sancho's "island" of Barataria proved to be anything but what his fancy had painted it. He was a great glutton, and when he sat down to a full-laden board his court physician stood by, and when a dish was served of an especially tempting nature touched it with a wand and it was whisked away. "Your lordship's food must be carefully watched," said the physician, "that you may eat nothing to harm you."

"Body o' me!" cried Sancho when they had thus reduced his fare to bread and water. "Give me something to eat or take back my island, for a government that will not give a man food is not worth a hill of beans."

For two days and nights they kept Sancho busy hearing causes, upon which he delivered many shrewd decisions, half-starved all the time.

Then a letter from the Duke warned him that a hostile army was about to attack the "island" and he expected the Governor to be prepared. That night there was a great tumult in the

town, and attendants rushing into Sancho's apartment told him to arm and lead forth his troops, as the enemy had already won the gates. Scared out of his wits, Sancho allowed them to bind him between two old targets and then, attempting to move, fell down, where the others in their madcap hilarity trampled over him until they were satisfied with the joke.

Early the next morning, Sancho, putting on the clothes which he wore as a squire, and mounting Dapple, rode forth into the market-place and took leave of his subjects.

"Saint Peter is well at Rome," said he, "and nothing becomes a man so well as the employment he was born for. Every sheep with its like. Stretch not your feet beyond your sheet. Tell the Duke I go away as poor as I came, which is more than most governors can say."

As Sancho neared the Duke's castle whom should he see but his master out taking a morning ride on Rozinante. The two told each other what had befallen them since their separation. They had wandered far into a wood, when they saw approaching along the road a knight armed cap-à-pie.

The stranger announced himself as the Knight of the White Moon, looking for fight with Don Quixote.

"How, caitiff and recreant knight!" cried the Don, and at it they went. But the Knight of the White Moon, being well mounted and handling his lance with great skill, managed to unhorse the Don without hurting him except in his pride. Placing his sword at the throat of his fallen adversary, the stranger knight demanded that the Don yield himself according to the rules of chivalry and promise to perform whatever might be demanded of him.

With a rueful face Don Quixote yielded himself. The condition imposed upon him was that he return to his home and give up knight-errantry for two years.

Then the Knight of the White Moon rode off, and when he took off his trappings in a neighboring inn disclosed the features of the bachelor Sampson Carrasco, who, mortified at his first failure to overthrow the Don, had been practising with the handling of steeds and the use of the lance until he felt able to set out for a second trial.

Sorrowfully Don Quixote went on his homeward way. San-

cho was not in a hurry to meet his wife again and desired to tarry by the way and sleep much of the time. Don Quixote upbraided his squire for this somnolent tendency, but Sancho replied: "Blessings light upon the man who first invented sleep. It covers a man all over, body and mind, like a cloak. It is meat to the hungry, drink to the thirsty, heat to the cold. It is the coin which can purchase all things; the balance that equals the shepherd with the king, the fool with the wise man."

"I never heard thee talk so eloquently before," said the Don, "which proves the truth of the saying 'not with whom thou art bred, but with whom thou art fed.' "

On arriving at his home, Don Quixote fell sick of a fever, and, worn out by his fastings and adventures, sank rapidly toward the grave. But before he died his brain cleared and he said to his friends: "Give me joy, good gentlemen, that I am no longer Don Quixote de la Mancha, but Alonzo Quixano, an utter enemy to Amadis of Gaul and all his generation. Let my fate be a warning to all who befuddle their brains with those lying romances of chivalry."

Sancho returned to his farm-work and talked to his last hour of the days when he was a governor; while Sampson Carrasco wrote the good knight's epitaph.

ROBERT WILLIAM CHAMBERS

(United States, 1865)

ASHES OF EMPIRE (1899)

This romance was generally pronounced the best story ever written of the fall of the Second Empire. We present here the author's own version.

SEDAN had fallen, and the old cry of lament and vengeance, "The people have been betrayed," rang again through the streets of Paris. At the gates of the Tuileries, that September morning in 1870, the menacing crowd had swelled into a mob. Reënforced by a battalion of mutinous mobiles, they swept aside the police and confronted the impassive, glittering mass of Imperial Guards. They stood snarling and showing their teeth against this cage of bayonets, unquailing but cautious. But there was no order to fire, and suddenly the knowledge prevailed that the Empire was only a shell.

Then the crowd broke into a ferment of oratory, cheers, and beating of drums; an officer of the National Guard bawled insults to the Imperial soldiers, and a girl perched on the parapet sang *Ça ira*, while someone held burning wooden eagles aloft.

As the people had fallen into a kind of organization their hate became patriotism, the rising of the mob was transformed into a revolution; and over the heads of the Imperial Guard swept the mighty conviction of a people's will.

The flag above the palace sank slowly to the earth, and with the flight of the Empress the star of the Napoleons set forever.

When a throng like this tugs at the binding Fates, many an individual thread must loosen and fall astray; but, entirely unaware of this confusion of destinies, two American newspaper

correspondents stood near the South Gate of the Louvre that eventful afternoon, speaking of an incident that had just occurred. Caught in the crowd near the palace gates, they had discovered two frightened young women endeavoring to persuade a cabman to take them out of the confusion and danger. There was no time for ceremony, and, assisting the two ladies into the cab, Bourke and Harewood had placed themselves at the horses' heads and after threatening the driver broke a way through the howling mob as far as the Louvre.

At the moment they reached it, a party of ladies and gentlemen hurried through the gate into the street, and someone shouted, "That's the Empress!" as a lady heavily veiled in crêpe appeared among them. The vehicle containing the two young women had stopped, and at a sudden ominous movement of the throng, in response to this shout, one of the ladies sprang out and cried: "Here is a cab. Hasten, Madame!" After a moment's hesitation, the Empress was persuaded to enter the cab; the mob scattered as she was driven away, and Bourke and Harewood escorted the two young ladies to an omnibus. Nobody had interfered, or seemed to notice their action in giving up the cab, except a pasty-faced young man with pale, piglike eyes, who nodded to Bourke and walked away.

"That was Speyer, the correspondent for that German-American sheet," said Bourke to his companion as they stood alone near the gate.

Harewood frowned, and stared after the omnibus.

"I wonder—" he muttered.

"What?" asked Bourke.

"Oh, nothing—only that one with the brown eyes. Plucky little thing to give up her cab. They live in the Rue d'Ypres. We'll go by that way to Saint Cloud."

"And there you'll stay," said Bourke scornfully, "for I never knew you to miss making an ass of yourself when the devil sent the opportunity."

A few days later the Rue d'Ypres, with its single row of weather-battered houses facing the fortifications of the Port Rouge, shook under the tread of Vinoy's returning troops. One siege gun had boomed a welcome, and then fort after fort,

bastion after bastion, took up the salute till the thunder rolled in one majestic reverberation from Fort d'Arcy to the Battery of the Double Crown. Paris suddenly forgot the red trail of butchery from Forbach to Metz, forgot the smoking débris of battles worse than lost, and thought of the double necklace of steel encircling the city, the forts and the bastions mounting two thousand two hundred cannon, which these veteran troops should man. The cheers of the joyous throng pierced the thunders from the fortifications.

Before the doorway of an insignificant house near the Port Rouge, two young women, Hildé and Yolette Chalais, were giving from their small store of food and wine to the dusty and exhausted troops.

"That was the last bottle of wine," Yolette said suddenly, as she watched the bowl into which she had poured it pass from lip to lip till it vanished in the dust.

"Now everybody is bringing them bread and wine," cried her sister; "the poor fellows, there are so many!"

At that moment the dust-cloud wavered, grew thinner, and settled back into the roadway. The regiment had passed, and the crowd gradually dispersed. But as the sisters took a last look from the doorway, three sinister figures shuffled across the grassy slope opposite, one of whom flourished his cap in salute. This was a "knight of leisure" known as "the Mouse," who once had entered the little bird-shop kept by the sisters Chalais with intent to steal, but had found it more profitable to beg. Since that time he claimed acquaintance with them. He now called out to them from across the street something about being a slave to the ladies, but that speech had well-nigh been his last, for as the shabby trio were about to cross the road, two horsemen wheeled at a gallop out of the Rue Pandore and bore directly down on them.

The two riders drew rein and turned to see what damage had been done, as the Mouse picked himself up with a frightful imprecation. One of the horsemen impulsively dismounted, and was promptly attacked and slashed across the head by one of the thieves. The mounted man rode at the Mouse; there was an instant's *mêlée*, and then the three rascals scampered away in the dusk.

"Have they hurt you, Harewood?" called his companion, hastily dismounting. "Come over to that house. I'll ask for a little cold water." With the bridles of the horses under his arm he supported Harewood toward the bird-shop, where Hildé and Yolette stood gazing out in silent consternation.

When their feminine instinct of consolation was fully awakened, Harewood was made as comfortable as possible; and Bourke, after thanking them in sincere if not very fluent French, noticed the sign on the shop, "Apartment to Let."

"Harewood," he exclaimed, "here is what we are looking for—an apartment close to the Port Rouge, with a good view from the fortifications. Can you tell me where to find the landlord?" he inquired of Hildé.

"Why—I and my sister are the landlords," she replied, smiling very prettily; "there is no one else. Our uncle died while we were at the convent school, and left us this little place full of birds and monkeys, of which we have sold none since the war began."

And after a little bargaining so the arrangement was consummated. Bourke and Harewood remained in the cottage that night, and the next morning they rose early—Harewood little the worse for his injury—and made an unusually careful toilet before joining their new hostesses at breakfast.

"By the way, did you ever see such a perfect combination of deep-blue eyes and silky purple-black hair, with a skin like snow, as Yolette's?" remarked Bourke, who, after taking the horses home the night before, had chatted for a few moments with the sisters on his return.

"Often," replied Harewood, "but I never before assisted at the color symphony which her sister presents—brown eyes and gilt-colored hair. They're both extremely ornamental."

"And as innocent as two kittens—you might as well know that," said Bourke sharply, as they went down-stairs.

They were met with a rather shy reserve, but formality was out of place in such a company, and before the meal was over more companionable relations were established.

Then Yolette showed Bourke the garden, while Hildé and Harewood examined with interest the contents of the bird-shop.

When Yolette and her companion sauntered back into the

house, the confusion in Hildé's manner and the half-guilty defiance in Harewood's eyes did not escape Bourke.

He guessed instantly that Harewood had been making love to the girl, and felt indignant at his friend. During a rather acrimonious discussion that ensued when they were alone, Harewood was obliged to admit the truth of Bourke's suspicion.

"It wasn't very serious," he said surlily.

"You—you didn't kiss her?"

Harewood was silent, and Bourke added rather bitterly: "Go on, if you choose. I see I was mistaken in the girl—they're all alike. . . . Here come the boys for the conference I called on them last night to attend."

At the conference of the war-correspondents, all but Bourke and Harewood decided to leave Paris before the threatened siege should begin.

As Speyer, of the German-American newspaper, said good-by with the rest, he added, with a furtive sneer: "I wish you good luck. I know this house; the ladies are delightful!"

"What's that?" demanded Harewood roughly, but Speyer hurried down-stairs with his friend Stauffer, over whom he seemed to have considerable influence, leaving the two friends filled with wondering indignation.

Presently Bourke went out, and Jim Harewood threw himself on the bed in a very bad humor, and began to think of Bourke, of the mismanagement of the great war, of Hildé, and then a great self-disgust seized him. He rose and gazed at his face in the mirror.

"I am a coward, after all," he thought, and the idea shocked him. In self-defense he immediately called up his acknowledged acts of bravery in the routine of his profession; only recently he had saved a stricken friend on the firing line amid a shower of balls. But he had not done it from a motive of self-sacrifice —it was simply a part of the circus. But suddenly the secret revealed itself to him—he was absolutely and cruelly selfish! Standing there alone, thinking painfully, face to face with a harsh condition, he acknowledged it and suffered for it.

"There is a moral obligation, after all," he said to himself in surprise. Then, shaking his fist at the mirror: "I'll show you who is master. I'll stick to business."

Meanwhile Hildé sat in her room and wondered, with her eyes on the figure of St. Hildé of Carhaix, in a niche over the bed.

An apathy had fallen upon her, and her eyes drooped until the wet lashes rested on her cheeks. "Why?" she asked herself the eternal, childish question, "Why?" And before her mental vision she saw Harewood's face, touched with an indefinable smile, bending closer and closer to her own.

On his way to the city that afternoon, Harewood again encountered that wily vagrant, the Mouse. The latter escaped his grasp and drew a knife, then scuttled away, pursued by two police agents who had witnessed the affair. Harewood, whose character was composed of contradictions, viewed the chase from a sporting standpoint, and as his sympathy suddenly went out to the "under-dog," he hastened to a corner where he knew the Mouse would pass. When the Mouse reached this corner, all but exhausted, with the hue and cry close after him, Harewood waved him toward a blind alley.

"In there, quick!" he called, and, after a moment of suspicious hesitancy, the Mouse obeyed. Then Harewood directed the pursuers up the street.

Presently the Mouse came out, and after a glance at his rescuer he slunk away, and Harewood, laughing, continued on his way to the city. Although Paris on the eve of invasion by a victorious foreign army presented a curiously normal appearance, some battalions of the National Guard were parading noisily, and in the cafés strangely weird uniforms of independent companies were beginning to appear. The Republican government, acclaimed by the mob, held forth at the Hôtel de Ville; General Trochu was Governor of Paris; and energetic measures for the defense were pushed on every side. The proclamation of the Republic had stirred the masses to such an effervescence of joy that the Prussians, and the stunning disasters of six weeks before, were forgotten.

An annoying incident occurred that evening at the house in the Rue d'Ypres. Hildé met Harewood at the door, and in a frightened whisper told of the arrival of two German students who had formerly rented an apartment of them and had left without paying the rent; they had returned that day, and offered

to pay the sum they owed, on condition that the other vacant apartment be let to them.

"They were sometimes a little rude to us, even in those days when my uncle was here—we are afraid of them," she finished.

Harewood, followed by Bourke, who had just come up, strode into the parlor. With very few words, he collected the rent due, and ejected the Germans from the house.

"I will kill you if you return," he said quietly, and, having had a previous acquaintance with Harewood, they took heed. These two men were Stauffer and Speyer, the war-correspondents.

Those were busy days for Harewood and Bourke; one empire had just fallen, and another was building, as Bismarck cast and won with his iron dice of destiny; and Paris was the center of the rent web of world politics. Day after day they were at the War Office, or the outworks, and began to give serious attention to the attitude of certain dangerous elements organizing in the city.

One day the Mouse reappeared and addressed Hildé, to her great terror.

"Tell Monsieur Harewood to go to the Undertakers if he ever needs help," he said confidentially, and went away.

"That's a club in Belleville, where the *élite* of all cutthroats congregate," explained Bourke, laughing, when Hildé related the incident; and the girl timidly asked Harewood, as he started for St. Cloud the next morning, not to heed the Mouse's invitation.

The young man was not insensible to the subtle change that had come over Hildé. Her face was still almost childlike, yet already lip and cheek were finer and purer, a soft shadow tinged the eyes, and an unwonted tenderness touched the lips.

Up to this time Harewood had been true to his resolve; but on this morning, as he stood looking at her silently, with that gentle, half-pleading voice in his ears, a fierce desire seized him to stoop and take her in his arms. For an instant he dared not speak or move, for her sake; then Bourke's voice calling impatiently broke the enchantment.

After a day at St. Cloud, spent in viewing some unfinished fortifications and chatting with various officers, the two correspondents returned to the city. There they found an ever-

increasing crowd in the streets; rockets were whirring up into the darkness, and dull thunder muttered from the western forts. Extras announced that the Orléans railway was blown up.

A fight in a café, between a "scout" of one of the Belleville independent organizations and a National Guard, attracted Bourke's attention.

"I'm going to visit your Undertakers' Club," he announced to Harewood. "I believe trouble of a new and desperate kind is brewing there. Did you hear what that scout said?"

"I'm with you," laughed Jim, and with lively curiosity and high spirits they put their heads into the lion's jaws.

At the Undertakers' Club a man named Buckhurst was in the chair, and Speyer and Stauffer were among those occupying the platform. During the tumultuous and revolutionary proceedings, the eyes of Bourke and Buckhurst met in unfriendly recognition. The latter was a notorious American criminal recently escaped from prison, who had selected Paris as the city where his talents would have greatest play at that time; and the general confusion of the city enabled him to build up this organization, which was in defiance of the law. Fanatics intent on a Utopian government, and "practical" patriots like the Mouse, intent on plunder, had flocked to the club, which later wreaked terrible vengeance on society during the red days of the Commune.

As the two correspondents left the place, they were met by Buckhurst and his friends, Speyer and Stauffer.

"I know what you're thinking about," Buckhurst spoke up, without preliminaries, "and if you cable for my extradition I'll have your throats cut as spies."

To this Harewood retorted furiously, with Bourke trying to hold him back.

"You fool, don't you think I know you men and two women named Chalais aided the Empress to escape," said Buckhurst.

"I am a witness," put in Speyer.

"The Government last night decreed the expulsion from the city of every dissolute woman during the siege," Buckhurst continued, unmoved, as Harewood attempted to strike him, "and if you give trouble I'll put the police on your charming

little Chalais girls. Now get out, or I'll let the whole hall trample you into the floor."

Bourke had drawn his friend out to the sidewalk by this time, but, as they passed into the darkness of the narrow, filthy street, somebody slid the shutter from a dark lantern; a revolver-shot followed, and a quick exchange of blows. Harewood was knocked down, but as he caught the gleam of a descending knife, somebody knocked it aside, the lantern was overturned, and he heard the voice of the Mouse saying: "This way, Monsieur, quick!"

When the two men got home, none the worse for their exciting experience, they said little, though each was greatly troubled over Buckhurst's threats against the young women.

"Mark my word, that Speyer is a spy," said Bourke, as he went into his room.

"If they ever trouble Hildé, I'll kill them all," his friend declared.

Harewood found it impossible to sleep. At last he arose and looked out of the window into the moonlight, till alarms, rumors, and the dull discontent of expectancy all vanished into the placid shadow-world. And pensive, dreaming, he moved about, unconscious that he was dressing; unconscious of the reason why he passed through the door and down the dusky stairway. At last he stood before a closed door, which he opened softly.

Hildé stood silent and white before the image of St. Hildé of Carhaix. They did not speak, as he knelt beside her, holding her hand against his eyes. When he stood up she was waiting; he held her waist imprisoned now, and her silky head, and she put both arms around his neck.

When he had passed again through the door, she sank before the saint, in the moonlight, faint with the sweetest happiness life holds for maid or man, while the man she loved sat grave and thoughtful by the bedside of his sleeping friend.

Several days had passed, and now the Prussians were at the gates of Paris—the great siege had begun. Far across the country towered the forts crowned with clouds.

The great fort of Issy steamed from every embrasure; Vanves roared like a volcano, and swift crimson-jetted flashes

played under a canopy of smoke. Trochu, the somber mystic, the Breton Governor of the republican Paris, moved on his darkened way, the last paladin riding back into the gloom of the Middle Ages.

Harewood and Bourke, useless as purveyors of war news now that the city was completely invested, had decided that they could not honorably draw their salaries. One of them must go out with the next *sortie*, and his salary would have to suffice for both.

"I should like to stay here, if you don't mind," said Bourke, in great embarrassment. "It—it is for Yolette, but if I thought you loved Hildé I would go."

Harewood's heart sank with an overwhelming rush of shame that he could not answer the confidence of his comrade—a man who loved honorably for the first time.

Bourke continued, almost timidly, "I never imagined that Yolette was anything to me, Jim. It came before I knew."

Harewood turned away without a word, and went to his room. He had lived in torment since that night by the saint's shrine. Every day he had seen in Hildé's eyes: "Is it love for me, truly love? Is it love forever?"

"I can endure the man I am no longer," he said at last.

The next night he joined the *sortie* of General Bellemare on the village of Le Bourget, an anxious but very happy man. He had answered the question of Hildé's eyes.

In that *sortie* the village was taken in gallant fashion, and an important position was gained; then, concluding it was not worth the powder, the War Office declined sending reënforcements and left the isolated detachment to be slaughtered.

By this time the Mouse had renounced his allegiance to the Undertakers. Several days previous to Harewood's departure, he had appeared at the Chalais home, pursued as usual by the police; and during his brief stay there he had been convinced by his protector that the supposed patriotic club had really been organized by German emissaries to work confusion in the city and hasten the surrender. He swore a great oath of vengeance and disappeared the day after Harewood departed.

Bourke, after narrowly escaping with his life from a denouncement made by Buckhurst, returned one evening to the

Chalais house to find that Speyer had been there, with a party of his Belleville Carbineers, and sacked the place. Hildé was missing, but Yolette had been away at the time, and so had escaped arrest. After searching the whole disreputable quarter, now roaring with the madness of the Commune, Bourke learned that the girl had been held prisoner as a suspect in a church they had seized for ambulance headquarters.

The crowd had tired itself out finally, and, as Bourke stood watching the church in the early morning, it seemed deserted. Presently two men came out of the church, whom he recognized as former companions of the Mouse.

"There is a reward for the girl in there," he told them, and, asking for very little further explanation, these birds of prey enlisted in his service and watched with him. Soon they saw a lantern swinging, and Speyer came along, stepping mincingly over the puddles in the pavement. One of the men picked up a large stone. "I'll fix him," he said reassuringly, and before Bourke could understand, the lantern fell, and his enemy was stretched almost at his feet.

His two assistants then entered the church boldly, and after a short dispute with the sentry they returned with Hildé. Bourke had to use something stronger than persuasion to release her from her new captors; but this was finally accomplished and they returned to the half-distracted Yolette.

Then came the bombardment of the city, and amid the indescribable confusion the Mouse returned to the home of the sisters.

"We were captured at Le Bourget, Monsieur Harewood and I," he said. "He is now in the casemates of the Nanterre Fort, very sick since they cut the bullet out."

That was all. He did not add that he had carried Harewood from under a frenzied fusillade of the Prussian pickets, and he listened without emotion to Hildé's paroxysms of grief. Besides, he had other business just then, and he hastened away to see whether he could pick up an honest penny in some of the shell-torn houses. In one of these he witnessed the death of Buckhurst. The latter had met secretly with one of the influential members of the new government, and had made a proposition to blow up the Nanterre Fort. But the other, being

a fanatical revolutionist and not at all "practical," called Buckhurst a traitor and killed him, to the Mouse's unspeakable satisfaction.

But the Mouse had his own share of vengeance. When Hildé slipped away the next morning, to make her way through the dangerous zone between the city and the Nanterre Fort, the Mouse followed her unseen. While stumbling through the snow, in the dismal shell of a half-burned village, she was stopped by a soldier—it was Captain Stauffer. Then the Mouse came up. He wished to be delicate about it—he politely invited the Captain to confer with him in a corner, but as Stauffer refused, the Mouse accused him outright of having planned to betray the Nanterre Fort to the Germans for a high price. Stauffer drew his revolver, but the Mouse with his ready knife cleared the space between them at a bound.

"Now," said he sneeringly to the rolling form in the snow, "now go and sell the Nanterre Fort."

As they entered the fort the Mouse called, "Volunteer Mouse and attendant!" to the sentry, and, pushing his way ahead through a narrow alley between the ramparts, he threw open a door.

"Monsieur!" he said, in a whining voice.

In the half light a head stirred on a pillow, then came a cry: "Hildé!"

Hildé fell on her knees beside the bed, and laid her tired head in Harewood's arms.

A few days later came the surrender, and Bourke, who had married Yolette even before the bombardment, insisted that they all leave the city at once. So in peaceful, flowering Carhaix they escaped the terrors of the Commune, of which they received a singular souvenir in the shape of a watch and some spoons, all with different initials on them. Whenever the Mouse turned a good trick in business he always remembered his friends.

ADELBERT VON CHAMISSO

(France, 1781–1838)

PETER SCHLEMIHL: THE MAN WITHOUT A SHADOW (1814)

Chamisso's celebrated story of *Peter Schlemihl*, the shadowless man, is one into which it is so easy to read a deeper meaning than appears on the surface of the tale itself, and the temptation to regard it as an allegory is so great, that it has been treated thus for nearly a century. The author's statement that he merely meant to write a whimsical story has had no effect on the critics; and however little *Peter Schlemihl* may have meant to Chamisso, it has meant much to his readers and the commentators.

PETER SCHLEMIHL was young, good-looking, and in good health, with a liking for botany and natural history. But he had one not uncommon affliction—impecuniosity. Having a letter of introduction to a Mr. Thomas John, a wealthy man who might be of assistance to him, Peter presented himself before that gentleman, whom he found in his garden and recognized at once.

"Oh, from my brother," said Mr. John, glancing over the letter. "It is a long time since I heard from him. Is he well?" and continuing his conversation with some guests he said: "Yes, indeed, a man who has not a million is a poor wretch."

"Oh, how true!" said Peter, from a full heart.

Mr. John seemed pleased at this, and said: "Remain here, my friend. Later I may have an opportunity to tell you what I think of this letter." Giving his arm to one of the ladies, Mr. John led the way to a hill covered with blooming roses. The party was in high spirits and spoke of serious matters triflingly and of trifling matters seriously, and exercised their wit at the expense of absent friends. This surprised Peter. He never had been in society before.

A lovely girl, whom they called Fanny, seemed to be the queen of the day. The fair creature insisted on gathering some roses, and in so doing pricked her finger. Court-plaster was called for, and a quiet, elderly man, tall and meager, whom Peter had not noticed before, put his hand in the tight breast-pocket of his old-fashioned gray coat, pulled out a small letter-case, opened it and presented the young lady with the wished-for plaster.

Presently, gazing from the hill overlooking the ocean, someone espied a speck upon the horizon. Mr. John called for a telescope. The elderly man with a bow drew the desired article from his pocket.

Peter was filled with astonishment at the capabilities of the weird man's small pocket; but when, later, the stranger drew from the same receptacle a carpet for the guests to sit on, a tent to shade them from the sun, and finally three beautiful horses, he rubbed his eyes to convince himself that he was really awake.

A most singular thing was that none of the guests appeared to notice the tall, thin man or to realize that all these things came from his pocket.

The charms of the lovely Fanny inclined Peter to stay with Mr. John's party, but the fear he began to feel of the weird possessor of the marvelous pocket finally made him resolve to leave the place and return later for Mr. John's answer to the letter of introduction.

As Peter was returning toward the city gate he turned suddenly to see the weird man following him, and he stopped in the sunshine, gazing at the stranger with a feeling as if he were a bird fascinated by a serpent. "Will you excuse me, sir?" said the man, bowing humbly, "but during the short time I have been in your company I have beheld with admiration your most beautiful shadow. Excuse the boldness of my proposition, but perhaps you would have no objection to selling me your shadow."

"Sell my shadow!" exclaimed Peter, thinking, "the man must be mad."

"Yes," continued the stranger. "I have in my pocket many things which may possess value in your eyes."

"But, sir, part with my shadow! How can I?"

"Oh, leave that to me," replied the man. "Here is the purse of Fortunatus; be pleased to examine it." Peter took the purse, which was a small one of Cordovan leather, took out ten gold pieces, then ten more, and repeated the operation again and again. There was no doubt about it—in exchange for his shadow he might have that which would make him rich beyond all men.

"Done!" cried Peter. "My shadow for the purse."

"Agreed," replied the stranger, and with wonderful dexterity he loosened Peter's shadow from the grass, lifted it, folded it and put it in his pocket. Then he disappeared among some bushes.

Overcome by the weirdness of the whole transaction, Peter Schlemihl fell unconscious. When he came to himself he was still holding tightly to the magic purse, and he hastened to leave a place where he had been so terrified. As he passed in at the gate he heard one of the sentries ask another where the poor gentleman could have left his shadow.

He had to cross a sunlit street just as the children were coming from school. They immediately perceived that Peter had no shadow, and swarmed around him with jeers, and even pelted him, crying: "People are accustomed to take their shadows with them when they walk in the sunlight."

To keep his tormentors away, the shadowless man threw handfuls of gold among them, and finally escaped in a hackney coach.

Peter stopped the coach at the door of the humble inn where he had put up that morning, sent in for his scanty belongings, and then ordered the driver to take him to the best hotel in town. Locking himself in his room, he took from the magic purse coin after coin in a sort of frenzy—gold, gold, and still more gold; it strewed the floor, piled high; he trampled on it, rolled in it, until he sank exhausted on the golden bed.

When Schlemihl awoke day was just beginning to dawn. He felt weak, for he had not tasted food since the preceding morning. He now cast from him in disgust the very gold which such a short time before had so gladdened his foolish heart. He dared not leave it lying there; and with great labor dragged it to a huge chest which he found in a closet.

As soon as he heard the people of the house stirring he rang his bell and sent for the landlord, with whom he held conference regarding his future establishment. The landlord recommended for his personal service one Bendel, a young man whose honest and intelligent countenance at once prepossessed Peter in his favor.

All that day the possessor of the magic purse was occupied in his room with servants in want of a situation and tradesmen. Peter dared not venture out by day; but at night, wrapping himself in his cloak and trembling like a criminal, he stole from the house, and, keeping in the friendly shadow of the buildings at last reached a distant portion of the town and emerged into the moonlight, fully prepared to hear his fate from the lips of the passers-by. The women he passed expressed the deepest sympathy for him—a sympathy not less piercing to his soul than the scoffs of the young and the proud contempt of the men, especially of the more corpulent ones, who threw an ample shadow before them. Finally Peter again sought the friendly shade of the houses, and at a late hour reached home, worn out and oppressed with profound melancholy. He had acquired the wealth for which he had so longed, but at what a sacrifice!

He determined to try to find the mysterious man, in the hope that the stranger would have become as sick of his bargain as Peter was of his part of it, and so despatched Bendel to the house of Mr. Thomas John, telling him briefly the story of what had taken place there.

The faithful fellow sympathized deeply with his afflicted master, and promised not only to keep his secret but to guard it so far as possible from the discovery of others. On returning from Mr. John's, Bendel reported that the tent, the telescope, the Turkey carpet and the horses were still there, but nobody would admit knowing anything of such a person as Peter described the man in gray to be, and that all the articles mentioned and the horses were supposed to have been procured by Thomas John in quite a natural way, and had by him been presented to his guests.

"But as I came in through the city gate," said Bendel, "I was stopped by a man who inquired after you and asked me to tell you that he was about to cross the sea. In a year and a

day, however, he said he would again have the pleasure of waiting upon you and would then have a proposition to make which he doubted not would be of a most agreeable nature. I inquired his name, but he refused to give it, saying that you would remember him."

"What sort of person was he?" cried Peter. Bendel described the man, and his master, throwing himself down in despair, said: "It was he—the very man you sought!"

Scales seemed to fall from Bendel's eyes, and he exclaimed remorsefully: "Fool that I am! Yes, it must have been. Alas! I have betrayed my master."

Peter consoled the faithful fellow; then he despatched him with a valuable ring to the most celebrated artist in the town with a request for his attendance. The artist came. Sending away his attendant, Schlemihl, after enjoining the strictest secrecy, put the case of a man who was so unfortunate as to lose his shadow, and inquired whether he could paint him another.

"By what awkward negligence can a man have lost his shadow?" asked the artist. Peter replied with an unblushing falsehood, saying that he was traveling in Russia one winter and on a bitterly cold day his shadow became frozen to the ground so firmly that it was found impossible to remove it.

"Humph!" said the artist, "I fear I cannot supply the loss. A person without a shadow would better keep out of the sun; that is the only rational thing to do," and he went away.

Schlemihl now purchased a house of his own and set out to live as a wealthy man should. It was incredible with what providential foresight Bendel contrived to conceal his master's deficiency. Everywhere he was before him and with him, providing against every contingency, and in case of unlooked-for danger flying to shield Peter with his own shadow—for he was taller and stouter than his master. Thus Schlemihl once more ventured among mankind and began to take part in worldly affairs, though he was compelled to affect certain peculiarities and whims; but in a rich man these seemed only appropriate, and so long as the truth was kept concealed Peter enjoyed all the honor and respect that gold could procure.

Peter seldom stirred abroad except in a carriage until after nightfall. The lovely Fanny he now met in several places, but,

though she bestowed some notice upon him, she did not seem to recollect having met him on the fatal day on which he sold his shadow. Wit and understanding seemed to be Schlemihl's in abundance now, and when he spoke he was listened to attentively.

He was at a loss to know how he had so suddenly acquired the art of commanding and giving the tone to the conversation, being ignorant of the fact that when a rich man speaks people attend, no matter what he says. His vanity was excited, and he paid industrious court to Fanny, the excitement of making a conquest appealing to his head but not affecting his heart.

One evening he had assembled a large company in his garden. He was walking with Fanny at a distance from the other guests, while he poured into her ears the usual phrases. So intent was he on his love-making that he stepped incautiously out from among the trees. Just at that moment the moon broke through a cloud, and Fanny perceived that there was only one shadow before her.

She started back in horror, and, turning a look of terrible inquiry at Peter, sank fainting to the ground.

That night, taking with him only one servant, a clever, cunning knave called Rascal, who had rendered himself very serviceable by his adroitness, the unfortunate man traveled by relays of post-horses ninety miles, leaving Bendel to pay his bills and settle his affairs in a town he never would dare to enter again. The faithful Bendel joined him next day, and the journey was continued until a long distance lay between Peter Schlemihl and the town where he had lost his shadow.

Peter's lavish manner of spending money and the seclusion in which he kept himself caused much speculation concerning his identity among the people, and it was not surprising that when he arrived at a small watering-place in a remote region he was greeted as a royalty traveling incognito and met at the entrance of the town by the officials and a band of young women, who strewed flowers before his carriage, while one lovely girl knelt before him and presented a floral crown.

Peter longed to throw himself at the feet of the fair creature, but fearful of betraying his imperfection, only shrank in the recesses of his carriage, while Bendel replied in behalf of his

master. On sending Rascal out to make inquiries, Peter learned that the good King of Prussia was supposed to be traveling somewhere in that region under the name of some count, and it had been taken for granted that Schlemihl was the King.

Even when, later, the people learned that the rumor about the King was without foundation, they persisted in thinking Peter was some great man incognito, and as Count Peter paid him great deference. The beautiful girl who had so excited his admiration on his arrival proved to be Minna, daughter of the ranger of the forest. With the ranger and his estimable wife Peter cultivated a close intimacy, by which they were immensely flattered, and as he stayed on and on at the place it became evident not only that he was in love with Minna but that he was beloved by her in return.

By increasing his precautions, and because of the increased watchfulness of Bendel, Peter's terrible secret remained undiscovered, as he thought, by all. But Bendel warned him that Rascal had been acting of late in a suspicious manner, and was, moreover, making himself rich at the expense of his master.

With the greatest impatience Peter now awaited the coming of the date when the mysterious gray man had promised to appear again. He would regain his shadow at any cost, and, sure of Minna's love, would marry her and live happily with her ever after.

Many times he was on the point of confessing to her his horrible, shadowless condition, but the hope of the return of the gray man made him pause—such a confession might not, after all, be necessary. When he had his shadow back he might tell her, he thought, and they would laugh together over his adventure.

As the time for the return of the gray man came nearer, Peter made his proposal in form to Minna's parents, who received it with humility and joy. He also gave the ranger a large sum of money with which to purchase a castle and estate in Minna's name, and as he sat one night with the fair young creature in an arbor he told her of his wish to make her his wife.

"But, Minna," he said, "the last day of next month will decide my fate. If it is not changed for the better I will release

you from your promise. I would die sooner than render you miserable."

She laid her head upon his shoulder as she replied: "Should your fate be changed, I only wish to know that you are happy. If your condition is unhappy, I will share it with you."

"Minna, Minna!" he exclaimed, "recall those rash words. Did you but know the misery and the curse! Oh, there is a secret in my breast which you cannot penetrate."

Minna renewed her vows and entreaties. Just then the moon began to appear above the horizon, and Schlemihl dared not linger. Next evening he went again to the garden. He had wrapped himself closely in his cloak, slouched his hat over his eyes, and advanced toward Minna.

As she raised her head and looked at him she started involuntarily. That dreadful night when he had been seen by Fanny without his shadow came back to him, and in the startled Minna he seemed to see Fanny again.

The girl was silent and thoughtful, and Peter felt a load at his heart. Minna laid her head on his shoulder and burst into tears. He arose and went away.

From that time he found Minna in tears frequently, and surmised that she at least guessed his secret. But the dear girl was still true to him, and with him awaited the fast approaching day when his fate was to be decided.

The day came and passed. Though Peter waited from midnight to midnight, every passing minute going through his heart like a dagger, the twelfth hour struck and the gray man had not appeared. He sank weeping upon his bed, and not before dawn did sleep close his eyes.

Early the next morning Rascal forced his way into his master's presence and said abruptly: "Count Peter, would you be so good as to favor me with a view of your shadow?"

Peter was like one struck by a thunder-bolt, but exclaimed: "How dare you speak in this manner?"

"Oh, as to that," replied Rascal, "I must refuse to longer serve a shadowless man." And he left the room.

Peter determined at all hazards to seek the hand of Minna. At the forester's house he found the family assembled in the arbor, which had come to be known as Count Peter's arbor.

Minna was weeping, while her father paced up and down in agitation, occasionally glancing over a written paper that he held in his hand.

"Count Peter," said he, "do you happen to know one Peter Schlemihl?"

"What if I were the man myself?" asked Schlemihl.

"You?" cried the forester. "Why, he has no shadow!"

"Oh," exclaimed Minna, "I have long known it. He has no shadow!"

"Well," said Peter desperately, "what is lost to-day may be found to-morrow."

"Be pleased to explain," said the forester sternly, "how you lost your shadow."

"A boor of a fellow," said Peter, "one day trod so rudely upon it that he tore a great hole in it. I sent it to be repaired—for money can work wonders—and yesterday I expected it home again."

"Very well," returned the forester. "I will give you three days to find your shadow. If at the end of that time you are not here with a well-fitting shadow my daughter Minna becomes the bride of another. On the fourth day, remember, she marries—and marries a man with a shadow."

Overcome by the horror of his situation, Peter, after vainly attempting to address Minna, fled from the arbor and plunged into the wood. Here he suddenly felt his sleeve pulled, and looking around found himself face to face with the gray man.

"I had," said the weird stranger, "appointed this day for our meeting, but in your anxiety you made a mistake in your calculations and thought me due yesterday. But now all will be right. All you have to do is to sign this document. No, keep the purse, it could not be in better hands."

On a parchment which the stranger held out was written: "By virtue of these presents I hereby bequeath my soul to the holder after its natural separation from the body." The man dipped the pen in a drop of blood which appeared on Peter's hand where he had scratched it with a thorn, and offered it to him.

Trembling, Peter refused to sign. Threats and entreaties were useless. Even when the stranger called to his mind the

fact that his signature meant marrying Minna, who would otherwise soon be the bride of another, his resolution was firm. He would not sign.

At last the man drew Peter's shadow from his pocket, and, casting it on the ground, called upon him to see what a fine shadow it was and how well it would look joined to its former owner; but the wretched man persisted in refusing to touch the pen. Bendel, who had been seeking his master, now made his appearance and set upon the stranger with the idea of taking the shadow from him by force; but the gray man, putting the desired article back in his pocket, made off swiftly, with Bendel in hopeless pursuit.

For three days Peter wandered through the woods, avoiding the sight of human beings. On the morning of the fourth day, as he was passing across a sunny plain, he saw to his surprise a shadow dancing along before him. No human being was visible, but there was the shadow apparently unattached.

The idea at once seized him that it was a shadow that had lost its master, and that if he could but catch it he might make it his. On and on fled the shadow, and hot in pursuit fled Peter. He had just come up with it and placed his foot on it when he felt himself felled to the earth by a blow and at the same time grasped a small, roundish object, which he saw was a bird's-nest, in his hand.

As he picked himself up he saw the gray man. It was the gray man's shadow, and that mysterious person had been carrying the magic bird's-nest, which makes its possessor invisible.

"Now," said the man, "as you see you cannot have my shadow, perhaps you will give me back my bird's-nest."

But Peter knew that he was invisible, even to the stranger. He fled toward the home of the forester, where he entered his arbor and heard Minna's father telling her mother that his daughter must be married that very day to Rascal.

"He is a man of immense wealth," said the forester.

"He must be a great thief, then," said the mother. "He, a liveried servant, to become possessed of so much money."

"How foolishly you talk," rejoined the forester. "He has simply been saving. And at all events he has an irreproachable

shadow, which is more than can be said for Count Peter, for whom Minna persists in weeping."

Just then Peter heard a voice at his side, and turned to see the gray man, who whispered: "Can you endure this? Have you no blood in your veins? Yes, positively, you have some blood," and he pricked Peter's finger, and, dipping a pen in the blood, once more offered him the fatal parchment to sign.

Peter fled again into the forest, dropping the bird's-nest in flight. Although the stranger pursued him with many ingenious manners of persuasion, he still refused to sign the bond that forfeited his soul.

When his tormentor, with imprecations and curses, had finally left him, he returned under cover of night to his mansion in the town. He found the windows had been broken by a mob led by Rascal, who had that day married Minna; but the faithful Bendel was still presiding over the wreck of the house. Bendel informed him that the authorities had banished Count Peter as a suspicious person, and had given him twenty-four hours in which to cross the border.

"There must still be some chests of gold in the house," said Peter. "They are yours, Bendel. I shall go forth alone, an accursed wanderer. We probably shall never meet again, but your faithfulness has been to me the one consolation in my wretched life."

Peter fled on horseback, without definite aim as to destination, being only anxious to place far behind him the scene of his unfortunate love. In the course of the night he was joined by a traveler on foot. When day broke he saw with dismay that it was none other than the gray man.

"The devil is not so black as he is painted," said the weird stranger. "Yesterday you provoked me, but to-day it is all forgotten. Come, take your shadow and make a trial of it. I will lend it to you."

The day was advancing and they were beginning to meet travelers, so Peter accepted the gray man's offer and saw with a strange feeling the shadow, once his own, glide to the ground and take its place alongside that of his horse. Once he put spurs to his steed to escape with the shadow, but it left him at once and stole back to the man who had purchased it.

Again and again the stranger invited Peter to sign away his soul and get back his shadow; but, having sacrificed Minna and thereby blighted his whole life, he would not now for a world of shadows sign away his soul to this being. The stranger continued to journey with him for several days. At last, as they halted one noon for a rest beneath the shade, he said: "Well, well, we must part. That is clear. You hate me, but I bear you no malice on that account. I go, but you can recall me whenever you wish by merely shaking your purse. As to your shadow, you know on what terms you can redeem it."

Recollections of former days came over Schlemihl, and he asked whether the stranger had obtained the signature of Mr. Thomas John.

"It was by no means necessary," said the man—and he drew from his pocket the altered and pallid form of Thomas John by the hair of its head. The livid lips of what was once the prosperous merchant moved and uttered in hollow tones the awful words: "I am judged and condemned by the just judgment of God."

Horror-stricken, Peter threw his jingling purse far into the abyss below and cried out: "Wretch, begone!"

With a dark expression the gray man vanished behind the huge rocks.

Peter was now without either gold or shadow; but a heavy weight had been taken from him. He had left his horse at a neighboring inn, but, throwing himself down in exhaustion, he found when he awoke from a vision-haunted sleep that he had slumbered through a whole night and the sun was shining brightly. He took that as a warning not to return to the hostelry, and so continued his journey on foot. His shoes, not made for such rough usage, soon gave out; and, finding that some pieces of gold still remained in his pocket, he ventured into a town and purchased a second-hand pair of boots.

Leaving the town by the north gate, Peter was surprised after a few steps at finding himself amid huge rocks covered with moss, between which were fields of snow and ice. The air was intensely cold. As he looked around and took a few steps more there was the stillness of death itself and the sun was a red blotch on the horizon.

Changing the direction of his walk, he found himself in a few minutes amid groves of mulberry-trees and fertile rice-fields; and, drawing back a step from some Chinese laborers whom he saw approaching, he found the scene again changed.

He had now no doubt—he had the seven-leagued boots on his feet!

With a joy such as he never had expected to experience again, Peter now began a tour of the world, seeking the most distant lands and devoting his mind to the study of the flora and fauna of the countries he visited.

From the equator to the pole, from the New World to the Old, he was engaged constantly in repeating and comparing his experiments.

He settled in a lonely cave near Thebes as his headquarters, and there he deposited the collection of specimens, to which he constantly added.

When Peter wished to walk as an ordinary man he wore slippers over his boots, and the boots thus covered had no magic power. One day he was attacked by a bear. Attempting to step across to an island, he fell into the water, one of his slippers having been inadvertently left on.

He scrambled out again, but took a severe cold from his icy bath. A fever ensued, which he sought vainly to dispel by rapidly wandering over the earth. At last he lost consciousness; when he came to himself he found that he was lying in a comfortable bed in a hospital. What was his surprise to see inscribed in letters of gold on a black marble tablet on the wall his own name—Peter Schlemihl!

His nurse told him that he had been found lying ill by the wayside and brought to this place, which was called the Schlemihlium, and where daily the inmates were exhorted to pray for the soul of Peter Schlemihl, the founder and benefactor of the institution.

A benevolent-looking man came to his bedside, accompanied by a beautiful lady in black. The man was Bendel and the woman was Minna. They did not recognize him and by skilfully worded inquiries he found that he was in Bendel's native town, where the faithful fellow had erected this hospital with the money his master had left him.

Minna was a widow, an unhappy lawsuit having deprived Rascal of his life and Minna of most of her property. Her parents were dead, and in widowed piety she devoted herself to works of mercy, and to prayers for Peter Schlemihl.

As soon as Peter was strong enough he arose one night unobserved, and, finding all his belongings in a little chest by his bedside, put on his boots. He left a note for Bendel and Minna, which read:

"Matters are better with your friend than formerly. He has repented, and his repentance has led to forgiveness." Then he departed for his cave near Thebes, there to reduce to writing the results of his investigations, that future generations might profit by them as well as by the record of his own story, which he also set down.

ELIZABETH RUNDLE CHARLES

(England, 1828–1896)

THE SCHÖNBERG–COTTA FAMILY (1862)

This story is the best known and most widely popular of the author's works. It was written after she had made her name familiar as the author of books illustrating epochs and movements in religious history, in response to an invitation from Mr. Andrew Cameron, publisher of the Scottish magazine *The Family Treasury*, to furnish a story about Luther for his periodical, for which he gave her £450. The book has passed through numerous editions, and has been translated into most European languages, and also into Arabic and some of the dialects of India. The copyright was sold for £150, to which the publisher added another £100. The author never sold another copyright, but lived comfortably after the death of her husband, in 1868, on the royalties of her other books, numbering about fifty in all. The story is intended to illustrate the development of the Reformation idea, and is written in the form of passages extracted from the diaries of various members of the Schönberg-Cotta family.

Else's Story

EISENACH, 1503.

UR Cotta family are of the burgher class, but are linked with the nobles through our grandmother, who was of the Bohemian family of the Von Schönbergs, and whose husband suffered during the persecutions of the Hussites. She has lived with our family ever since our mother was married. Our father is a printer and a great inventor, expecting always to make some important discovery. Friedrich, the eldest of the children, is seventeen years old, and has just gone to the University at Erfurt. I am sixteen. The other children are the twin girls, Chriemhild and Atlantis, the twin boys, Pollux and Christopher, Fritz, and Thekla, the baby. Our cousin (called "aunt") Ursula Cotta, richer than we, is very kind to the children and also to Martin Luther, the miner's son, a youth about the same age with Fritz, religious and merry withal, whom she has

taken to live at her house, and who is dear to us all. Aunt Agnes, our mother's sister, is a nun in the convent at Nimptschen. She startled me once when I went to see her by asking me if I would not like to be a sister and come and live with them; and reflections and questions were suggested that have troubled me.

Friedrich's Story

ERFURT, 1503.

On my way hither I was lost at night in the Thuringian forest, and was beset by gloomy thoughts and grave doubts and speculations about spiritual things. Martin Luther is here studying jurisprudence, Roman literature, and the philosophy of Aristotle. He is already distinguished among the students; is fond of what is true and solid, as well as of music and poetry; he excels also in debate and attends faithfully to the duties of religion.

Else's Story

EISENACH, 1504.

Father has brought into the family little Eva von Schönberg, a cousin from Bohemia, not quite ten years old, very devout, and joyous and happy, too. Her father, when in prison for heresy, taught her a sentence that always comforted her, but of which she could remember only the first part: "God so loved the world that he gave his only Son." It was in a book she found after her father died, but which the priest had taken away from her, saying it was not a good book for little girls.

Friedrich's Story

ERFURT, 1505.

I have a work to do for my family, and my life must be given to supporting them by the first means I can find. Martin Luther has taken his degree of Master of Arts, and is lecturing on Aristotle's *Physic* and *Logic*. He has great power of making dense things clear and old things fresh, and the University is very proud of him. He seemed much concerned during July, and about the middle of the month gave a dinner to his friends in the University, when he was one of the most joyous of the

joyous company. At the end he bade us all farewell, and the next day he entered the Augustinian monastery as a novice, in fulfilment of a vow, as we have learned, that he made while he was exposed to a terrific thunder-storm about two weeks before.

Else's Story

EISENACH, 1510.

The plague has broken out at Erfurt. Fritz had it here while he was home for his Christmas vacation. After he recovered, Cousin Eva took it, and he was greatly distressed at the thought that he had given it to her. He was admitted to see her when it was thought she could not live, but after that she began to recover rapidly. When Fritz went away, without seeing her again, it was to enter the Augustinian monastery.

Friedrich's Story

AUGUSTINIAN MONASTERY, ERFURT.

I have sacrificed everything to my vocation, and the struggle is not yet over. While I have forsaken father and mother for this, the words "Honor thy father and mother," echo from the choir and seem written on the walls of my cell.

APRIL 9th.

Martin Luther's confessor, who has been given me for mine, has comforted me by his talk of the compassion of God and the forgiveness of sins. He told me that Martin Luther was likewise troubled with doubts and perplexities. He has given me the Bible to read, and I have found in it the end of Cousin Eva's sentence, which reads, "*God so loved the world that he gave his only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in him should not perish, but have everlasting life.*" "Believeth," that is, *trusteth*; simply to confide in Him and receive His promise that I shall not perish.

Else's Story

1510.

Fritz was helping us all so much. He would have been the stay of our parents' old age. He was the example and admiration of the boys and the pride and delight of us all. Our

mother, however, seems willing to give him to Him who gave him to her. But Christopher asked me the other day the reason why a man who suddenly deserts his family to become a soldier is called a villain, while the one that deserts them to become a monk is called a saint?

Friedrich's Story

ROME, 1511.

I was commissioned to come here with Brother Martin Luther to attend to some business of the Augustinian Order. On our way we talked of our religious doubts and perplexities, and Brother Martin told me of the comfort he had received from a new conception of the righteousness of God as working to the justification of the sinner instead of sternly to his condemnation, and of the peace the words "I believe in the forgiveness of sins" had brought him. We approached Rome, regarding it as a city hallowed by innumerable religious associations and by being the home of the living Head of the Church. But we found there a levity among the people in worship and in speaking of sacred things, and a pomp among the higher ecclesiastics, that did not comport with our ideals, and wickedness and insincerity everywhere. We went through every detail of the prescribed round of devotions till Brother Martin came to creeping up the Holy Stairs, when the words came to him as in a whisper, "The just shall live by faith." He rose, turned round, and walked slowly down the steps. We studied Hebrew with the Rabbi Elias Levita, and Greek with the Byzantine Professor Argysopylos, and learned of the ancient Church of Israel and of the great Christian Church of the East.

Else's Story

WITTENBERG, 1510.

We have moved here, where Brother Martin Luther has been appointed to the Elector's new university, and our father has been made superintendent of the printing-press. On our way we were met by an armed band in the Thuringian forest, whose leader, the Knight Ulrich von Gersdorf, said something to Cousin

Eva that disquieted her. A few days afterward she went to the convent at Nimptschen.

Eva's Story

CISTERCIAN CONVENT, NIMPTSCHEN, 1511.

The convent is not heaven. But I came here believing God would give me some work to do, and have found a vocation in consoling those who are troubled with sorrow or doubts, in nursing the sick, and in teaching the younger novices.

Else's Story

WITTENBERG, October 10, 1512.

I was struck, when Martin Luther was created a Doctor of Divinity to-day at the University, with the solemnity, clearness, and emphasis with which he repeated the words of the oath: "*I swear vigorously to defend Evangelical Truth.*"

SEPTEMBER, 1513.

In a discussion with some of the doctors and professors at Erfurt, Dr. Luther demanded that nothing shall be received as the standard of theological truth except the Holy Scriptures.

Eva's Story

NIMPTSCHEN, 1517.

Cousin Else has been married more than two years to the merchant Gottfried Reichenbach, who sympathizes with the views of Dr. Martin Luther. Chriemhild is betrothed to the Knight Ulrich von Gersdorf. Catherine von Bora, a girl of sixteen, who has recently entered the convent, interests me deeply. There is much strength in her character and much warmth in her heart.

Else's Story

WITTENBERG, 1517.

Dr. Tetzel has established two stations for the sale of indulgences near Wittenberg. Dr. Luther, preaching in the Castle

Church, denounced the whole business, and also the doctrine of penalty and satisfaction for sins, saying that God gives and forgives freely out of His own unutterable grace, and lays on the forgiven no other condition than true repentance and sincere conversion of the heart, with a corresponding life. The theses which Dr. Luther posted on the door of the City Church on All Saints' Day have created a wonderful stir, and Christopher, using both the Latin and German presses, cannot print them fast enough to supply the demand for them from every part of Germany.

Friedrich's Story

AUGUSTINIAN CONVENT, MAINZ, November, 1517.

I have just returned from a mission throughout Germany, and have found that the honest voice of Dr. Luther protesting against the indulgences is ringing all over the land. His theses were the great topic of debate at Tübingen, where I attended the lectures of the young Dr. Philip Melanchthon. This scholar has since gone to Wittenberg, where his first Latin harangue won the admiration of all.

Else's Story

WITTENBERG, 1520.

We were anxious about Dr. Luther's safety when he was summoned before the legate at Augsburg, and again when he went to the disquisition with Dr. Eck at Leipzig. But how different his attitude on those occasions! At Augsburg he would have given up everything except the free justification of the sinner who believes in Christ. At Leipzig he expressed disbelief that the Pope had any authority to determine doctrine, and defended the Hussites. Now he is to be excommunicated. In his appeal to the Emperor and to the German nobility on the Reformation of Christendom, he maintains that there is no distinction between the spiritual and the secular states, but that all Christians constitute the secular state, and that the only difference is one of functions.

Thekla's Story

WITTENBERG, April, 1521.

Dr. Luther has gone to Worms, where he has been summoned to appear before the Imperial Diet. In leaving he exorted Dr. Melanchthon, in case he should not return, to cease not to teach and to abide stedfastly in the truth. In many places, it is said, his progress was like that of a prince through his dominions. The peasants and poor men and women flocked around him and entreated him not to trust his precious life among his enemies, but nothing moved him from his purpose.

Friedrich's Story

EBERNBERG, April, 1521.

I have been in prison, and there I received full emancipation from the obligation of the monastic life. I spoke to my brethren in the convent at Mainz of the doctrines that have given me great joy, and a little band of believers was gathered around me. After the excommunication of Dr. Luther was published I was accused of spreading heresy among the brethren, and was taken to the prison. I received but two visits during the three months I was in the cell, both from a friendly monk, who assisted me to escape. I made my way to the castle of the noble knight Franz von Sickingen, where all the people were in a ferment about the summoning of Dr. Luther to Worms. I accompanied a deputation with Dr. Bueer that was sent to entreat Luther not to venture into Worms; and the Elector's chaplain, Spalatin, also petitioned him to avoid the danger. But he refused to retreat, saying that if there were as many devils in Worms as there were tiles on the roofs, he would go where he was summoned. Before the Diet, he acknowledged his work, but took time to consider the demand that he should retreat. After a night of struggle and prayer, he made his plea in words that are ringing throughout Germany, saying, as he closed: "Here I stand; I cannot do otherwise."

JUNE.

Dr. Luther has disappeared; we do not know where he has been taken or even whether he is still on earth.

Fritz's Story

THE PRISON OF A DOMINICAN CONVENT, FRANCONIA, August, 1521.

I was commissioned to sell Dr. Luther's books throughout Germany and in other countries. In Germany the books secured me more of a welcome than of opposition. Even those who protested against them sometimes assisted in their distribution. The country was disturbed with the growing discontent of the peasants and the feuds of the nobles; but Dr. Luther's name was held in love and even reverence among the peasantry in remote districts. I went to Paris, where I learned of Spaniards, even in the Emperor's court, who wished Luther well; to Basel, and met Erasmus, who would not commit himself as for or against Luther, but said that it was not always easy for men who see things on many sides to embrace one; and to Zurich, where I found a wonderful, invigorating influence about Ulrich Zwingli. Passing on my way northward toward Wittenberg, I met a young monk, walking in the meadows of this abbey, who seemed so interested in my books that I followed him into the convent. The monks seized my package, put me in the prison, and burned my books.

Thekla's Story

TANNENBERG, 1522.

Ulrich and I, riding through the forest one day in June, met Martin Luther wearing a knight's dress and watching a hunting-party, from which he was standing aside. I embraced the opportunity to appeal to him to translate the Gospels into German for the peasants. He replied that it was being done. Ulrich met him again in October, walking in the forest near the Wartburg. He spoke sadly of the disorders in the Church, and said that if Melanchthon lived it mattered little what became of himself. He also gave Ulrich some fragments of the Gospels for me to read to the peasants.

Eva's Story

NIMPTSCHEN, 1522.

The convent has been deeply stirred by some of Dr. Luther's writings and several sheets of his New Testament, which have

been received here. Nine of the younger sisters determined to give up the cloistral life, if possible, and wrote to their friends asking to be received back into their families, but all their requests were refused. We "Lutheran sisters" were put under strict discipline, and it was therefore decided among us that I should escape, lay the case of the nine before the Lutheran doctors at Wittenberg, and endeavor to provide for their rescue.

Else's Story

WITTENBERG, October, 1521.

Almost all the monks in the Augustinian convent have refused to celebrate or venerate mass, or to adore the Host. Dr. Melanchthon remonstrated at first, but was convinced, and has appealed to the Elector of Saxony to abolish these ceremonies.

DECEMBER 21st.

The chapter of the Augustinian Order in Thuringia and Misnia, having considered the question of the irrevocable nature of monastic vows, has decided that in Christ there is neither layman nor monk; but that each man is free to follow his own conscience.

FEBRUARY, 1522.

Eva has come back to us again, and is anxious to procure the release from Nimptschen of the nine young nuns who have embraced the Lutheran doctrines.

MAY.

Dr. Luther is again dwelling quietly in the Augustinian convent, whence he went a year ago to Worms. Every week the doctors meet there, to examine the work done on the translation of the Scriptures and to consult about different passages.

Thekla's Story

OCTOBER, 1522.

We are occupied with Dr. Luther's translation of the New Testament, which appeared on the twenty-first of September. It is a great boon to Chriemhild for reading to the peasants, who understand it readily. Ulrich reads it every evening to the

servants, with excellent effects in binding the household together; and it is read daily in many families in Wittenberg.

DECEMBER.

We were greatly surprised last evening when the door was opened and a tall, pale man stood on the threshold. Cousin Eva was the first to recognize him; she exclaimed in a low, startled voice, "Fritz!" and fainted. We had waited long and anxiously for news from him since his imprisonment in the Franconian convent and his examination there, but had only been told of a man's voice having been heard from the windows of the prison tower, singing hymns.

Friedrich's Story

DECEMBER 31, 1522.

Eva and I are betrothed, and are to be married in a few days. We are to live in the parsonage belonging to Ulrich von Gersdorf's castle in the Thuringian forest, where we shall assist Chriemhild in the work among the peasantry. Have these years in the monastery been lost to me? For Eva I am sure it is not so. Through her, the convent has become a home, or the way to the eternal home to many. For me also the years have brought more than they have taken away. I have been trained by the conflicts I have suffered for the work I shall now have to do.

Eva's Story

WITTENBERG, January, 1523.

How little idea I had of how the thought of Fritz was interwoven with all my life! He says he knew only too well that the thought of me was bound up with all his hopes and affections. He does not like to speak much of what he suffered in that Dominican convent. He was on the point of escaping the very night they took him for examination into the torture-chamber. After they took him back to prison, they apparently intended to leave him there to die. But the young monk through whom he had come to the convent took care of him, and when Fritz had become strong enough they escaped together through

an opening he had made in the wall of his cell before the examination.

Else's Story

WITTENBERG, December, 1525.

The nine nuns of Nimptschen have escaped, and have been brought safely to Wittenberg. Through Dr. Luther they are to be received into various homes. Catherine von Bora, our guest, possesses an air of majesty which makes me offer her more deference than sympathy.

DECEMBER, 1525.

The revolt of the peasants, which broke out about a year ago and has raged violently, has been crushed. It is well, perhaps, that the Elector Friedrich, who died just before the victory, did not live to see the terrible vengeance that has been inflicted. Not long after his death, Dr. Luther and Catherine von Bora were married quietly at our house, and during the past six months the union and communion of husband and wife have hallowed the old convent into a home. Besides being grateful for the releasing of the fountain of God's Word from the icy fetters of a dead language, we have to thank the Almighty that Dr. Luther has vindicated the sanctity of marriage and the home life it constitutes. We all love and honor Catherine von Bora. Some persons, indeed, think she is too economical, but what would become of Dr. Luther and his family if she were as reckless in giving as he? We all recognize the tender care with which she watches over his health. His strength never has quite recovered since the years of conflict and penance he went through in the monastery at Erfurt, and it is often strained to the utmost now. Peaceful and quiet as he seems in his family and with his friends, loving and rejoicing in the society of his children, he feels severely the pressure of all Germany leaning upon his faithful heart.

Friedrich's Story

EISLEBEN, February 18, 1546.

The worst, the very worst, has come to pass. The faithful one is silenced to us on earth forever. Dr. Luther was called

here a few weeks ago to arbitrate in a family dispute of the Counts of Mansfield. He preached for us four times after he came. The last time, four days ago, he closed his sermon saying that much more might be said on the passage, "but I am too weak"—a similar expression to that which he had a short time before uttered when he finished his commentary on Genesis, on which he had been working for ten years. He continued, however, to attend the arbitration conferences till yesterday, the last day, and until the reconciliation that he was intent on bringing about was effected. Yesterday afternoon he complained of a pressure on his chest, but still sat in the meeting. He was taken with a chill during the night, and died at four o'clock this morning.

Else's Story

WITTENBERG, March, 1546.

It is all over! Dr. Luther's body has been brought from Eisleben and laid in the City Church, where he used to preach, with a eulogy by Dr. Melanchthon. "His effigy," said Melanchthon, "will be placed in the City Church, but his living portrait is enshrined in countless hearts. His monuments are the schools throughout the land, every hallowed pastor's home, and, above all, the German Bible for the German people."

Not long after Dr. Luther's death, our gentle mother passed away, and our father has followed her.

FRANÇOIS RENÉ DE CHATEAUBRIAND

(France, 1768–1848)

ATALA (1801)

This was the first romance of Chateaubriand to be published, and its immense success at once established him as an important figure in French letters. Originally this slight romance and the analogous one of *René* were included in the lengthy manuscript of *The Natchez*, and also figured as notable factors of the success of his great work, *The Genius of Christianity*, published April 14, 1802, in which they were retained until its seventh edition. Some of the proof-sheets of *Atala* having been lost, or stolen, Chateaubriand had it published by itself in 1801. *Atala* consists of a Prologue, the Narration of Chactas, and an Epilogue, in which Chateaubriand, speaking in the first person, adds to the account he had heard from the Indians a sequel, in the form of his personal experience.

ENÉ, a young Frenchman, driven by passion and misfortune to the New World, ascended the Mississippi as far as the settlement of the Natchez Indians, with whom the first Frenchmen to establish themselves in Louisiana, after the discovery of that mighty river by La Salle and Père Marquette, had made an alliance. He besought them to adopt him as one of themselves, and this was done through the influence of Chactas, a venerable chief who was blind. By his age, wisdom, and knowledge of life, Chactas was the patriarch and idol of the deserts. He had purchased virtue by misfortune. This Indian of the New World had been unjustly confined in the galleys at Marseilles; had been presented to Louis XIV; had assisted at the tragedies of Racine and the funeral orations of Bossuet, and had been the guest of Fénelon. But these charms of the higher civilization could not wean the Indian from his native wilds, and to them he returned. He adopted René into the Natchez and bestowed upon him as bride an Indian maiden, Celenta.

Soon after this, the Natchez went on a beaver hunt which carried them as far as the Ohio river. One brilliant moonlight night, when most of the band were asleep in their canoes upon the tranquil stream, René besought his venerable patron to tell him his long and extraordinary life-history.

"A singular destiny brings us together, my son," replied Chactas; "you, the civilized man who has become a savage, and I, a savage whom the Great Spirit desired to civilize."

He then recounted to René his singular and pathetic history. When a boy of seventeen, his father was slain in a war with the Muscogulges, and Chactas accompanied the Spaniards to St. Augustine. There an old Castilian named Lopez practically adopted the boy. But the longings of his Indian nature were too strong. "Oh, my father," he at last said to Lopez, "I die if I do not return to the life of my fathers." The kind Castilian thereupon dismissed him with his blessing.

In the wanderings incident to his return to his tribe he was taken prisoner by hostile Indians, and condemned to be burned at the stake. He aroused an interest in the squaws, and one night a beautiful Indian maiden, with a gold cross hanging from her neck, came to him. She asked Chactas if he were a Christian, and when he said he was not, she said that she was one, through her mother.

At this stage of the story, the aged chief paused and wept before he went on to tell how his heart was won by this beautiful daughter of Simaghan. Her name was Atala. When they reached Alachua, their village, Atala again eluded the Indian who was guarding him at night, and urged him to make his escape. He asked her if she would accompany him, and when she said she could not, because he was an idolater, Chactas insisted on her binding him again and upon remaining a prisoner.

The next night they were at the main place of the Seminoles and Atala once more released him, and they wandered through the woods. They heard a young brave serenading his love and a young mother mourning over her dead infant. They were both deeply affected by these scenes. But Atala could not bring herself to fly with an idolater, and they were retaken by Atala's father. This chief tried to persuade the rest to make

a slave of Chactas, but they were unwilling, and took their captive to the "Bloody Grove" to slay him. He defied his captors; and fortunately a delay was occasioned by the "Feast of the Dead." That night the loving Atala loosened his bonds again and, rather than see him die, fled with him. The next morning found them alone in the solitude, their fates united. They breasted their way through the jungle, and, side by side, swam the streams together. Atala made new garments to replace their worn and torn ones. They continued their journey in this loving companionship and with mutual assistance for a fortnight, when they reached a branch of the Tennessee. Although Atala adored the young chief and had been his savior, she ever refused to become his mistress. They built a canoe and drifted down the river. Atala was pining away with the ardor of her maiden passion, but remained stedfast in her attitude.

They encountered a fearful storm. The fury of the elements, the roar of the thunder, and savage glare of the lightning, only made them cleave to each other the more. Then Atala confided to Chactas a strange story. When her mother was to wed Simaghan she confessed to him that she had loved a white man, and would soon become a mother. The amorous brave forgave her, wedded her, and suffered her to rear her daughter as a Christian. But despite his care, his bride soon died of a broken heart.

Atala paused. Chactas asked her if she knew her father's name. She told him that it was Lopez. He felt a new ardor in his passion for Atala when he learned that this adorable maiden was the child of one who had been as a father to himself, and who had cherished and helped him so much.

The exposure to the storm had weakened Atala, and she was already fevered when a hermit priest and his dog rescued them as they wandered, lost in the dense forest. Father Aubry was a missionary to the Indians, and his hands had been fearfully mutilated as a fruit of his devotion. He led them to the savages whom, during his thirty years of zeal, he had converted into a Christian community, and tenderly cared for the young lovers. Atala told him the story of their love and their wanderings. He said that he would instruct the young Indian

in the Christian religion, baptize him, and then unite these two children of nature in holy marriage.

Father Aubry took Chactas to see his flock and the simple structure in which he celebrated the mysteries of religion for the benefit of their souls. When they returned to Atala they found her in a high fever. She felt that she had not long to live. She told Father Aubry of her mother's consecrating her to virginity, and that she had told Atala that should she ever be false to this vow she had taken to soothe her dying parent, a terrible curse would befall her. Atala had never felt any wish to break it until she met Chactas, when her passionate love and her terrible dread of plunging her mother's soul into torments if she violated her vow combined to shatter her very being.

Father Aubry gently explained to the agonized maiden that a vow made under such circumstances was not irrevocably binding, and that in due time she could wed her adored Chactas with a perfectly serene conscience.

"Oh, that I had known this before!" gasped the unhappy girl. "Too late! Too late! Father, yesterday as we clung together during that fearful storm, I felt myself on the brink of forgetting my vow, and I destroyed myself to save my mother. I had a poison with me for which not even the Indians have an antidote. That poison is now rending my bosom and I shall soon be dead!"

Father Aubry hastened to administer the sacraments of the dying to the repentant maiden. Then, resigned to death, she endeavored somewhat to calm the distracted Chactas. Her last words were his greatest comfort.

"I shall await you, my beloved, in heaven," she cried. "Oh, promise me, Chactas, if you would have me die in peace, that you will become a Christian. Thus we shall insure our endless happy reunion."

Chactas paused, overcome by this moving remembrance. He drew a gold cross from his breast, and holding it before his sightless eyes, wailed forth: "I can no longer see this blessed cross! Why is Chactas not yet a Christian, as he promised?" Presently he continued:

"Thoughts of my country and feelings of policy have unworthily restrained me. But now I desire nothing except to

find some priest who will baptize me, and then I hope this white head will sink into the grave and that I am to be united to Atala forever."

Recovering himself somewhat, he went on with his story:

"There is little more to tell, my son. Under a natural bridge, Father Aubry and I hollowed out in the earth, with our hands, the resting-place of Atala. 'Lopez,' I cried, 'behold thy son bury thy daughter!' Fain would I have passed my days forever there near the grave of my beloved. But Father Aubry sent me back to my mother and to my tribe, as my duty. 'Go, my son,' he said. 'The spirit of your sister and the heart of your old friend will go with you.'

"Ah, René," concluded Chactas, "with Atala, how happy would a hut on those banks have rendered me! There, with a wife, concealing my happiness in the depths of the forest, I would have passed away, like the rivers which have not even a name, in the desert. Instead of this peace, in what trouble have I not spent my days!"

Chactas related this tale to René the European. I, a traveler in these foreign lands, have repeated it as the Indians have told it to me. But I could learn nothing of Father Aubry or of what became of Chactas. Before departing I wished to behold the mighty cataract of Niagara, and bent my course thither. It was within hearing of its mighty roar that I came upon a young Indian mother placing the dead body of her infant son in the branches of a maple, that it might become desiccated and then be placed with the bones of its ancestors.

How touching is that Indian custom! Yes, pompous monuments of Crassus and the Cæsars, I have seen you in your desolate countries, and I prefer to you these airy tombs of the savages, these mausoleums of flowers and verdure, perfumed by the bee, rocked by the zephyrs, where the nightingale builds her nest and warbles her plaintive melody.

As I stood, full of sympathy, watching the mother, a young Indian brave approached and said: "Daughter of Celenta, take down your child, for we depart to-morrow, exiles seeking a country."

The young Frenchman accompanied them to their next resting-place, which was on the brink of the mighty waterfall.

They told him that they belonged to the remnant of the Natchez, who, after the massacre of the French, had been driven from their refuge in the land of the Chickasaws by the Virginia colonists.

"Have you ever heard of Chactas, an aged chief of the Natchez?" the traveler asked of her who had been called the daughter of Celenta.

"I am the daughter of the daughter of René, whom Chactas adopted," she replied. In response to further inquiries, she told him that Chactas and René both perished in the massacre. Father Aubry had been burned at the stake, and when they could not conquer his intrepid spirit they thrust a red-hot iron down his throat. The fortitude with which the priest met his death had converted many of the Indians.

Chactas sought to find his remains later. But the whole aspect of the place had been changed by the overflow of the lake so that he could not locate any of the old points. A goat frisking before him seemed to invite him to follow, and he was led to the foot of the cross of the Mission. He dug into the earth and discovered the bodies of Father Aubry and Atala.

"Stranger," she concluded, "we are bearing their dust and that of Chactas with us to the home we hope to find."

The next morning they bade me farewell, and, left alone, I sighed: "Unfortunate Indians, whom I see thus wandering in the wilds of the New World with the dust of your ancestors, I am a wanderer like yourselves; and less happy than you, I do not even bear with me in my exile, as do you, the bones of my fathers."

RENÉ (1802)

This story and *Atala* were the fruits of the author's visit to the United States and embody his conceptions of the American Indian and the life of the wilderness.

ENÉ, when he was in his early manhood, emigrated to America early in the eighteenth century, and joined the Natchez Indians in Mississippi. He was adopted by Chactas, an old blind chief, and married an Indian girl. He was a prey to intense melancholy, and led a solitary life in the woods, associating only with Chactas and Father Souël, a missionary at Fort Rosalie, a French colony of the Natchez. They wished to learn why the European had thus buried himself in the forests of the Western world, but René told them that the reason should be buried in oblivion. One day he received a letter from Europe, which seemed to augment his melancholy. At last he yielded to the curiosity of his Indian friends, and told them his sorrows.

His mother had died in giving him birth. He had been reared by strangers and was a solitary in spirit from his childhood. He cherished his sister Amélie, who, like himself, was pensive and of poetic nature. His father had died in his arms, leaving the family château to his oldest son. René and Amélie had both felt drawn toward the cloister, but René traveled to Greece, Rome, and Scotland, only to feel increased melancholy everywhere. He ascended Mount Ætna, and to him the fierce, somber mountain amid its bright natural surroundings seemed a symbol of his unhappy self. When he returned to his native country he saw great changes. Impiety and corruption reigned there supreme. He felt a greater stranger there than when traveling in foreign lands. Even his sister seemed to shun him. He retired to a lonely spot and prayed God to take him from life rather than permit him to be prey to such continual sadness.

The solitude of the woods did not relieve him; his passions tormented him, and his melancholy deepened until he meditated self-destruction. The world, friendship, love, solitude, alike had failed to help him.

Duty demanded that he should arrange his worldly affairs. He wrote to Amélie, and reproached her for her forgetfulness of him. Alarmed by the tone of his letter she hastened to his side. "She was the only being I ever loved," cried the poor exile, "and my delight in being reunited with her may be imagined." She cherished him and begged him to swear that he would make no attempt to take his own life, to which prayer he yielded, consoled and charmed by her sisterly society.

After a while Amélie began to grow thin, restless, and sad, much to her brother's anxiety. Three months passed thus, and she would not tell him the cause of her distress. One morning she failed to appear. Her brother hastened to her room. It was empty, but he found a note inscribed, "To René." In it Amélie told him that she was about to retire to a convent, begged him to marry, and bestowed on him her fortune.

René was overwhelmed, and could not conceive the reason for her action. He fancied that Amélie had fallen in love and dared not avow it. The letter was so kind that it touched his heart. He answered it, imploring his sister to confide in him; but she only replied to say that she was to take the final vows at once. He resolved to go to B—— and try to dissuade her from that irrevocable step. He passed his old home on the way, and his heart was wrung with emotion to see its desolation. He learned that Amélie, so like himself in temperament, when on her way to the convent had also visited the old home, the scene of their youthful happiness.

When René arrived at the convent his sister refused to see him, but sent him a message saying that, as her nearest relative, he might assist at her profession and give her over to be the bride of the Church. He presented himself, in a state of mental agony, at the chapel of the convent; but when Amélie appeared in her bridal costume his rage and despair were suddenly assuaged. A part of his function was to cut off her rich, abundant hair after she had donned her religious garb, and this agitated him greatly. When all was done, and the black pall had

been thrown over the prostrate form of his sister, René heard her utter these awful words: "O God! grant that I may never rise from this funeral couch, and enrich with Thy graces a brother who has not shared my criminal passion!"

René was crazed by the terrible revelation, but embraced her in a last farewell, and then lost consciousness. Great confusion followed, and the ceremony was hastily concluded. It left Amélie suffering from a fever. René resolved to sail at once for Louisiana. The convent was situated beside the sea, and his eyes were fixed upon it until it faded forever from his view.

When René had finished his sad story he handed to Father Souël the letter he had so recently received, and flung himself into the arms of his blind adoptive father, Chactas. The letter announced Amélie's death in the convent, and extolled the holiness of her cloistral life. Chactas regretted that Père Aubry, whose persuasive eloquence he had known so well himself, was not there to console the tortured youth. But Father Souël censured René severely for the aimlessness of his life and for his melancholy, as unworthy of himself and offensive to God.

They returned to their cabins in the wood, and soon after this René, yielding to their persuasion, went back to his Indian wife. But nothing ever enabled him to find happiness again, and at last he perished in Louisiana, together with Chactas and Father Souël, in a massacre of the Natchez Indians.

VICTOR CHERBULIEZ

(France, 1829–1899)

SAMUEL BROHL AND COMPANY (1877)

This story made a lively and successful play, which was as popular as was the novel itself.

ADEMOISELLE ANTOINETTE MORIAZ was a very charming young Frenchwoman. Her natural independence was increased by a fortune of one hundred thousand francs, left to her by her mother. She was handsome, possessed an exquisite figure, painted very well, loved music, and found delight in doing good to less fortunate mortals. Her father, a widower, was a distinguished chemist, a member of the French Academy, and an active, vigorous man. The comradeship between the two was perfect. Seven months of the year were spent by them at their beautiful château at Cormeilles, and the other five in the intellectual activity and social life of Paris. Mademoiselle Moiseney, the third member of the small household, having been Antoinette's governess, was now her companion and chaperon. Mademoiselle Moriaz was too happy and satisfied with her life to give much thought to marriage, although her father felt it a duty to his motherless daughter to see her properly settled in life as a wife.

Monsieur Moriaz had pursued his scientific researches with such ardor that his health suffered, and the doctor ordered him to St. Moritz for rest. Naturally, his daughter and her companion accompanied him. One day, on their journey there, Mademoiselle Moriaz visited the Cathedral at Coire. A young man chanced to see her, and was very strongly impressed by her grace and distinction. This was Count Abel Larinzky, a

Viennese, a man of thirty, with a striking face. At that time he was in absolute poverty and was racking his clever brain to remedy this condition. He had spent much time and money in trying to invent a gun whose superiority over every existing firearm should lead to its adoption by the army. His first model was too heavy, and the second one burst on its first trial. Hence his deplorable condition, and the interest Mademoiselle Moriaz awakened in him by her air of refinement and wealth.

Camille Langis, a young Hungarian engineer, had been a suitor for Antoinette's hand for two years. He had done some excellent work recently, and M. Moriaz advocated his claim one day as he was walking with Antoinette in the woods. She laughingly besought him to cease, adding gayly: "You know, papa, I shall probably marry some ineligible man when I do marry." Count Larinzky, who was seated under a pine-tree just above the path, heard this remark. It aroused pleasant thought in him. Soon after this, as Mademoiselle Moiseney was playing the piano in the hotel one morning, the Count approached and suggested a rendering of the piece that showed him to be a thorough musician. Mademoiselle Moiseney, who had a romantic interest in handsome and agreeable men, was quite captivated, and Larinzky knew a great deal about the plans of the Moriaz family and of Mademoiselle Antoinette's tastes and disposition before the interview was concluded, especially that she was kind to the poor and adored heroism. After their departure from Coire, Count Larinzky left also.

Mademoiselle Moriaz found much to interest her at St. Moritz, and her father's health was soon so greatly restored that he even indulged in severe mountain-climbing. Antoinette was surprised at receiving one morning a basket of the most beautiful flowers native to the neighborhood, and with them this note: "A man, weary of life, had resolved to kill himself. He found a blasted oak in a lonely spot, and had fastened a rope to it, when a bird alighted on a dead branch and began to sing. 'Since there is no spot so sad that a bird will not sing in it, I should be brave enough to live,' said the man. I arrived in this valley, sick of life. I have seen you, and some mysterious virtue has entered into me from you. I will live. 'What is that to me?' you will say. Nothing; I only write it because

I shall soon leave this locality, and you will never see me, or know who I am."

In one of his mountain climbs M. Moriaz's ambition carried him on until he had scaled a height from which he could find no way of descending. Night was approaching. It would be very cold up there, and Antoinette would worry. He yelled lustily for help. After some time a man appeared, who, by his skill as a mountaineer and his strength, rescued M. Moriaz and restored him to his hotel. Count Larinzky had watched for such an opportunity for several days. When M. Moriaz would have presented his savior to his daughter, that modest hero had disappeared so suddenly that he forgot his topcoat.

Three days later M. Moriaz saw him in the hotel and insisted on his dining with them. He presented him to Antoinette, but Count Larinzky appeared somewhat indifferent to her. At dessert he insensibly thawed out, talked brilliantly of his travels, and touchingly of Poland and of the persecution of the Jews. He quoted the saying: "Every country has the Jews it deserves." He played for his host, seemingly quite unconscious of being a brilliant virtuoso, and saying simply that his mother had taught him. Ah, how that recalled the poverty and trials they had been through! He spoke of the failure of his gun, and told how his mother and himself had exiled themselves as far as California. The dear mother had died. Later he returned to aid Poland as she had bidden him do. He showed his interested guests a portrait of that lovely, noble mother. He modestly expressed the hope that he might succeed in Paris by teaching music and the languages. But suddenly he realized how freely he had poured out his most personal sorrows and hopes! In a hasty leave-taking, he forgot a small volume of Shakespeare, which he had left on the piano.

Mademoiselle Moriaz had listened with intense interest. The man was so handsome, so forgetful of himself, so noble in acceptance of his hard lot! In a word, he was such a hero! She looked in the volume of Shakespeare. His name on the title-page was in the handwriting of the anonymous note. It seemed to her that she had been looking for someone for years, and that she had done well to come to the Engadine, for she had

found him there! Nobility, simplicity, exalted views and beauty in a young man nearly completed her ideal of a husband, and the fact that he was poor completed his charm.

The Count did not reappear for several days. This was so little flattering to herself that Antoinette suggested to her father that he might be ill. On inquiring, he learned that the noble Count was climbing the Piz-Morteratch and the Piz-Roseg, the two most difficult peaks in the vicinity. A hero's recreation! When he called, Antoinette was dignified and gracious. He declared with an air of proud diffidence that he must not see her again, but she made him promise to visit them at Cormeilles. Later Antoinette told her father, with a firm, unabashed conviction, that she had found the man of her heart and would marry no other. M. Moriaz induced her to let her godmother, Madame de Larcy, aunt of Camille Largis, see the Count that they might hear her opinion. Antoinette assented to this reasonable request.

Count Larinzky went to Paris soon after this. He carried a water-color of Antoinette's, which she asked him to carry for her to Madame de Larcy. He was lucky enough to win twenty thousand francs at Lausanne, which equipped him for the journey and his campaign. One of the first things he did was to send a superb basket of flowers to a poor friend of Antoinette's, shrewdly surmising that she would thank Mademoiselle Moriaz for this thoughtful attention. Then Count Larinzky went to Cormeilles, and studied the château and its grounds with the attention of a would-be purchaser. After which he strolled away, sat down in the woods, and became lost in stern thoughts of Samuel Brohl.

The father of Samuel, Jeremias Brohl, a low tavern-keeper in Galicia, was a Jew, who had only three points in his catechism: to steal well, to lie well, and not to know when his face was slapped. He attained a perfect mastery of this last rule of conduct. His son, Samuel, was a handsome, well-built young fellow. An eccentric and wealthy Russian princess, who traveled a great deal, chanced to see this misplaced youth, took a fancy to him, and bought him of his unspeakable father. For her he was a new toy. She saw that he received an excellent education at Heidelberg, Bonn, Berlin and Paris, and

his own temperament and natural taste made him an excellent musician. He was taken around by the mature Princess on her travels. But Samuel had read the poets, and after a time, to be a human poodle, subject to a mature female's caprices, was not endurable even for Jeremias Brohl's son. So one day he escaped from her. Later he became the friend and confidant of Count Abel Larinzky, a consumptive Hungarian, who made few friends and lived in retirement at Bucharest. When he died, while the two were on their way to Vienna, the lone man entrusted to Samuel Brohl a box of family jewels and papers, telling him to destroy the latter. Samuel, instead of that, assumed the name of the Count Abel Larinzky, and the dead Count, whose title he had stolen, became an asset in the business firm of Samuel Brohl and Company. He was the "company." Samuel Brohl went over all this that bright day under the trees, after he had so carefully looked over the Moriaz property at Cormeilles, and he told himself that he, Count Abel Larinzky, truly loved Mademoiselle Moriaz, though he better loved the gilded frame that held her.

Count Larinzky called on Madame de Larcy. That astute lady, and her friend, the Abbé Miollens, who was a traveler and linguist, and thoroughly acquainted with Poland and the Poles, were captivated by the Count, after they had studied him closely. M. Moriaz and Antoinette returned to Cormeilles and Antoinette made an early call upon Madame de Larcy. Camille Largis was with the lady at the time, as well as the Count. Madame de Larcy had fancied from some remark of the Count that he was married, and she had not failed to mention this to M. Moriaz. Consequently, when the Count rose to go, Antoinette said quite formally: "I hope we shall soon know the Countess Larinzky." "My mother has been dead ten years," he replied mournfully, with an air of surprise.

On his way out he fainted! Madame de Larcy drew Antoinette into an anteroom to quiet her nervousness. Camille Largis remained with Larinzky. He suspected him strongly, and believed this swoon was a theatrical device. So he addressed the most insulting remark to him, hoping Larinzky would betray himself under such affronts. At last the latter opened his eyes, and asked: "What are you doing there?"

"Waiting until the comedian gets through his piece," replied Largis. Antoinette, who had returned, heard the sneering remark, and gave Largis a look which showed him he had forfeited her regard. He took his hat and departed.

"Where am I?" murmured Larinzky. "*She* was there!" Then, as if just perceiving Madame de Larcy, he went on in the same dazed way: "*She* was there! Forgive me this weakness, I loved her madly, and had sworn never to see her again. It is for this reason that I am going away." Then, remarking Mademoiselle Moriaz's presence, he rose hastily and withdrew in confusion over his betrayal of himself to her.

"Well, what do you think now?" asked Antoinette proudly.

"I think that I am a fool, and that he is a fine man," replied Madame de Larcy.

Mademoiselle Moriaz invited Count Larinzky to call. She received a brief reply, telling her he dared not. The young woman, feeling that such refined humility must be helped to overcome itself, contrived to arrive at the house of one of her woman friends when she knew the Count would be there. In the interview that followed, the friend having considerately effaced herself, the proud son of Poland was so kindly treated by Mademoiselle Moriaz that he confessed his love for her and was accepted. He bestowed on her, with a burst of ardent feeling, his most sacred souvenir of his mother, a peculiar bracelet with certain dates inscribed upon it.

Madame de Larcy happened to meet, soon after this, a certain Princess Guloff, a wealthy Russian, more than sixty years old, who was continually traveling and who knew everybody. She invited her to dine with her one evening when Count Larinzky was to be her guest, after learning that this terrible woman had met him at Ostend. When the Count saw her, he was weak with terror. She was the kind lady who had bought him from his Jew father as she would have bought anything else that caught her caprice. But there was no escape from her now. He began to breathe freely again after she had seen and conversed with him for some time without seeming to recognize him. But later in the evening, when they were sitting apart, she eyed him venomously and hissed sneeringly: "Sam-

uel Brohl, man with green eyes, sooner or later the mountains meet!"

"Princess," said the recreant Jew, driven into a corner and foreseeing his undoing, "you remember, perhaps, two very charming letters which you wrote me; I cherish them still as documents of the heart. I wonder how Paris would enjoy reading in the columns of the press such proofs of your exquisite sensibility!"

The Princess said nothing to Madame de Larcy respecting the Count, except that she thought him a romantic figure. The next day, however, she called on Mademoiselle Moriaz and told her the full story of Samuel Brohl, his origin, and her purchase of him, the education she had given to the illiterate fellow, and his desertion of her. She also considerately told the indignant young woman the dates upon the bracelet which "Count Larinzky" had bestowed upon her, and specified the occasions in her own career which they commemorated. The circumstantiality of her statement, her vindictive accent, her savage air, all breathed truth. Then the Princess Guloff took her leave, feeling that she had somewhat squared her account with Samuel Brohl. He had stolen himself from her when he had been bought and paid for, so she had barred him from a rich bride.

When the "Count" next presented himself to Mademoiselle Moriaz that outraged young woman, with burning disdain, dismissed him forever. She then took to her bed with a fever, but not before she had commissioned the faithful De Largis to secure from the hypocritical Jew her letters and a Capuchin hood which he had begged he might retain, after that meeting in the apartment of Antoinette's friend, which had resulted in their engagement. De Largis refused to fight such a thing as Samuel Brohl, but paid him the price he set upon each article belonging to Mademoiselle Moriaz that he had in his possession. The price was twenty-five thousand francs.

Then Samuel Brohl made a last play as "Count Larinzky." He took the franc notes that Camille Largis had contemptuously paid over to him and burned them before his eyes.

"I love Mademoiselle Moriaz enough to return her these things as she would wish, but it is to spare her, not to make

profit for myself. You, Monsieur, may prove your love for her by refusing to jeopard your precious person by according me a meeting such as one gentleman grants to another."

Camille Largis accepted this quasi-heroic act as establishing the other on a plane that would permit himself the possible pleasure of killing him. They met and he severely wounded his antagonist. But Mademoiselle Moriaz was not moved to recall the masquerading Larinzky. Her marriage with Camille de Largis occurred not long after this.

Then the firm of Samuel Brohl and Company was dissolved. If it had not been for the "Count Larinzky" end of it, Samuel Brohl would not have burned up twenty-five thousand francs of good money. The senior partner faded into a greater obscurity than the innkeeper's son, Samuel Brohl, had been snatched from, and his end was unknown.

MARY CHOLMONDELEY

(England, 1859)

RED POTTAGE (1889)

WILL get out," Hugh Scarlett said on his way to Carlton House Terrace. "I will break it off. Thank Heaven no one has ever guessed it."

The diamond star on Lady Newhaven's breast had quivered a very little as he greeted her and turned a moment to her fatigued-looking, gentle-mannered husband; but Hugh went on into the brilliant room thinking: "Tempter or tempted, I am tired of it, I must break with her gradually. There will be scenes—reproaches. Very well, I can put up with them. And nobody has ever suspected."

Passing through the first room, he stood a moment in the doorway of the second, and through the crowd he noticed a woman in a pale-green gown, her white profile outlined against the darkness of an open window as she listened with evident amusement to the ill-dressed man beside her. Hugh's eyes lost the half-veiled scorn with which it was their custom to look at society as Rachel West slowly turned her face toward him, and his heart leaped. She was not beautiful except with the beauty of health, and a certain dignity of carriage which is the outcome of a head and body and hands that are at unity with each other and with a mind absolutely unconscious of self.

Hugh looked at her with the deepest interest; that woman could save him, he thought suddenly. What were the random counsels of good intention if alone he was unable to enforce them? He might do better, for even his cynicism was sick within him, but again his weaknesses might seek him out and overthrow him.

"She shall marry me," he said, and then caught himself staring at Lady Newhaven, who had touched him on the arm.

"I dared not speak to you before," she said; "will you take me down to supper?"

"Have I vexed you?" she faltered, as he still stared, not recognizing her; then, with a horrible revulsion of feeling, he remembered.

The rooms were nearly deserted as Lord Newhaven said good night to the ill-dressed man who had been talking to Rachel West. This was Dick Vernon, and he and Lord Newhaven had been in Australia together, and were evidently old friends. An instinct of flight possessed Hugh, and he felt a vague horror of the woman in diamonds furtively watching him through the open door.

"Oh, Scarlett," said Lord Newhaven, detaining him languidly, "I want three minutes of your valuable time; come into my study."

"Another crossbow for Westhope Abbey?" said Hugh, trying to speak unconcernedly as he followed his host to a back room on the ground floor.

"No, something much simpler than those elaborate machines," said the older man.

Hugh went in and Lord Newhaven closed the door. Over the mantel-shelf were hung a few old Japanese inlaid carbines, and beneath them an array of pistols.

"Useless now," said Lord Newhaven, touching them affectionately, "but," he added, "society has become accustomed to do without them and does ill without them, but we must conform to her rules."

Hugh started slightly, and then remained motionless.

"You observe those two paper-lighters, Scarlett? One is an inch shorter than the other. They have been waiting on the mantel-shelf till I had an opportunity of drawing your attention to them. I am sure we perfectly understand each other. No name need be mentioned. All scandal is avoided. I feel confident you will not hesitate to make me the only reparation one man can make another in the somewhat hackneyed circumstances in which we find ourselves."

Lord Newhaven took the lighters out of the glass, and con-

tinued: "I hold the lighters thus and you draw. Whoever draws or keeps the short one is pledged to leave this world within four months, or shall we say five, on account of the pheasant-shooting? Five be it. Is it agreed? Just so! Will you draw?"

The woman in the white satin gown who crouched listening against the door could hear her husband's low, clear voice distinctly.

A swift spasm passed over Hugh's face, and a tiger-glint leaped into Lord Newhaven's eyes. There was a brief second in which Hugh's mind wavered. Lord Newhaven advanced the lighters an inch nearer. If he had not advanced them that inch, Hugh thought afterward that he would have refused to draw. He backed against the mantelpiece and then put out his hand suddenly and drew. It seemed the only way of escape.

They measured the lighters on the table. Lord Newhaven laughed. Hugh stood a moment and then went out. He had drawn the short lighter.

Rachel West had first seen Hugh Scarlett on her way to Lady Newhaven's party.

"Anger, impatience, and remorse," she said, at the glimpse of the high-bred sullen face in the passing hansom. But not long after that night, so fateful to Hugh, they had met at one of Sybell Loftus's "celebrity" dinners, where Rachel's alert, searching sympathy immediately divined that those surface emotions had now struck deeply into his heart.

"They have given him more dignity and strength," she thought with interest, while in her own eyes Hugh saw the calm courage that comes only after long conflict, and victory won unselfishly; and a ray of comfort fell across his desolation.

That dinner was memorable in more ways than one, for instinct drew them together after the manner of two furtive animals of the same species loosed in a wood full of enemies. A lady Apostle of Humanity, a novelist who expounded humanity, and a poet who confounded it, all proceeded to prey on it at large; but not until Miss Hester Gusley's celebrated book, *The Idyll of East London*, came under attack had Rachel's restrained but stirring voice been heard:

"The characters and situations seemed real to me, for I not only cast my lot with the poor—I was one of them."

She spoke freely of her former poverty, sacrificing her natural reserve to defend Miss Gusley, not as a lifelong friend, but as an author whose works she knew to be equally sincere and true.

Hugh approved this, and drew Rachel to talk further of the days of her adversity before good fortune made her the greatest heiress in London society.

Not long after this Rachel went to Middleshire to see her friend Miss Gusley, who was then living with her clergyman brother at Warpington Vicarage.

"I am worried about Hester," she reflected on the way. "In spite of her affection for her brother, she is nothing that long custom expects her to be in a clergyman's family. He must cross her sorely with his narrow truths that compel dissent, and his eternal high-voiced controversy."

The mental picture of the zealous vicar, his suspicious eye, his sloping forehead and thin, compressed lips, hinting at both fanatic and saint, found small favor in her sight.

"On the other hand," concluded Rachel, "she is so sympathetic and expansive that the very repression she must feel in such a household and community will force more concentration and more vigorous expression."

Rachel was right in both these conjectures, when the unholy rage that the worthy vicar sometimes aroused in his patient, delicate sister was vented in impassioned expression in her new book, unfinished as yet.

An author himself, and rather more proud of the obloquy he had endured through his pamphlets on *Modern Dissent* and *Schism* than of any fame accruing from them, Mr. Gusley resented the plaudits of what he regarded as the idle and vicious aroused by his sister's first work of fiction, *The Idyll of East London*, and was already deeply suspicious of the moral tone of its successor.

As Rachel and Hester sat in the vicarage drawing-room, Rachel detected the traces of tears in Hester's usually merry eyes; but though the latter drew a quaint picture of her home life at Warpington, she was faithful to her salt, and described wisely but not too well. Even the neighboring family of

Pratts, who, fortunate in oil, had built a house covered with turrets and become "county people," were only humorously mentioned for their habit of routing her out of her den and saving her from too arduous concentration.

Then she spoke of her new novel, eagerly, shyly, enthusiastically, as a young girl talks of her lover, and all else was forgotten. The intimacy of the conversation was not interrupted by the entrance of their old friend, the Bishop of Southminster, and as he and Rachel drove away they discussed Hester's situation sympathetically.

On the night of the fatal drawing, a stifled cry at midnight from his wife's room brought Lord Newhaven to her door.

"Did you call?" he asked quietly. "Are you ill?"

"No," she answered. "But wait, wait!" He turned his cold, attentive eyes upon her.

"I listened at the door," she said.

"I am perfectly aware of it," he replied, and left her.

And later Rachel had been obliged to play the part of confidante to the frivolous, pretty woman with the yellowed hair and darkened lashes; to listen to her professions of repentance and to her sumptuous sorrow, for she had harped on her sinister husband and her hallowed children, and had wept for compassion, declaring that she looked upon her affair with Scarlett as a "spiritual marriage." Both women were feverishly anxious to know which man had drawn the short lighter, but Lord Newhaven's only answer to his wife's question was: "You will know in five months' time."

And after that night Scarlett made no attempt either to see Lady Newhaven or to write to her.

The morning after the drawing of lots, Lord Newhaven stood in his hall and looked down at a man and a woman sauntering among the flower-beds in the garden.

"When I told Dick Vernon of Scarlett's attentions to Miss West," he mused, "he declared he would put a spoke in Scarlett's wheel. But I don't think he has a chance. That girl is afraid of men."

And in this Lord Newhaven was a philosopher, though none of Rachel's present friends but Hester knew of the ro-

mance of her adversity that had devastated the little city of her heart.

The philosopher then joined his guests in the garden, and persuaded Dick to accompany him to the post-office, leaving Rachel to Lady Newhaven.

"I don't care much about her myself, she is so profane and so dreadfully irreligious," her ladyship had complained of Miss Hester Gusley, having discovered the close friendship between the novelist and Rachel. "She takes you away hours at a time when I need your companionship the most. I am so frightened when left alone with my husband. I live in perpetual dread that he will say something before the children or the servants."

While on a later visit to Sybell Loftus, Rachel met again a man named Tristram whom she had loved in the days of her poverty. There was a sharp conflict with her disavowed but half-cherished passion, but it was brief. When Tristram abased himself before the now wealthy heiress, and admitted he had acted like an "infernal blackguard" years before, she silently agreed with him, to her own surprise, and discovered she had nothing further than forgiveness to offer him. Then the old familiar hold on life and nature came back with her former self, and her heart rose to meet a new love. For Scarlett was there also. He had stumbled through those weeks in which he had not seen Rachel as a half-blind man stumbles toward the light. But the hope seemed vain that she should help him; there was no help for him, no way out. He was in a trap and would die soon by his own hand, still his heart had cried aloud:

"If she loves me I shall not be able to leave her."

During these days they saw much of each other, and he thought that he attracted Rachel, which was true in spite of the repulsion she felt when she thought of Lady Newhaven.

One day, at the end of August, Sybell Loftus was having a sale of fancy-work for the diocesan fund, attended by the entire neighborhood.

Hugh, taking his host's advice to lie low till it was all over, fortified himself in the smoking-room. In fact, he was still depressed and ill from a very singular incident that had befallen a few days before.

While Hugh and Mr. Loftus were fishing in the lake, the boat had been overturned, and as Hugh could not swim he had insisted on clinging to it, while Loftus struck out for shore and the other boat. Hugh remembered vividly his impressions of those moments expanding into eternities, when, overcome at last with the cold, his numb fingers slipped from the whirling boat and he seemed sinking through darkness into Rachel's arms.

And Lord Newhaven had rescued him!

"I thought it was an accident," he explained afterward. "If it was not, I beg your pardon."

"It was an accident," Hugh had answered. And so, having swayed once over the very pit—nay, into it, for the pangs of remorse and fear and parting had passed, and the peace of death had fallen upon him—he must go through this again deliberately and in cold blood.

"I hope I am not disturbing anyone," said Lord Newhaven quietly, entering the smoking-room. "Well, Scarlett, how are you getting along?"

Hugh nodded, wondering how soon he could make a pretext for getting up and leaving the room. Presently there was a faint silken rustle, and Lady Newhaven, pale and breathless, came swiftly in and closed the door. The next instant she saw her husband, and shrank back with a little cry.

Lord Newhaven's eyes were fixed on Hugh, whose face suddenly became ugly, livid.

"He hates her," thought Lord Newhaven.

"You were looking for me, Violet?" he remarked. "I have no doubt you are wishing to return home. We will go at once. Good-by, Scarlett, in case we don't meet again. I dare say you will pay Westhope a visit later. Ah, Captain Pratt, so you too have fled from the madding crowd. I can recommend Loftus's cigarettes."

They were half-way down the grand staircase before Lord Newhaven said, in his usual even voice:

"I must ask you once more to remember that I will not have any scandal attaching to your name, on account of the children. Didn't you see that white mongrel, Pratt, was on your track? If I had not been there he would have drawn his own conclusions, and for once they would have been correct."

Hugh having gotten rid of Captain Pratt, whom he did not like, was thinking, bewildered and suspicious: "What did he mean by saying I should pay Westhope a visit later?"

That evening he said to Rachel: "I would give everything I possess not to have done something I have done."

Her heart beat; the confession was coming at last.

"I have done wrong," he said slowly, "and I am suffering for it; but, worse still, an innocent person will pay the penalty of my sin." He was thinking of his mother, but Rachel's mind instantly flew to Lord Newhaven.

"Then Lord Newhaven drew the short lighter," she thought, and colored deeply.

Mr. Gusley's arrival interrupted the conversation, but Rachel told herself: "He does repent. Can I overlook the past and help him make a fresh start?"

The third week in November came, and the date of Hugh's sentence was at hand. For weeks since his visit at the Loftuses' he had struggled horribly, imprudently, against the inevitable; but he was in a boat without oars, drifting, with the roar of a cataract in his ears.

In desperation, he had written to his enemy, saying he had been surprised into the drawing of lots, and urging that their differences be settled by a meeting with weapons. Lord Newhaven declined, reminding him that he had taken an equal risk and wished to avoid scandal.

"Then let him shoot me at sight, damn him!" said Hugh. "I will not die just as I have begun to live."

And that very day he confessed his sin to Rachel, who had absolved him long before. As he went on his language became more confused; then he stopped, and it seemed to Rachel she had reached a moment in her life she could not bear. She waited, but still he did not speak; thus she was to endure four more dreadful days and nights. She suddenly became aware, as she stared at Hugh's blanching face, that he believed she was about to dismiss him. The thought had never entered her mind, and the first gleam of comfort for many days entered Hugh's mind as he kissed her hand and left her.

On the night of the 28th of November, after repeated frantic

telegrams from Lady Newhaven, Rachel left London to go to her, as she had promised months before.

"I can't bear to see him; the suspense is frightful," Lady Newhaven whispered on her arrival at Westhope Abbey. So Rachel dined alone with Lord Newhaven, who was cordial, as he always was to her.

But to Rachel there was an atmosphere of horror over the place. A wrathful genius had broken up the household gods, and the laughter of Newhaven's children found its last echo for many days in the lofty halls of the Abbey. At last Rachel rose and went up to Lady Newhaven.

"He tells me he is going to London by this night's express," Rachel said hoarsely.

Lady Newhaven threw up her arms: "Then it is he," she said; "when he stayed on and on I was afraid it was not, after all; or else that he was waiting to do it before me and the children. Oh, if he would only go away, that I might never look on his face again."

And she never did. After two days of the suspense that racks, then maddens or benumbs, came news of Lord Newhaven. While he had been pacing the empty platform at Clapham Junction the down express had thundered up, and the few who saw him said he had staggered suddenly, put his hand to his head, and stumbled over the edge upon the tracks. Death was instantaneous. So said the newspapers, adding that Lord Newhaven had only the day before consulted a celebrated physician about these attacks of vertigo.

"He has managed well," thought Rachel. "The only thing I cannot understand is why he should have been two days late."

A few days after the funeral, Rachel told of the attachment between herself and Hugh, and listened to Lady Newhaven's reproaches without anger.

"You are overcredulous," continued Lady Newhaven; "he will not ask you to marry him, my poor, dear Rachel! Men are all like this. You needn't feel humiliated though, for I won't tell a soul; and after all, he loved me first."

Lady Newhaven was quite reassured; it had been a horrible experience, but it was past.

Yet she was mistaken. Rachel immediately returned to

London, and there Hugh Scarlett offered himself and was accepted. He had passed the 29th in solitude and despair, shrinking from expiation. The next morning, like a man who had hidden away on his own doomsday, and stolen immortality for the flesh, he had crept forth anew, feeling a stranger to life. But after Lord Newhaven's death, which he firmly believed an accident, had come an exalted sense of freedom; and when Rachel accepted him he was happy and sincerely repentant.

One day she told him that she had long before known of his sin, and of the drawing of lots.

"But we never knew who had drawn the short lighter till Lord Newhaven was killed on the line," she continued. "You must remember that it was his own doing, and you ran the same risk. His blood is on his own head, but oh, Hugh, when I think it might have been you!"

Hugh thought afterward that if her arms had not been around him then he would have told the truth. But in spite of his vow never to deviate again—least of all with Rachel, who was the soul of truth—this frightful moment came on him unaware. But he acquiesced in silence, and the opportunity was lost.

About the middle of December, Rachel was called hurriedly to Southminster to attend upon her friend Hester. The Rev. James Gusley had opened and read the manuscript of his sister Hester's completed book in her absence. He had found it as immoral and coarse as in his opinion were many of George Eliot's novels; it was also profane, in that it told certain truths about the clergy. After a night of painful indecision, he obeyed what he regarded as the voice of duty and burned the book. The shock of the discovery of the fate of her precious manuscript prostrated poor Hester, and she now lay dangerously ill.

Soon Hugh arrived on the spot; also Dick Vernon, who gave a severe shock to the Rev. James Gusley by informing him that everyone regarded him as a villain, and added the painful news that he had burned a manuscript for which the publishers had paid a thousand pounds.

On their happiness here—for Rachel and Hugh could not

but be happy now in spite of Hester's illness—finally intruded Lady Newhaven. Her husband's last letter to herself had just been given to her, after being withheld a certain time by his instruction, and in it he told the truth as to who drew the short lighter.

Rachel would not believe the contents. She would neither read the letter nor listen to it, and when Lady Newhaven cried, "Hugh Scarlett drew the short lighter, and I can prove it," Rachel had only answered, "You are mad."

"Then ask him to deny it if he can."

When Hugh read the boundless love in Rachel's eyes, he felt his soul mount to the heights of her own. He took the letter from Lady Newhaven's trembling hand and burned it. "I drew the short lighter," he said.

In that moment Lady Newhaven had her revenge.

The Bishop found Rachel in his study, and though anger sustained awhile this woman bereft of all faith in man, she bowed gradually to the message of a mind wise and sad in its estimate of men, but always touched by their troubles.

She told him how Hugh had lied to her.

"He was afraid of losing you," said the Bishop; "but you have never loved him, and have done right to give him up; though by that love he will sink or swim."

"Then I deceived myself," said Rachel bitterly; "I feared I loved him too well."

The Bishop's face became stern. "He deceived you," he said, "and has suffered torture for it. But when reaching the place where he could no longer lie to you, though his whole future happiness depended on one more lie, he transcended himself and spoke the truth. Then you deserted him. May God preserve men from the love of women, if that is all the love of a good woman is capable of. And do not say you can do nothing," he continued fiercely. "You are responsible for a man's soul, and God will require it at your hands."

Then was Rachel's will overborne at last, and she forgave him.

Yes, she forgave him; but Hugh Scarlett died that night, committing a suicide which once his love for her had prevented at the price of honor.

WINSTON CHURCHILL

(United States, 1871)

RICHARD CARVEL (1899)

Though not his first book, *Richard Carvel* was the gateway of the author's great literary success. Its worth, if not proven by its great market record, which ran into the hundred thousands, was at least fully certified by it.

MY grandfather, Lionel Carvel, Esq., of Carvel Hall, in the County of Queen Anne, was one of the considerable magnates of the province of Maryland. His ships were many, his acres rich and broad, his hospitality generous. Devoted to the chase and to all manly sports of the land and water, he was by no means unlettered, having in his youth been friendly with the brightest wits of Queen Anne's reign. His life was happily spent between Carvel Hall and his Marlborough Street town house in Annapolis; and so tolerant and kindly was his temper that though himself devotedly loyal to the King his friendships were equally among the Whigs and Tories, between whom the political split was rapidly widening. He had two sons; one, the elder and my father, always known as Captain Jack, for he was a naval officer in the King's service; and the other, Grafton, who was the reverse of my father in temperament and character, being as crafty and calculating as the other was brave and impulsive. My grandfather many years before had adopted a sea-waif, rescued by one of his captains from a wreck. About her neck was fastened a gold medallion with a French inscription betokening noble birth, which contained also a scrap of writing vague in phrase but similar in tenor. Singularly beautiful and gifted, in her bloom of maidenhood she became the bride of my father, having also been wooed by my Uncle Grafton and

by a gentleman of the Pennsylvania Colony, Daniel Clapsaddle, who loved her with generous devotion. On the eve of marriage Grafton had sought to stop the alliance by the claim that the bride's birth was illegitimate. This story he insidiously spread broadcast. My grandfather, bitterly angry, banished him from his presence, but gave him an estate in Kent for his support. The blow that left my mother a widow, through Captain Jack's death in a sea-fight while I was yet a toddling child, was speedily followed by her own decease. So I grew up my grandfather's acknowledged heir and his favorite.

Of our two homes I greatly preferred Carvel Hall, on the East Shore, where I could enjoy all the pleasures of an outdoor life on land and water. My most intimate playmate was Dorothy Manners, three years younger than myself, the only daughter of a wealthy neighbor. This charming little minx, who already gave a promise of the remarkable beauty which was to make her a reigning toast on both sides of the Atlantic, was wont to tease my boyish devotion by declaring that it was her fate to marry an earl at the very least. In such vanity she had been encouraged by her father, a shallow-pated little man, who declared he would not be content till he had annexed a coronet to his family.

The death of Dr. Hilliard, my grandfather's chaplain and my own tutor, gave a convenient pretext to Uncle Grafton to seek reconciliation with Mr. Carvel by attendance on the funeral. He arrived with his wife, daughter of a Philadelphia tradesman, and his son Philip to become our guests, as my grandfather could scarcely refuse. I found but little pleasure in this acquaintance; and the covert dislike felt for me by my uncle and aunt was greatly aggravated by the fact that the insolence of Master Philip induced me to give him a sound thrashing. My uncle did not let his opportunity slip, for he improved each occasion to ingratiate himself with my grandfather. He did it the more effectively by professing extreme devotion to the loyal cause, for the time had come when the rift was getting broad and deep. My own feeling had been growing into sympathy with the Whig doctrine of colonial rights, and this was increased by my attendance at the King William school, where patriotism seemed to radiate from the very presence of the

pedagogue, Mr. Daaker. My grandfather was advised to take me away from such infection, and finally yielded when it became known that I was the ringleader in a raid on the Fairweather school, patronized mostly by the Tory gentry, in which we whipped the whole brood and pinioned the dominie fast. As a result of this escapade I was, by the advice of Uncle Grafton, who had come to have some influence over his father, placed under the tutelage of the Rev. Bennett Allen, who had recently been sent out by Lord Baltimore as rector of St. Anne's. This occurrence was a crisis in my life. Bad and able, dissipated and vicious, but with some of the genial traits of the scholar and gentleman, Allen's cassock concealed an utter lack of scruple and delight in doing evil. My Cousin Philip—for my uncle's family was now domiciled in town—was already his pupil, and it was not long before I had grounds to suspect a secret understanding between Mr. Allen and my cunning relative.

I had much controversy with the rector on the burning issues of the time; but owing to luminous instruction from Mr. Swain, the eminent Whig barrister, I was more than able to hold my own. I had become intimate with this gentleman, whose daughter Patty was a great friend of mine, a companionship which did not evoke much approval from Dorothy Manners. Mr. Allen was careful to conceal my growing political boldness from my grandfather. He rather led him to believe that I had become converted to loyalty, and I refrained from combating the delusion for fear of shocking Mr. Carvel, who was breaking in health. My nineteenth summer was spent at Carvel Hall as usual, and I took on me the general management of the estate with a success that greatly pleased Grandfather Carvel. My uncle and Mr. Allen called frequently and sought, though with little success, to placate my dislike for them. On one of these occasions I took the rector to task in the severest language for his lies to Mr. Carvel about my political views which had forced me to practise hypocrisy toward him. When they had gone, old Harvey, the coachman, told me that he had overheard words indicating what he thought was some wicked plot. "I got the words," he said, "upper Marlboro, and South River, and next voyage, and that profligate rector wanted to know as to how far 'Griggs' was reliable." I gave him little attention,

however, and the summer sped swiftly in fox-hunting, field-sports and farm management, and in much delightful converse with Mistress Dorothy, who had developed into a maid of ravishing beauty.

I had so far rounded out my training in the equipment of a gentleman, that while I was a fearless and skilful rider, I was no less accomplished for my years as an expert "blade," possessing a natural aptitude for the sword, in which I had been assiduously practised from boyhood by Grandfather Carvel and by Captain Daniel Clapsaddle, who had been an officer of the "Royal Americans."

At my birthday festival Dorothy told me that her family would depart for England the next week, but I was comforted in bidding her a shipboard good-by, with evidence of tenderness shown to no other gallant. Time passed with little news of Dorothy until the rumor came that she was to marry the Duke of Chartersea, which my confidante, Patty Swain, indignantly refused to believe. Some further light was shed on the report by the arrival of the frigate *Thunderer*, an officer of which, Lord Comyn, had been one of the most devoted of the American beauty's throng of titled admirers. "Marry!" Patty said. "That profligate pig? She would as soon marry a chairman or a chimney-sweep."

My growing partiality for Comyn had like to have ended in a tragedy. One night at the Assembly I saw Mr. Allen talking to a little group of which Patty Swain was one. They were all silent as I joined them, and I suspected that the rector, who quietly slipped away, had been gossiping to my discredit; especially as Patty shrank from me. I went to Claude's Coffee-House, where I would be pretty sure to meet Allen, and unexpectedly found Captain Clapsaddle with a tall stranger already known to colonial fame, Colonel George Washington. His air and carriage marked him at once as one born to great things. I was led to tell them my troubles and they advised me to be neutral politically but to inform Mr. Carvel, myself, of my predilections. Directly the rector arrived, flushed with drink, I taxed him fiercely with deceit and treachery, and the quarrel was not far from sword-drawing, when a party arrived from the Assembly, consisting of Lord Comyn, his superior

officer, Captain Collinson, and other naval men, with young gentlemen of the province. Collinson began to abuse the colonials with coarse acrimony, and I sprang toward him, when Mr. Allen from behind pushed Lord Comyn between, who thus received the blow which I designed for another. Though I disclaimed intending to strike him, a duel was inevitable. We fought. In sinking my point, when I should inevitably run him through, I received a chance wound in the neck. Comyn recognized that I had really saved his life, and this act of mine laid the foundation of a lifelong friendship.

The explanation to Mr. Carvel, which followed my avowal of Whig principles, was received with more grace than I had hoped; the rector got his *congé* and the hypocritical Grafton was saved only by disavowing his unworthy tool. When Lord Comyn sailed away in the *Thunderer* it was with the knowledge that I loved Dorothy, which only bound his generous spirit the more closely to me.

I was setting out to attend a Christmas ball that year, 1769, with a joyous coaching-party, when a messenger called me back with a note, asking a brief business interview at the Coffee-House. This I discovered to be a blunder or a fraud, and riding to overtake my friends, I was beset by a party of ruffians as I skirted the water. I shot one and spitted another, but was felled senseless with a bludgeon. My senses returned to find me on the high seas, in a foul and greasy bunk and a most noisome atmosphere. It was not long before I discovered myself to be a prisoner in the pirate brig *Black Moll*, commanded by Captain Griggs. The name, and with it the remembrance of old Harvey's conviction of a sinister plot against me, at once flashed on my mind, and I soon learned that I was either to be killed or sold as a slave in a French colony. Rescue came through the sinking of the buccaneer in battle with a well-armed merchant ship, and I was fished out of the sea to be received graciously by the Captain, John Paul, of Kirkcudbright, Scotland, then on his homeward voyage. I was treated like a brother, and though I could not anticipate the future of this great naval hero, there was something in his inscrutable dark eye that thrilled me with a sense of his being a man of destiny.

I resolved on reaching Kirkcudbright to journey to London

to see Dorothy and to obtain from my grandfather's agent, Mr. Dix, funds to pay for my return voyage. Captain Paul got such a cold welcome from his townsmen on account of his stern man-o'-war discipline over his crew, all Kirkcudbrighters, that he determined to go to London with me, and insisted on paying the charges of travel, for I was penniless. His peacock vanity and his *hauteur* involved us in much comical misadventure *en route*. When we arrived at Windsor, Captain Paul insisted on going to a fashionable inn, "The Castle," where it befell us to receive an invitation to sup with a tall, thin gentleman of remarkable countenance, dressed in the height of the mode, who seemed to have fancied me at a passing look, though he sniffed at my comrade. The fare and our host's conversation were equally good, for the latter was a prodigious medley of learning, wit, and amusing anecdote edged with malice. Captain Paul was ill at ease, for he himself had more than a smattering of the *belles-lettres* and he wanted an opportunity to shine. The stranger presently took to questioning, and I told him my story of adventure, whereat he was astonished and summoned his valet to unpack his writing-tablet at once. "A strange yarn indeed, Captain," said he, turning to John Paul. "And therefore as a stranger give it welcome," said the Captain coolly. "There are more things in heaven and earth, Horatio, than are dreamt of in your philosophy."

It was like a bomb-shell. "What! What's this?" he cried. "You quote *Hamlet!* And who are you that you know my name?" and he bade us good night in a flurry. We did not know till later that it was Horace Walpole, the famous *dilletante* of Strawberry Hill, nor did we dream of the luck of that meeting, for no one at the inn would tell us who he was. We had learned the names of the fashionable tradesmen, and John Paul would have it that they should fit us with the latest fashions, so he sent for them to the "Star and Garter" in London, where we decided to stop, with only a guinea or two in the joint purse, too.

My friend was a believer in audacity and good fortune. I took early occasion to see Mr. Dix, my grandfather's agent, but that gentleman would not accept my identity, as he had not been notified of my departure from Maryland. He went to Arlington

Street with me, however, where the Manners family lived, who could certify to my pedigree. As we stood at the door Mr. Manners alighted from a coach with another, and cried: "Make way for the Duke of Chartersea." He turned to me, as I attempted to speak, with a cold eye, and at the Duke's suggestion tossed me a shilling. So they passed in, and it verified the suspicion of Mr. Dix that I must be an impostor. Raging with shame and anger, I returned to the "Star and Garter" to find Captain Paul surrounded by importunate tradesmen and with a couple of bailiffs waiting. He thought naught of himself but only of my misfortune as we were taken to a spunging-house, and consoled me as best he could. The days dragged on wearily in the debtors' prison for three weeks, when one evening there was a great commotion at the door, which was almost dashed from its hinges, and Lord Comyn entered in a tumult of wrath and sympathy.

As we passed down-stairs to settle the bailiff's account, I saw the tall figure of a girl standing in the office with tears on her long lashes. It was Dorothy, and I was for a few moments dumb with joy, as she clasped both my hands convulsively. I evaded answering her questions, but her woman's instinct shot close to the truth, even before Captain Paul's honest wrath cleared the way. She and Lord Comyn had been at a dinner given by Horace Walpole, and that king of gossips had entertained the company with an account of the supper episode at the Castle inn and the stalwart young provincial from Maryland, who had nearly twisted the landlord's neck. Dolly's suspicion at once reverted to Richard Carvel, and she had insisted on accompanying Comyn in a search for me. On returning to the "Star and Garter," where Lord Comyn's presence made a complete change in the atmosphere, he sent peremptorily for Mr. Dix, and that servile fellow, with profuse apologies, was eager to provide all the money I needed. Little Mr. Manners too came post-haste with lying excuses, and a cordial invitation from his wife that I make free of the Arlington Street house. There I learned that Grafton had managed to save himself from any suspicion of complicity in my abduction and that he had gained the confidence of Mr. Carvel, who was completely broken in health. The black suspicion seized me, would any

of my letters now reach my grandfather? Or would any news be permitted to leak through the barriers around a bed-ridden invalid? Anxiety to return at once to Maryland was sharpened, and Captain Paul was eager, too, to expatriate himself and live in the colonies. But Lord Comyn had begun to lay stress on the importance of my longer stay in London to protect Dorothy from the machinations of her father and the Duke of Chartersea. In this I could be the only effective helper through the deep love which Comyn was sure she had in her heart for me. Thus I was divided between the strongest cross currents of affection and self-interest.

I met at the Arlington Street house a man destined to become one of the greatest of political celebrities, and who was my intimate associate during my London career. Charles James Fox, younger son of Lord Holland, was then, though only twenty-one, a Lord of the Admiralty; and, with no fixed principles, he was thus a member of the Government. I owed almost as much to his friendship as to that of Lord Comyn. Through him I was made a member of Brooks's, then the most exclusive club in London; and he, with Lord Comyn, introduced me to the wittiest, the most brilliant, and the most extravagant set of the aristocracy, where indeed I became somewhat of a favorite.

One thing which greatly contributed to my popularity, strange to say, was an ardent defense I made of colonial rights in a club party of government supporters, including Fox, when my boldness was cheered to the echo. My growing happiness, however, was dashed by the sailing of Captain Paul, as master of a merchantman, for Virginia. Fox had offered him a commission in the Royal Navy, which he had refused, to the astonishment of all. Dorothy and I went to his ship to say "good-by," and his parting word was of his great joy "in bringing you two together again," at which she grew scarlet and drooped her beautiful eyes.

I met Dorothy everywhere and it came to be understood that there was some strong tie between us. That secured for me the honor of the Duke of Chartersea's bitter hatred, which, in spite of his surly civility, gleamed in the fishlike, malignant stare that he frequently turned upon me. I plunged into all

the dissipations and diversions of the fastest set in the world, won and lost large sums at the gaming-table, and drank to the full all the pleasures of London life. One night at Brooks's, after a long bout at the card-table, we descended to the parlor. "Bully" Bolingbroke refused to accept a bet offered by Fox, as we saw the ungainly form of Chartersea lying apparently drunk on the sofa, that Mr. Carvel would get the Beauty against the Duke. That titled reprobate immediately started up with the bet of a thousand guineas that "the d—d provinshial never getsh 'er—kill fellow firsht," and instantly fell over.

Several nights afterward I was assailed in a dark street by two ruffians, sword in hand, myself weaponless, and narrowly escaped death through the intervention of my man, Banks, who shouted "watch!" My next intercourse with Chartersea came of an invitation to several among us who were playing at Brooks's to sup with him in Hanover Square. His magnificent house was being redecorated ("preparing for a mistress," he intimated, with a sneering glance at me), and his priceless collections, no less than the splendid wines and viands, testified to his great wealth. The witty repartee and anecdote, in which Charles Fox took the most brilliant part, veered to cross-country riding. The Duke said he had heard of my reputation, and offered a large bet that I could not sit Lord Baltimore's Pollux twenty minutes. The wager was to be settled in a fortnight and Chartersea coolly remarked that the stallion had killed his groom, one of the cleverest jockeys in the kingdom, the day before. Fox's quick wit, however, retaliated by putting it to Chartersea's honor, that, if I succeeded, he should sit Pollux another twenty minutes. We went to see the Lord Proprietor of Maryland, one of the most vapid and dissipated of men, but even he consented to be a party to the bet, with a protest. The sight of Pollux in his stable made it certain that he fully deserved his reputation for untamable ferocity. The match came off at Hyde Park before an immense throng of the fashionables and of the commons to witness the start. The ride was a perilous ordeal, but I conquered Pollux and rode him to the finish amid thunders of acclamation. When Chartersea mounted with great difficulty, Pollux bolted and shot him headlong into the Serpentine. The Duke, with his familiar satellite, Captain

Lewis, who had been associated with him in many villainous escapades, slunk away in a frenzy of wrath and shame.

I was warned to beware of Chartersea's revenge from more than one quarter, and was scolded by both Dolly and Mrs. Manners for my reckless spirit and general extravagance. Mr. Dix, too, had very recently shown me my account, by which I had overdrawn my grandfather's balance to the extent of five hundred pounds. It was at Vauxhall Garden a week after that the culmination came. I was one of a large party listening to the music, when Comyn whispered that Chartersea was there. In a few moments I saw the figure of Mr. Manners dodging toward the wilderness, in whose gloom more than one crime had been committed. I knew it was to see the Duke, and I slipped away after him and overtook the little wretch, whom I compelled to admit his complicity in Chartersea's plotting. I plunged into the darkness and came on the Duke and Captain Lewis. Between my charge of foul play and the drawing of our blades but a second elapsed. While we were fighting, Lewis slipped around, evidently intending to stab me in the back, when Lord Comyn rushed to the rescue and engaged his point only to receive a dangerous thrust. I threw myself on the prostrate Comyn in grief, and my antagonist, who had been hard pressed, lunged savagely at me with a "He won't marry her, damn him!" Cries near by made the would-be assassins flee, and Lord Comyn was carried away unconscious to his house, while I had only a slight flesh wound. The next day, as well as ever, I drove to the Manners house and found Manners himself in the drawing-room. He proceeded to inform me with great pretense of sympathy that news had just arrived of the death of my grandfather, and that the whole estate was in the hands of my uncle. Great shock as this was, there were other rankling thoughts that would have vent. I told him all I knew, much that I surmised; that he was pretending to be at the mercy of Chartersea and that the titled scoundrel could dishonor him—meaning thus to force the will of Dorothy. His lips could scarcely frame a terrified "yes" when I spurned him from me. Dorothy, who had accidentally heard all, met me outside the door, and through her trembling words of farewell breathed something like a confession of her love.

Lord Comyn recovered rapidly, and through his friendship and that of Charles Fox I was able to arrange my finances, and in six weeks after sailing from England was once more on my native shores. Captain Daniel Clapsaddle was almost the first friend to meet me and he told me a wretched story. My grandfather never had heard from me, my letters having been intercepted, and had been made to believe that I was dead. Thus everything had been willed to Grafton. The will could not be broken unless it could be shown that the property had been in some past generation entailed—a possibility almost hopeless. Mr. Swain confirmed this, and in his friendship he asked me to take the management of a fine estate which he had recently bought, for I had fiercely refused my uncle's offer of the Kent estate on condition that I would formally forego all title to the Carvel property. I had come home a stouter Whig than ever, and in addition to my farm management I assisted Mr. Swain in political correspondence and negotiation, for he was chairman of the most important revolutionary committee of the State. I had been away only seven months, yet there was a vast change in public sentiment. How I wished Charles Fox could have been with me!

I was received by Mrs. Swain and Patty with the greatest warmth, and they were domiciled with me at "Gordon's Pride." As the months and years rolled on swiftly I was happy enough, but Patty knew and I knew that I never could forget Dolly. Letters came from her occasionally, but from Comyn more frequently. He wrote that she was still the Queen of Hearts, and had refused half the titles in the kingdom. The death of Mr. Swain left me in complete control of his estate, and in him liberty lost an ardent friend, one who would have risen high among the statesmen of the age. His dying wish that I might become Patty's husband was impossible to fulfil, though I knew she loved me. Three serene years had passed, though with thunder and lightning in the political sky, when I met in Annapolis my friend, Captain John Paul. He had now inherited an estate from his brother in Virginia and had added Jones to his name. He was on his way to Philadelphia to offer his services to the Continental Congress for a command at sea, should there be war, as now seemed certain. Inflamed by his

enthusiasm I bade farewell to peaceful pursuits and accompanied him.

For three years we sailed and fought together aboard the *Bonhomme Richard* and then entered into the glorious duel with the *Serapis*. It was a great fight, but our men proved invincible.

Just as the *Serapis* was in the act of surrender, I received a crashing pike blow on the head in the last flare of the battle, having already got two wounds. When I awoke to consciousness, for I must have slept long, I found myself in a strange room with what seemed all kinds of phantasmagoria sweeping over my brain. At last I recognized the face of Dorothy's mother, and I knew I was in the house of Marmaduke Manners. Dorothy had received a letter from Holland, written in a disguised hand and phrase, but revealing plainly to the perspicacity of love that it was Captain John Paul Jones writing about me, that I was desperately ill, and only by the tenderest nursing could I recover. The Manners household had been reduced to poverty by the war and the wanton extravagance of Marmaduke. The ladies, assisted by the old black "mammy," contributed to the support of the family by making and selling colonial dainties. But they had not lost the support and friendship of such stanch spirits as Lord Comyn and Charles Fox. The latter had become the "great commoner" and the most portentous figure in the opposition.

Comyn, at Dolly's request, had at once started for the island of Texel, where the letter intimated I was to be found, and had brought me to London by easy stages. So the lieutenant of the dreaded pirate, John Paul Jones, the *bête noire* of the King and his ministers, was domiciled in the very heart of London.

I was cheered by one piece of good news. Grafton had professed to be an ardent patriot, but was finally detected in treasonable correspondence with the enemy. He had been compelled to fly to New York and the State had confiscated all his lands, but a bill had been passed conferring them on me, to whom, indeed, they rightfully belonged. I had not yet been permitted, on account of my great feebleness, to talk with Dorothy. That blissful meeting came at last and she surrendered herself to me with such rapture and tenderness as compensated for all

the past. One morning, when I was beginning to grow strong, a visitor was announced, who proved to be my old enemy, Mr. Allen. I at first refused to see him, but was overpersuaded by Dolly. Coarsened and stripped of his fine feathers, he was a haggard-looking creature, yet there was something in him that overcame my repulsion and bespoke a new sincerity. He told me that Grafton Carvel had arrived and that he had seen Mr. Dix, who had learned of my hiding in London from Mr. Manners's besotted folly. There was every reason to believe that a Secretary of State's warrant would be issued on the next day for my arrest. He also told me that the document made by my great-grandfather entailing the Carvel estate had been abstracted by my uncle. I gladly forgave the fallen wretch, and he left, blessing me, with tears. Dorothy had already sent for Comyn and Charles Fox, and with Mrs. Manners and "Aunt Lucy" had begun to pack necessary articles for our immediate flight. Through the aid of our faithful friends we reached Portsmouth, where we took shipping for Lisbon; and thence we sailed for Maryland. Thus at last I came to my own.

THE CID

Compiled from Early Spanish Ballads (1252–1270)

This work, the grandest poetic legend of Spanish history, was put into its present form under the direction of King Alfonso the Wise, in the thirteenth century, from the original ballads, and was translated and published by Robert Southey in stately style in 1808. It bears the same relation to Spanish literature that Malory's *King Arthur* bears to that of England. Doubtless based on the romantic career of an actual character, how far it is true and how far fiction will probably never be known. It is sufficient for us that it presents an incomparable picture of life in Spain during the period of the early conflicts that terminated centuries later in the expulsion of the Moors from Spain.

ING DON FERRANDO succeeded to the States of Castile after the death of his father, King Don Sancho el Mayor, in the year 1072, which was the year of the Incarnation 1034, and from the coming of the Patriarch Tubal to settle in Spain 3197, and from the general deluge 3339, and from the creation of the world 4995, according to the computation of the Hebrews, and from the beginning of the false sect of the Moors 413. And in the year 1037 Ferrando slew in battle Bermundo, King of Leon, who was his wife's brother, and conquered his kingdom, and succeeded to it in right of his wife, Doña Sancha. He was the first to unite Leon and Castile. He feared God and was just and bold in all his doings, and he put his sons to read, that they might be of the better understanding. And he ordered that his daughters should be brought up in the studies beseeming dames.

In those days arose Rodrigo of Bivar, who was a youth strong in arms and of good customs; and the people rejoiced in him, for he bestirred himself to protect the land from the Moors. He was of noble lineage, born in the city of Burgos. In the church of St. Martin was he baptized, a good priest, who was named Don Pedro de Pernegas, being his godfather;

and to this church Rodrigo was greatly affectionate, and he built the belfry tower thereof. And moreover he came to be called Rodrigo Diaz de Bivar, the Cid Campeador, that is, the Lord Champion, because he was the incomparable lord who conquered in a battle five Moorish kings in the beginning of his career.

Now about this time there was strife between Count Don Gomez and Diego Laynez, the father of Rodrigo, and the Count insulted Diego and gave him a blow. And Diego was a man in years and unable to take vengeance on the Count, who was a mighty man in arms, held the best in war, and having a host of friends. And Diego pined over this and could neither eat nor sleep. These things were nothing to Rodrigo, who asked only the justice of Heaven and a fair field to encounter the Count. His father gave him his sword Mudarra and his blessing, and Rodrigo went forth to meet the Count. Diego was sitting at the table, the food lying before him untasted, when Rodrigo returned, and pointing to the head which hung from the horse's saddle dripping blood, bade him look up, for there was the herb which should restore to him his appetite; and the old man embraced him and placed him above him at the table, saying that he who brought home that head should be the head of the house of Layn Calvo.

And soon after these events five Moorish kings entered the land in great power, and burned houses and carried away no end of cattle, flocks, horses, brood-mares, captives and treasure. But Rodrigo de Bivar pursued and discomfited them and captured all the five kings; and then he said to his mother that it was not good to slay or hold these kings. So he set them at liberty and they returned home, blessing him for their deliverance and his great bounty. And herein he showed not only his greatness as a warrior, but likewise the foresight of his wisdom, in that he made friends who might be of use to him in the time of need; for those were troublous times and none knew what might befall.

Now after this great victory over the five kings, there came before King Ferrando the Lady Ximena Gomez, and fell on her knees before the King, saying: "Sir, I am the youngest of the three daughters of Count Don Gomez, whom Rodrigo de Bivar

has slain. And I come to you to crave a boon: that you will give me Rodrigo to be my husband, with whom I shall hold myself well married and greatly honored; for certain I am that his possessions will one day be greater than those of any man in your dominions. Certes, sir, it behooves you to do this, because it is for God's service, and because I may pardon Rodrigo with a good will." And the King held it good to send letters to Rodrigo commanding him to repair at once to his presence for a matter of great moment to God's service and his own welfare and honor.

And Rodrigo dighted himself gallantly and well, and went attended by many knights; and the King went forth to meet him, which displeased many of the nobles. And Rodrigo said he would do all the King required, whereon the King thanked him and promised him great honor, and sent without delay for the Bishop of Palencia; and the espousals were forthwith celebrated with great pomp. Then Rodrigo took his spouse to the house of his mother, and made a vow that he would never accompany with her until he had won five successive battles in the field. And Doña Ximena was content. And he bade his mother treat her with great good-will and honor. He then departed and went against the Moors.

But first he started to fulfil a vow to make a pilgrimage to Compostella with twenty knights, giving alms on the way; and they found a leper crying from a quagmire for help; and Rodrigo lifted him on his horse before him, and placed him with him at the table of the inn where they lodged. And the knights were greatly offended and arose from the table. And they twain went to bed together; and in the night the leper breathed on him so piercingly between the shoulders as to wake him. But when Rodrigo called for a light, lo! the leper had disappeared. And Rodrigo was greatly awed; but after a while, as he was musing, one in white raiment came before him, saying he was St. Lazarus; and that because of the good Rodrigo had shown the poor leper God now granted him a great gift; it was, that whensoever he should feel that breath warming his shoulders he would accomplish whatever he desired, whether in battle or otherwise; that he would be feared by Moors and Christians; that his enemies would never prevail against him;

and that he would die honorably in his own house, full of renown; for God had blessed him.

After this the nobles, full of envy, conspired against the Cid, and urged some of the Moorish kings to join with them to the end that he should be defeated and slain; and thus their power would be set up again in Castile. But these kings were of those whom he had captured and then honorably sent home again. And they informed the Cid of the foul plot; and the King drove these counts from the realm in disgrace. But the wife of Count Garcia, one of the exiles, begged him on her knees to forget his resentment and help them in this sore distress. And Rodrigo raised her up, and gave her a letter to the King of Cordova, one of his friends and vassals in the land of the Moors, who, out of love for Rodrigo, gave Cabra to her husband, where they could live well with their people.

And at the capture of Coimbra, in Portugal, but then held by the Moors, the Cid greatly helped the Spanish army and received yet more honors from King Ferrando. But space fails to recount all the great deeds of the Cid in these days of his rising glory and success. Wherever his famed sword Tizona flashed over the field, the enemy fell; wherever his war-horse Bavieca pursued the foe, victory settled on the banners of the Cid.

But it came to pass that sorrows came to him, as they do to all who are born of woman. It so happened that in a war with the Moors Rodrigo pursued the enemy across the frontiers of the King of Toledo and did great ravages on his territories, which was very grievous to King Alfonso, who was greatly beholden to that King for favors and shelter when defeated by his brother Sancho in the civil wars. This Alfonso was son of King Ferrando, and not the Alfonso who prepared this "Chronicle of the Cid." Although Rodrigo committed this error in the heat of the pursuit rather than to despite his King, yet King Alfonso was very wroth; and when he came before him the King ordered him, without even granting him a hearing, to leave the kingdom and go into exile in the space of nine days; in default of which he and his family and possessions would be pursued and destroyed wherever found on the soil of fair Castile. "But, sire," replied the Cid, "the law says an

exile shall have thirty days to prepare to leave his native land." "And I say and order you to depart from my dominions in nine days, on pain of attack and destruction by my brave knights wherever you be found," replied King Alfonso. And what was more, Alfonso forbade any of his subjects to give provisions or shelter to the Cid and his followers, on pain of extermination, while they were still loitering on Castilian soil.

But the hero dreamed not of resistance to his liege lord; he prepared at once to depart. His tears fell as he left his ancestral castle of Bivar, abandoned to the bats and the owls. Ximena had borne him a son who had met an untimely death on the bloody field of war. But they had two daughters, whom he left with her at Burgos in charge of a faithful abbot until, with his sword Tizona, he should win a new home for them on foreign soil. The parting was sad indeed, but not without hope; for the noble dame Ximena doubted not the triumph of her dear lord. The Cid took the children in his arms and wept, for he dearly loved them. "Please God and Saint Mary," said he, "I shall yet live to give these my daughters in marriage with my own hand, and to do you service yet, my honored wife, whom I have ever loved even as my own soul."

Before the good Campeador departed they made a great feast for him at the Monastery of Cardenas, and then, after mass, and having but three days left of the nine, he started out with his faithful friends and followers to win new conquests and eternal fame. Many faithful souls hastened to join his band, getting food and money, which they greatly needed, by one device or another. When he left his castle he had but a little band of sixty followers; and when he crossed the border his force numbered seven hundred, such was the love and confidence of his people. Among them were such tried and trusty knights as his cousin, Alvar Fanez Minaya, the doughty Pero Bermudez, and the invincible Martin Antolinez. On the night before they crossed the Douro on rafts, where they rested near Figuerela, the Angel Gabriel appeared to the Cid when fast asleep and said: "Go on boldly and fear nothing; for everything shall go well with thee while thou livest, and all the things which thou beginnest thou shalt bring to good end, and thou shalt be rich and honorable." And the Cid awoke and crossed his forehead,

and knelt down and gave thanks to God for the mercy which he had vouchsafed him.

And when they had passed into the land of the Moors the Cid and his men began to look about them to discover what to lay hands on to provide themselves with food and shelter, without fear of Moor or Spaniard. They had not long to wait, for they soon perceived the fortified townlet of Castrejou. And they waited until, after the fashion of the country, the people had passed out of the gates to tend their fields and flocks. Then, rushing out from their ambush, the Cid and his people fell on the inhabitants, captured their flocks, and rushed into the gates. He himself slew eleven Moors with his own hand on the spot. In the mean time, Alvar Fanez scoured the panic-stricken neighborhood and brought in immense booty of all kinds. And the heart of the Cid was joyous, and he sent to King Alfonso, telling him that he and his companions would yet do him service in the land of the Moors. Thus he did at many a new triumph, sending also noble spoils, in token that, though in exile, he never forgot his allegiance to his royal master; and thus the heart of King Alfonso was softened little by little toward the Cid.

Slowly but steadily the Cid proceeded eastward through the heart of Spain, capturing towns and cities, gathering spoil and fame; and adventurers galore gathered to his standard and increased his power; and all the time he made it plain that he renounced not his allegiance to his King Alfonso. Some said he was treacherous and cruel. But he was not more so than the men of power of his time, and he was more kind than many. After occupying Alcocer for a while, he offered to restore it to the Moorish King Fariz for a large sum in silver marks. A covenant was written, the ransom was paid, and the place was restored in good faith by the Cid. And yet the people bewailed his departure because he had been a kind master. "Wherever you go, Cid, our prayers go with you," said they, and wept, both men and women, when the Cid went his way.

At last the Cid and his valiant army, clad in shining armor, reached Valencia, the goal whither he had tended—Valencia, the stately and the fair, standing amid noble gardens and groves where the blue Mediterranean bathes the eastern shores of

Spain. Yahia, the King of that province, had recently been murdered by a desperate usurper, hated and feared by the people. He refused to give up the city to the Cid, who thereupon laid siege to it; and it fell at last after many fierce assaults, many stratagems, and great patience. The usurper was punished by the Cid, who, finding this a goodly city, decided to remain there, a powerful sovereign for the rest of his days, although continuing to accord costly gifts and allegiance to his own King. This also was a proof of the wisdom of the Cid. For he knew that even if he were able to separate from the rule of Castile, his own people might rebel from him, while they would cling to him with good heart as long as he ruled as a subject.

The Cid expelled many of the Moors from Valencia, removing them to a new suburb outside of the walls; then he sent a gallant troop of his best warriors to bring home to him his beloved wife and daughters; and he received them right joyfully. All his marches and bivouacs and sieges had taken time. It was long years since he had parted from his family. His beard had become fleecy and white, and was grown to his waist. It was Alvar Fanez Minaya who had been sent to Burgos for them. He paid for the thousand masses, as ordered by the Cid, and brought the noble ladies safely through hostile countries to their husband and father. God, what a joyful man was the Cid to see them again!

And now that he was in such wealth and power, the two brothers, Counts of Carrión, filled with jealousy and inflated with pride because of their lineage, devised a hellish plot.

They besought King Alfonso to command the Cid and Doña Ximena to give them their two daughters, Doña Elvira and Doña Sol, in marriage. And the King wrote very courteous letters to the parents urging them to accede to this request, for it would be a plan good for all who were concerned. But the Cid and his spouse were not pleased, for they knew the brothers of Carrión, and their pride and wickedness. But inasmuch as the King's request was as a command, they consented, and left the result to Him who knows and rules all things. In time the brothers came with great retinue and pomp; the espousals were not delayed, and many and noble

were the gifts. After the wedding the two couples tarried for a time at the castle of the Cid in Valencia. Then they requested permission to return to Castile, which was granted with forebodings. The day after they had started they stopped awhile behind most of their retinue. Then the brothers stripped their wives naked and beat them nearly dead with the bridles and saddle-straps of the horses, and abandoned them alone and swooning in the wood. But a servant who had been with the Cid fled home to Valencia and told the story of what had befallen. Judge whether the Cid was wroth! The two poor ladies were brought home and nursed, and the Cid wrote letters to King Alfonso, demanding redress, as he it was who had made the matches. As the King was now reconciled to the Cid, he straightway invited him to come to Castile and arrange the matter; and at the first conference he caused him to be seated at his side, to the great wrath of some of the grandees of Spain. The two brothers were forced to return all the wealth they had received with their wives, and, together with their uncle, who had incited all their wickedness, they were obliged, much against their will but by strict command of their King, to meet the Cid's three champions in wager of battle, wherein one was killed and the two others were beaten, and then stripped of their armorial bearings and driven forever out of Castile. Immediately after this fight of expiation the daughters of the Cid were given to the Infantes of Arragon and Navarre. And now the Moors were so impatient that the Christians should hold Valencia, that Bucar, the Emperor of Morocco, with twenty-nine kings and a mighty host, came by sea and laid siege to Valencia. The Cid bided his time, and after weeks of siege he went forth at cock-crow, at the sound of the great bell of the city, when the Moors were in their second sleep, and took them so suddenly that they fled in a great panic to their ships. Thousands were slain or drowned; and the Emperor returned to his own country. It is written that for five years after this the Cid Ruy Diaz remained Lord of Valencia in peace; and in all that time he sought to do nothing but serve God and to keep the Moors quiet who were under his dominion; so that Moors and Christians dwelt in accord, as if they had always been united. And then news came from far and near that

King Bucar of Morocco had stirred up all the paganism of Barbary, and had gathered an army like the sands of the sea in number, determined this time to avenge his former defeat at whatever cost.

At this very time the Cid Ruy Diaz had a vision of St. Peter, who informed him that he had but thirty days to live and must shape his preparations accordingly. It was unfortunate that this announcement should come at this emergency. But such matters are not generally under one's own control. Now the Cid had to consult the safety of his wife and faithful followers. He knew that without the support of his mighty genius it would be impossible to prevent the capture of Valencia by the vast power of infidels now approaching. So he called the chief men of the Moors in the city and told them that they and their people must withdraw in order that the defense of Valencia might not be hazarded by their presence. This he did in order that they might not see the preparations he was to make for abandoning his capital to the enemy. After all the Moors were out, he gathered around him his dear wife, the Bishop Hieronymo, and his chief captains, and told them of his vision, and the need that they evacuate the city after his death, taking his body with them embalmed; and he told them that St. Peter had promised that they should successfully cut their way through the enemy, escape all perils, and arrive safely at Burgos, where his remains would be deposited. Furthermore, he strictly enjoined them to make no loud wailing for his death, lest the enemy be made aware of it; and that when the enemy should camp around the city clarions should be blown hilariously from the walls, as if all was joyous and hopeful with the brave garrison of Valencia. And he gave strict directions as to how he was to be embalmed and borne on his faithful old warsteed Bavieca. The next day, which was the thirtieth, he caused his testament to be written, giving gifts to all according to their rank; and on Doña Ximena he bestowed a princely fortune, that she might live the rest of her days at Burgos near him who had loved her so dearly all his life; and the faithful Gil Diaz was appointed to keep guard over her welfare and comfort. He also bequeathed gifts to four thousand of the poor of Burgos. And his wife, the Bishop Hieronymo and three others, includ-

ing his nephew, were made the executors. Then, at the hour of sext, the great captain Ruy Diaz, the Cid Campeador, bade the Bishop give him the body of our Lord Jesus Christ; and he received it on his knees, weeping before them all. And when he had received it, the noble Baron yielded up his soul, pure and spotless, to God, and entered into the light which has no end, being in the seventy and third year of his life.

The third day after his death the host of the Moors arrived and camped about the city. And when eight whole days had passed and the Cid came not forth to meet them with his army, according to his wont, they deemed that he was afraid, and they prepared to storm the walls. In the mean time all the company of the Cid were preparing for the march home. And at midnight of the twelfth day they passed out of the gate that goeth toward Castile, an immense procession of knights and squires and troops, and horses and sumpter-mules with baggage. The Cid sat upright on his horse Bavieca, supported by a well-fitting frame, and embalmed and painted to the very life, with semblance of armor and holding his sword Tizona. On either side rode the Bishop Hieronymo and Gil Diaz, and with them were the Doña Ximena and her company. Five hundred knights rode in front with their squires; then came the baggage, then the Cid, and one hundred chosen knights protecting the Cid and his wife, and six hundred knights in the rear. The rest of the Christian army followed. They started out at midnight and it was broad daylight when all had passed out; and they marched so silently, the sound was as if there were only thirty horses. The knights with the Cid kept steadily on their way, while the rest of the army wheeled and fell suddenly on the Moorish host, who were filled with wonder, not perceiving what all this stately procession meant. And the Moors, taken by surprise, were seized with a panic; and some of them affirmed that they saw a great knight clad all in white and with a throng of knights similarly clad, coming from the heavens to attack the Moors. They were taken with a great panic and a terrible slaughter followed. Then the victorious warriors rejoined the company of the Cid with immense booty, and they all kept on their way to Castile. And after these events the Moors held Valencia for one hundred and seventy years.

When Doña Ximena arrived home, the body of the Cid, being excellently preserved, was kept seated in a marble chair in the church of Cardenas for many years. Gil Diaz also tenderly cared for Bavieca, who lived two years and a half more, and begot colts, one of each sex, from which is descended the famous Spanish breed. And Bavieca lived to be forty years old. The Doña Ximena dwelt there the remainder of her years, honored by all; and when her turn came likewise to die, she was laid by the side of her great lord and husband, the Cid Ruy Diaz de Bivar Campeador.

ARSÈNE ARNAUD JULES CLARETIE

(France, 1840)

PRINCE ZILAH (1884)

If, as someone has said, the name of Claretie will be perpetuated by his novels rather than by his other numerous writings, then *Prince Zilah* will doubtless take first rank among his works of fiction. This work was published in 1884, was crowned by the French Academy the same year, and in 1885 was dramatized by Claretie himself.

ONE of the notable figures in Parisian society about the year 1877 was Prince Andras Zilah, a wealthy Hungarian who, having spent the years of his youth in battling for the freedom of his beloved Hungary, had, after other years of aimless wanderings, finally taken up his residence in France. This last descendant of the ancient race of Zilahs, illustrious defenders of their country's honor, had fought when but sixteen beside his father, Prince Sandor, in the war of 1849, and was one of those magnates who went to Vienna and vainly pleaded the cause of Hungary with the Emperor of Austria. Ever since the death of Prince Sandor, who was killed in an encounter with the Croats early in 1849, the one desire of Andras was to avenge the death of his father; the one aim of his whole existence the freedom of Hungary. Although more than forty years of age, Prince Andras still retained the freshness and elasticity of youth, with an almost childlike purity of heart; his whole appearance suggesting combined strength and gentleness. Love other than that of country had had no place in his heart until, at the age of forty-four, he met Marsa Laszlo, a beautiful girl, half Russian, half gipsy by birth, but wholly Hungarian in her passionate love for her mother's native land. The Prince was introduced to Marsa at a reception given by a friend of both, who

told Andras that "the Tzigana," as Marsa was called, admired him profoundly and knew by heart the history of his battles of 1849. Marsa proved almost weirdly fascinating to him, and she regarded the Prince with genuine hero-worship and frankly told him that, among all those who had fought for their country, he commanded her highest admiration. Then, vividly and enthusiastically, Marsa related the history of the battles in which Andras had taken so heroic a part, and he, surprised, asked her how she knew him so well, and whether her father had been one of his soldiers. Marsa replied that her father had been a Russian, adding:

"My mother alone was a Tzigana, and my mother's beauty was part of the spoils of those who butchered your soldiers!"

Marsa then told the sad story of her life to the Prince: years before, Russian soldiers had destroyed a small Hungarian village; and a young and beautiful gipsy, Tisza Laszlo, had been taken by one of the Russian officers, Prince Tchereteff, to his castle in Moscow. There the poor gipsy girl lived in forced companionship with a man whom she hated for his brutal treatment of herself, and whom she regarded as the murderer of her people. She indignantly spurned his oft-repeated offer of marriage, and when her little daughter Marsa was born she determined to make of her a true daughter of Hungary; and to this end she told the child the history of her unhappy country and instilled in her mind a lasting hatred of everything Russian. Prince Tchereteff deeply loved Marsa, and as she grew up he had her carefully educated, finally removing with her and her mother to Paris; but, dying soon after their arrival there, he left Marsa sole heiress to his immense fortune. Tisza died soon after the Prince, and Marsa was left to the guardianship of her father's uncle, General Vogotzine, with whom she took up her residence on her father's estate at Maisons-Lafitte. Marsa Laszlo gave one-half her fortune to the Hungarian Aid Society of Paris, requesting that part of it should be used to rebuild the Transylvanian village which had been burned at the time her mother was made a captive.

Prince Andras was deeply moved at Marsa's tragic story, which only intensified his already growing interest in her.

During their conversation the Tzigana suddenly turned

pale, and gazed anxiously at a distinguished-looking young man who was approaching her. This was Michel Menko, a distant kinsman of Prince Andras Zilah, who regarded Michel with almost paternal affection. Marsa received Menko with marked coldness, which surprised the Prince, who questioned her, after Michel's departure, regarding her apparent dislike of the young man. But he received only evasive replies, and Marsa, having expressed her pleasure at the prospect of seeing the Prince at her villa, returned home.

Andras, already in love with Marsa, became a frequent visitor at Maisons-Lafitte, and soon asked the Tzigana to be his wife. Marsa gazed at him with an agonized look, and at last, pressed for a reply, uttered the one word:

"Never!"

And yet she longed to tell him how madly she loved him—the man who represented to her all that was pure and noble. But her only reply to his eager questioning was that she loved no one else, and that if she ever married he should be her husband. Andras refused to accept this answer, and saying that he would give her time to reflect, withdrew.

When he had gone Marsa moaned despairingly:

"Have I no right to be happy? To devote myself to him! to be his slave! Shall I marry him? Or—shall I kill myself? Yes, that is the only thing for me to do. But I am a coward, now that I love him—a coward! a miserable wretch!"

When the Prince came the next day Marsa said she would give him his answer in a month.

Prince Zilah's oldest and most trusted friend was Count Yanski Varhély, and to him Andras confided his inmost thoughts. Marsa, knowing this, asked the Count what he thought would become of the Prince if she should not marry him. The Count replied that Andras was one of those men who love but once, and that if she refused him he would probably commit some desperate act. This decided Marsa, and when Andras came for his answer she accepted him. And, happy in the love of this true man, Marsa forgot for a time her doubts and fears.

The Prince gave a magnificent *fête* on board a steamer to celebrate his betrothal, and as the boat glided along the banks

of the Seine it seemed to Andras, as he stood with his two dear friends, Varhély and Menko, standing beside Marsa, that his happiness was complete. But Marsa appeared strangely disturbed whenever Menko approached her. The young man watched her unceasingly, and when she was left alone he advanced to her side and spoke her name.

The Tzigana started and, turning quickly, met the supplicating eyes of the young man.

"What do you wish of me?" she said. "Why do you speak to me? You must have seen what care I have taken to avoid you."

"It is that which has wounded me to the quick. You are driving me mad. If you only knew what I am suffering!"

She answered him in a cutting tone. "You suffer? Is fate so just as that?"

"Marsa!" he exclaimed imploringly.

"My name is Marsa Laszlo; and, in a few days, I shall be Princess Zilah," she responded, passing haughtily by him, "and I think you will hardly force me to make you remember it."

Menko bowed his head, saying, as she left him: "Forgive me!"

Nevertheless, as Marsa was leaving the boat, Menko demanded in a few whispered words an interview at her house that evening, to which Marsa made no reply. But when evening came and Menko appeared, she decided to see him. In the stormy interview that followed Michel implored Marsa to forgive him the great wrong he had done her some years before; but Marsa disdained his plea, and when he asked her to marry him recoiled from him in disgust.

"Marry you!" she cried.

"Yes, me!" he said. "Me, who love you, and whom you have loved!"

"Ah, don't dare to say that!" she cried, drawing close to the table where a dagger lay amid the objects of art. "Don't be vile enough to speak to me of a past of which nothing remains to me but disgust. Let not one word which recalls it to me mount to your lips, or I will kill you for the coward you are!"

"Do so, Marsa!" he cried, with wild passion. "I should die by your hand, and you would not marry that man!"

And to Menko's plea that she loved him once, the Tzigana replied:

"No! I did not love you! I *thought* I loved you. What did I know of life when I met you? I was ill; I thought myself dying, and I never heard a word of pity fall from any other lips than yours. I thought you were a man of honor. You were only a wretch. You represented yourself to me as free—and you were married. Weakly—oh, I could kill myself at the very thought!—I listened to you! I took for love the trite phrases you had used to dozens of other women; half by violence, half by ruse, you became my lover. And when, deluded by you, thinking that what I felt for you was love, I imagined that I had given myself for life to a man worthy of the deepest devotion, ready for all sacrifices for me, as I felt myself to be for him; when you had taken me, body and soul, I learned by a trifling conversation in a crowded ballroom that this Michel Menko, who was to be my husband—this man of honor, the one in whom I believed blindly—was married, and had already given away the name on which he traded! Oh, it is hideous!"

Menko replied that all she said was true, but that he had not loved the woman he married; and that after he had met and loved Marsa and had won her love, he dared not confess his deception; but he would give his whole life to expiate his crime if she would marry him. While Menko recalled the past to her, pleading their former love, Marsa saw it all as in a hideous dream: the days of their first meeting at Pau, whither she had gone for her health; Menko's winning of her love; and finally the cruel awakening when she learned that he already had a wife. She had spurned him as soon as she learned the lie he had been living, and when, a little later (his wife having died), Menko wrote to Marsa imploring her to pardon him and accept his name, she scornfully refused his offer. All this passed before Marsa's mind, and to his threats and pleadings she replied in disgust, finally ordering him from her presence. Before he left, Menko told her that he still had the key of the gate to the garden where she was wont to meet him two years before, and that he would be in the garden the next night and

would bring to her her letters to him, which he had preserved, and for which she had begged and pleaded many times. He said that he would give them up on one condition.

Marsa ironically replied:

"Ah—either my letters or myself! It is a bargain pure and simple! Such a proposition has been made once before—it is historical—you probably remember it. In that case the woman killed herself. I shall act otherwise, believe me!"

In spite of this threat, Menko reiterated his determination to be at the garden-gate the following night.

The unhappy Marsa, loving Andras with all the strength of her passionate nature, and longing to become his wife, was obliged to consider what the Prince would do if, after they were married, he should learn the truth regarding herself and Michel. "He would kill me," she thought. But, although she felt she had no right to marry him with a lie upon her lips, yet, knowing she lacked the courage to confess, the Tzigana resolved to keep her promise to the Prince and then sacrifice her life for his love.

As the hour approached when Menko had threatened to come to the villa with her letters, Marsa crossed the garden, and opening the kennel-door released her three great, fierce dogs; and exclaiming "Go!" returned to the house, saying:

"Now, I hope that Prince Zilah's *fiancée* is well guarded!"

When Menko came to the garden he was attacked by the savage beasts on guard. Without a weapon, but having great strength, and muscles of steel, Menko, after a desperate struggle for his life, escaped, torn and bleeding from many wounds. Marsa had heard the sounds of the struggle, but made no effort to rescue him. Later she learned that he was slowly recovering from his injuries.

Meanwhile the wedding-day of Marsa and the Prince had come, and at last Marsa was supremely happy, with the hateful past put behind her.

After the wedding-breakfast, and just as the last guest was leaving, Varhély handed the Prince a package which a servant had given him at the conclusion of the marriage ceremony in the church, requesting the Count to give it to Prince Zilah. This packet bore the name of Menko. Andras laid it unopened upon the piano in the salon, thinking it was some message of

congratulation from Michel. Alone with her beloved husband, and listening to his words of love and pride, Marsa's trials seemed ended, and her one desire was to leave the house where she had endured such anguish of mind. As she was about to leave the room to prepare for their journey, she saw Menko's package and stopped, gazing with terror-stricken eyes first at the Prince and then at the package, for she knew instinctively what it contained. Andras asked the cause of her alarm, and then, seeing her gaze fixed upon the package, began to open it; but Marsa, in a frenzy, begged him not to read the contents, which Andras recognized to be letters. The Prince consented to burn them unread upon one condition: that she would swear to him she was in no way connected with Michel, and that whatever the letters contained was a calumny. The wretched woman cried:

"Swear it? No! not another lie, not one! Monsieur, I am a wretch, a miserable woman! Strike me! I have deceived you! Hate me! The man whose letters you hold has been—my lover!"

The Prince uttered a cry as if stabbed, and raising Marsa, who had thrown herself at his feet, he said in low tones:

"Do you know that the lowest of women is less culpable than you? Do you know that I have the right to kill you? Why have you committed this infamy? It was not for my fortune; you are rich."

Marsa, humiliated by his contempt, replied in frenzied words that it was his love she craved; that she would have confessed all, would have been his mistress, his slave, if she had not feared to lose him if he knew the truth; that she deserved to be punished, and begged him to kill her. Andras, without replying, was leaving the room, and to her agonized questions as to where he was going and what were his wishes with regard to herself, the Prince replied:

"Live with Michel Menko, if he is still alive after I have met him!" and left the house. Marsa, with a terrible cry, fell senseless to the floor.

Andras returned heart-broken to Paris, and, having read the letters that clearly revealed Marsa's former love for Menko, sought the man who had struck him such a cowardly blow.

But he learned that Menko had left the city, though his servant could not tell where he had gone. The latter begged Prince Zilah never to let Count Menko know that he had failed to deliver the package to the Prince the evening before, as his master had commanded him to do. Thus Andras knew that Michel had intended to have him receive the letters in time to prevent his marriage with Marsa. As Menko had disappeared, Andras could only wait for his return to obtain satisfaction, and in the mean time returned to his life of semisolitude.

Marsa was seized with violent fever and delirium, which left her with a weakened mind. Her condition became serious, and as her husband declined to take any interest in her, General Vogotzine, after consultation with an eminent specialist, placed her in an insane asylum, where the physician hoped she might eventually be cured.

As the weeks passed Andras realized that his love for Marsa still lived, and at times he longed to see her, to hear from her; but the face of Menko rose always between them. His faithful friend, Varhély, knew this, and the old man never forgot that he had been the innocent instrument of Menko's cowardly revenge, in giving the letters to Andras, and eagerly awaited news of Michel that he might call him to account. One day General Vogotzine called to see Prince Zilah, and told him that Marsa was in a dreadful stupor, replying to all questions merely; "I do not know." Her physicians thought that a mental shock was necessary to arouse her, and Vogotzine requested Andras to accompany him to the asylum and see whether the sight of her husband would recall her to a normal condition. Andras consented, his longing heart impelling him, and on their arrival at the asylum was told by the doctor that Marsa was in the garden, and that it would be best for him to present himself suddenly before her. The Prince awaited her at the end of an alley down which she was walking, and when she had advanced within a step or two of Andras, Marsa stopped and vacantly gazed into his face. For an instant she stood thus, then suddenly she started; a terrified expression came into her eyes; she began to tremble; uttered a shrill cry, and falling to her knees raised her clasped hands and faltered: "Forgive! Forgive!" Then she fainted. The experiment was successful;

her reason was restored, and in a short time she returned to Maisons-Lafitte.

In the mean time Count Varhély had learned that Menko had been arrested at Warsaw for supposed complicity in a plot against the Czar; and, telling Prince Zilah that he had been called to Vienna on business, he departed for that city, where he obtained an interview with his old companion in arms, Count Josef Ladany, once the commander of a legion of Magyar students, but at that time the Austrian Minister of Foreign Affairs. In memory of their former friendship, Varhély asked Ladany's influence with the Russian Government to obtain the release of his countryman, Count Menko. Count Ladany finally secured the pardon of the Hungarian prisoner, and immediately thereafter Menko left for Florence. Thither Varhély hastened, and, confronting Menko, accused him of infamous and cowardly conduct toward Prince Zilah and himself, demanding satisfaction; which was promised him by Michel, who expressed the deepest love and admiration for Andras, and regret that his servant had not followed his orders with regard to the proper time for the delivery of the letters.

After Varhély had left Paris, Marsa wrote begging him to obtain for her an interview with the Prince, as she longed to confess her wickedness in concealing from him the truth regarding her relations to Menko; and she also hoped to prove to Zilah that it was her unconquerable love for himself that induced her to keep silence. Varhély responded in the coldest manner, but Marsa, nothing daunted, wrote again, telling him that her remorse was killing her, and begging him to return. The Count replied that he would return when he had fulfilled a work he had undertaken. The Prince also longed for Varhély, as he wandered aimlessly around Paris, never able to cast the image of his beautiful Marsa from his mind. He yearned to forgive her, but was restrained by the thought of Menko, who, living, must stand always between them. Having met Vogotzine one day, he was told that Marsa had received a telegram from Florence two days before, and that she was expecting to receive someone that evening. Andras had heard of Menko's presence in Florence, and believed that her old lover was the person for whom the Tzigana waited; so, almost mad with

rage and jealousy, he determined to go to Maisons-Lafitte that night and kill Menko before her eyes.

As Andras entered the house he heard the voices of Marsa and another, and hastily he threw open the door of the salon and saw—not Menko, but his dear Varhély! While Marsa gazed bewildered at the Prince, he told Varhély that he had come expecting to find Menko. The Count replied that he, Varhély, had killed Menko, and that he was there to tell the Princess Zilah that she had been delivered from a hated past, and that Menko had also paid his debt to the Prince. Varhély gave Andras the telegram in which he informed Marsa of the impending duel and of his intention to be at Maisons-Lafitte in two days if he survived. The Prince thanked the Count, who then departed, leaving husband and wife alone. As Andras was about to leave the room, Marsa, kneeling before him, implored him to listen to her, and then pleaded for his forgiveness, telling him that as she could not die for him, which she would willingly do, she would enter a convent, and in that living death expiate her sin.

"So," he said, "the convent cell, the prison, does not terrify you?"

"Nothing terrifies me except your contempt."

"You would live far from Paris, far from the world, far from everything?"

Marsa replied that she would live under the lash of a slave-driver if he said: "Do that—it is atonement!"

"Well!" cried Andras passionately, "live buried in our Hungary, forgetting, forgotten, away from the noise of the world, in a new life with me. Will you? Answer me, Marsa. Will you?"

Softly she answered: "Yes."

The next day Prince Zilah took his bride to his castle in Hungary, and nothing could tempt these two who loved each other so fondly to leave their dear Hungarian home.

But as the winter advanced, Marsa grew weaker each day, and although everything was done that love and skill could devise, it was evident to all that she must soon leave her beloved Andras. With the return of spring Marsa grew steadily worse; and yet she felt that death would be sweet to her, as it would take away all shame. At last she said to Andras:

"I love you! I love you! And I die content, for I feel now that you will love me always. Think a moment! Could I live? Would there not be a specter between you and your Marsa?"

And when Andras implored her not to leave him, she, his only love; the Tzigana, at last sure of his forgiveness, whispered:

"Do not forget me! Never forget me, my darling!" and so fell asleep.

Andras Zilah, in a voice broken with sobs, knelt by her side, murmuring:

"I will love only, now, what you loved so much, my poor Tzigana. I will love only the land where you lie asleep."